



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08213813 6



NBH  
Brathwaite







**ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
MAGAZINE VERSE  
FOR 1921**





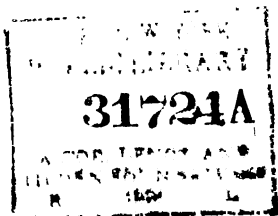
**ANTHOLOGY**  
**OF**  
**MAGAZINE VERSE**  
**FOR 1921**  
**AND YEAR BOOK OF**  
**AMERICAN POETRY**

**EDITED BY**  
**WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE**



**BOSTON**  
**SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY**  
**PUBLISHERS**

7L



Copyright, 1921, by The Boston Transcript Company

COPYRIGHT, 1921

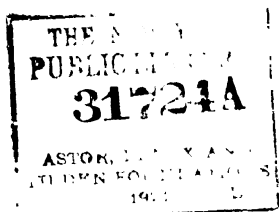
By SMALL, MAYNARD AND COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

Printed in the United States of America

TO  
MY FRIEND  
ARTHUR H. HAYWARD  
A NEW ENGLANDER AND  
LOVER OF HER PERFECTIONS  
IN  
THE ANTIQUE

Nov. 12/



## CONTENTS

	Page
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	ix
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS . . . . .	xiii
ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS . . . . .	6
THE YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY . . . . .	209
INDEX OF POETS AND POEMS PUBLISHED IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES, AUGUST, 1920-JULY, 1921 . . . . .	211
ARTICLES AND REVIEWS OF POETS AND POETRY PUB- LISHED DURING 1920-1921 . . . . .	256
VOLUMES OF POEMS PUBLISHED DURING 1920-1921 . . . . .	271
A SELECT LIST OF BOOKS ABOUT POETS AND POETRY . . . . .	281
INDEX OF FIRST LINES . . . . .	286



## INTRODUCTION

### REFLECTIONS:

What makes an American poetry is a question that has never been and can never be solved by criticism. It is time that we repudiate the concept of what is American that was held, we will say, about the middle of the last century before the great flood of emigration from Europe began or we must set up positively a new concept of that word. The idea of Americanism, certainly during and especially since the end of the World War, has been in solution. The idea of Americanism is, in face of much contrary emphasis, a matter of psychology rather than political. The suggestion of the difference here vaguely remarked is too complicated to be pursued, and is referred to merely to bring over into the domain of poetry some fundamental inquiries regarding the character of "American poetry."

I suppose that any art may be considered American which conforms in expression to the ideals of the American people. But who are the American people who create or preserve these ideals? It must be admitted that the descendents of the original founders of the Nation are at present in a numerical minority. Do their ideals prevail? Or have their ideals been modified by the majority who are the descendents of immigrants of the last two or three generations? The great political and social effort during the last few years has been to inoculate the great non-Saxon strain with the ideal of the founders of the Nation who are represented to-day by the minority population. After all this is the hue and cry of Americanism. A hue and cry losing its vigor against the persistent modification of American institutions by the new-comers and their



descendents. It is not intellect that has brought this about; less has it been due to education; it has been due to character and character is the expression of habits and ideas which cannot be changed in the brief period of a few generations.

To get at the character of an American Poetry then, we must understand these forces which have been at work upon our national experiences. It is interesting in light of what I have said to quote this passage from a letter which I received from an interested reader of these anthologies. "In the 1920 Anthology," it runs, "you speak of we Americans as being without a 'tap-root' in literature. I know we are young, yet it seems to me that if the real hundred per-cent American writers were encouraged the 'root' would respond by a greater depth of growth and in time we would have an American literature, and I am going to suggest that you in the 1921 Anthology select writers as nearly American as possible in name and in harmony with our country—make this issue *American* in every way—descendents of the New England and New York and Pennsylvania and Virginia settlers.

"I have all the books you have compiled and it seems to me there are more new names of people who are not Americans, than Americans, and I am so good an American that I want us to have the first place in our literature. I do not like the melting-pot process—we really have writers who have ability and though not perfect as to literary finish, they write of things as they hear and see them and because it is the land they love—not for effect. I hope you will feel I do not mean this in criticism but as a real deeply felt plea for our people, and our America and I hope you will select from more magazines and less of the writings of the few as in especially 1919 and 1920 books."

The sentiment expressed in this amounts to a conviction though strongly and surreptitiously held is being over-borne by the changing conceptions of the

the light of psychological truth upon the literary ideals of Americanism. It is interesting to throw conflict that is waging around this ideal. Gustave Le Bon remarks in his latest book that "If it is difficult to understand the mentality of a people, this is because its literary, artistic and scientific productions, which reveal its intelligence, do not by any means interpret its character. Now, a man's behavior depends upon his character not upon his intellect, and there is no parallelism between these two regions of personality."

It is the superficial belief of some critics that "American" poetry has its ideal and embodiment in Walt Whitman. It has been impossible for them to distinguish the fact that Whitman was only a rebel in form and not in ideas and substance. His radicalism consisted in breaking up forms merely as a chemical process to hold and shape the new solutions of his ideas of American democracy. This process was in keeping with the evolutionary tradition of the Saxon peoples. Whitman was not then a revolutionist, as so many of his non-Saxon disciples of to-day believe. In our current art it is very easily determined by name those poets whose art express evolutionary principles of substance and ideas and those who express revolutionary social doctrines. The question of form scarcely matters; for though Masters, Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, John Gould Fletcher, John Hall Wheelock, and H. D., to name a few of the best, are often radical in form, in substance they carry on the evolutionary principle of the Saxon traditions. Add Frost, Robinson and Aiken, to their names and you get the Saxon continuity of poetic spirit. How much or how little you may like their themes or their qualities of vision, these poets are constructive. Now, the revolutionists tumble out of the category of this Saxon nomenclature. Sandburg, Oppenheim, Untermeyer, Giovannitti, Rosenfeld, and the increasing number of Russian

names that are invading the table of contents and title pages.

I come to no conclusion as to what is to-day, or what may be to-morrow, American poetry. It may or may not follow the crystallization of "an American language." These reflections, I hope, serve merely to call some attention to the fact that there is an influence more mystical than the average critic gives credit for being which is reshaping the foundation of our poetic ideals and visions. In the art of poetry as well as in our national temper, there is a psychologic conflict taking place which may be revealed in the words of Gustave Le Bon when he says that "in addition to the shifting elements of the individual character there are extremely stable ancestral elements established by the past. Strong enough to limit the oscillations of personality, they immediately establish national unity in times of crisis."

W. S. B.

*Arlington Heights*  
*Massachusetts*

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the American poets and to the editors and proprietors of the magazines from which I have selected the poems included in the *Anthology*, I wish to express my obligation for the courteous permissions given to make use of copyright material in the preparation of this volume.

I wish, also, to thank the *Boston Transcript Company* for permission to use material which appeared in my annual review of American poetry in the columns of *The Evening Transcript*.

To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using the poems named from the volumes in which they have been included, and which have been published before the appearance of this *Anthology*:

The Macmillan Company: "The Long Race," "Vain Gratuities," "Lost Anchors," "Monadnock Through the Trees," in *Collected Poems* by Edwin Arnold Robinson; and "The Dark Cup," in *Flame and Shadow* by Sara Teasdale.

Houghton, Mifflin Company: "Purchased," in *Cobble Stones and Clouds* by Hortense Flexner.

B. W. Huebsch: "Altitude," "After Storm," "Cactus Seed," in *Sun-up* by Lola Ridge.

The Four Seas Company: "The Vanished Years," in *Willow-Pollen* by Jeanette Marks.



## TO ONE WHO ASKS

Curious you should not see my feet are weary—  
Weary of the way you see so fair—  
As wondering you look along each silver path with  
question  
Why I will not tread.

Curious you should not see my eyes are weary,  
Weary of the sorrow and the passion they have seen;  
Asking now to close, the last kiss given,  
The last word said.

Curious you should not see my hands are weary,  
Weary with their ceaseless fluttering round little  
things;  
Concerned no longer with caresses nor with loving,  
Still and uncomforted.

Your young desire would take away my sorrow,  
Do you not see I have but ashes for you?  
I would not lay upon your eager breast  
My weary head.

Your feet are hurrying, your soul is hungering—  
You of the intent eyes, the questing will.  
Why do you ask my two tired, empty hands  
To give you bread?

You will not see my very soul is weary—  
I think it died long, long ago, or fled.  
Would you ask caresses from a shadow-woman—  
Kisses from the dead?

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Mary Aldis*

## RAIN

I never knew how words were vain  
Until I strove to say  
The thoughts that fell like the grey rain  
Upon my heart today.

The April rain falls on the earth,  
That waits a while for words,  
And then becomes articulate  
In buds and bees and birds.

The thoughts that rain upon my heart  
Bring nothing fair to birth;  
Oh God, I kneel before the art,  
Of this great lyrist, earth.

*Contemporary Verse*

*Kenneth Slade Alling*

## ON THE PASSING OF THE LAST FIRE HORSE FROM MANHATTAN ISLAND

I remember the cleared streets, the strange suspense  
As if a thunder-storm were under way;  
Magnificently furious, hurrying thence,  
The fire-eyed horses racing to the fray;  
Out of old Homer where the heroes are,  
Beating upon the whirlwind thunderous hoofs,  
Wild horses and plumed Ajax in his car:  
Oh, in those days we still possess the proofs  
Men battled shouting by the gates of Troy,  
With shields of triple brass and spears of flame.  
With what distended nostrils, what fierce joy,  
What ring on stone and steel, those horses came.  
Like horses of gods that whirl to the dawn's burning,  
They came, and they are gone, and unreturning.

*The New York Evening Post*

*Kenneth Slade Alling*

## ECSTASY

I could never be properly dead,  
For even alone in my grave,  
These songs would go on in my head,  
And May in my veins would rave.

No grief or sorrow or pain  
Could bind me utterly down;  
I should go shout with the rain,  
And burst, with June, through the town.

No ancient hurt of the stars,  
That scarred my heart at its birth,  
Could ever make silent in me,  
The songs that I sing for the earth.

*Kenneth Slade Alling*  
*The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*

## ST. AGNES' MORNING

Between the dawn and the sun's rising  
She could not sleep, so the blood stirred in her;  
She could not, and in the cold morning  
Woke with the white curtains' stir.

Between the dawn and the river's flaming  
She folded a curtain toward the sea,  
And, bending, lifted silks together  
In the cold light, dubiously.

In the cold air, pulsing the curtain,  
She lifted silks; and let them fall.  
In the wind she bent above them  
Hearing their rustling musical.



Between the dawn and silver morning  
She could not sleep, so the blood dinned  
With the river's silver and the sea's silence  
And the wind.

*The New Republic*

*Maxwell Anderson*

## EMPTYING ASHES

The leaves blow like ghosts through the blur of  
    lamplight  
And gather in the wind at the foot of the wall;  
Bare trees breathe in the wind with silverly singing;  
Save for the street lamps flinging  
Long level rays there are no stars seen at all.

And no man goes or comes; the houses are silent;  
They have all withdrawn within from the cold rain,  
Pulled down the blinds, and drawn up chairs to the  
    fire,  
Each to his own desire,  
Knowing the wind only as winter wind again.

Winter, a furnace to tend, ashes to empty,  
A banking of many fires, the evenings longer—  
While the land is turned to the stars, the sea to the  
    sun;  
And mile by mile, one by one,  
The rivers pause; and the tug of storms is stronger.

At the base of the wall the leaves lift in the wind's  
    whirl;  
The clouds pour over the sky; behind them rides  
Somewhere a quiet moon, swift and dark,  
Cutting its changeless arc,  
Calling the tides we know, called by unknown tides.

I could step out on the rain, leave this darkness,  
Blaze a path through the cool deserts of time,  
Descend from sun to sun, from ledge to ledge,  
Slip out beyond the edge,  
And lose the earth like a forgotten crime.

I could turn within, follow curious shadows  
Through the interminably opening doors,  
Finding a thousand griefs, old scents and laughter,  
Hung, cob-web like to rafters,  
And secret springs, blank corridors, and haunted  
floors.

The leaves blow like ghosts through the blur of lamp-  
light.  
And gather in the wind at the foot of a wall;  
Well, I am weary, these days seem dusty, lonely,  
So much distance only,  
And I empty the ashes, watching the leaves, after all.

*The New Republic*

*Maxwell Anderson*

## RHAPSODY

As when trees are shrouded in December,  
Men recall the perfumes of the flower-time;  
So we sing a life we half remember:  
How we heard in some primeval shower-time  
Liquid song of rain upon blue rivers;  
Dreamed on isles, in windless oceans planted,  
Where a dim-green twilight, bird enchanted,  
Under domes of drooping leafage quivers;  
How we climbed on many a hidden planet  
Eagle heights stirred by a starry breeze;  
Watched by confined kings in tombs of granite,  
Where the darkness hangs like boughs of trees,  
Glimpsing in the reddening light of torches

Ghosts of somber vaults and looming porches,  
Cyclopean faces, giant knees;  
How we anchored in a violet haven,  
Seeking under light of unknown stars  
Mountains paler than the moonlight, graven  
Into shapes of pinnacles and scars;  
Where our boat set all the lilies swinging,  
Sailed up rivers hushed and leafy-arbored,  
And, in caves of hanging blossom harbored,  
Heard the sound of an immortal singing.

As when breathed upon, the ashen ember  
Blossoms into fire again and fades,  
So bright Junes flame up through our December,  
And at random whiles we half remember  
Sudden gusts of an immortal singing,  
Ancient visions of remote crusades.

*The Century Magazine*      *Martin Armstrong*

## FEMININE TALK

*First Woman.* Do you share the present dread  
Of being sentimental?  
The world has flung its boutonnière  
Into the mud, and steps upon it  
With elaborate gestures!  
Certain people do this neatly,  
Using solemn words for consolation:  
Others angrily stamp their feet,  
Striving to prove their strength.

*Second Woman.* Sentimentality  
Is the servant-girl of certain men  
And the wife of others.  
She scarcely ever flirts  
With creative minds,

Striving also to become  
Graceful and indiscreet.

*First Woman.* Sappho and Aristotle  
Have wandered through the centuries,  
Dressed in an occasional novelty—  
A little twist of outward form.  
They have always been ashamed  
To be caught in a friendly talk.

*Second Woman.* When emotion and the mind  
Engage in deliberate conservation,  
One hundred nightingales  
And intellectuals find a common ground,  
And curse the meeting of their slaves!

*First Woman.* The mind must only play  
With polished relics of emotion,  
And the heart must never lighten  
Burdens of the mind.

*Second Woman.* I desire to be  
Irrelevant and voluble,  
Leaving my terse disgust for a moment.  
I have met an erudite poet.  
With a northern hardness  
Motionless beneath his youthful robes.  
He shuns the quivering fluencies  
Of emotion, and shifts his dominoes  
Within a room of tortured angles.  
But away from this creative room  
He sells himself to the whims  
Of his wife, a young virago  
With a calculating nose.  
Beneath the flagrant pose  
Of his double life  
Emotion and the mind  
Look disconsolately at each other.

*First Woman.* Lyrical abandon  
And mental cautiousness  
Must not mingle to a magic  
Glowing, yet deliberate!

*Second Woman.* Never spill your wine  
Upon a page of mathematics.  
Drink it decently  
Within the usual tavern.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*    *Maxwell Bodenheimer*

## PINE TREES

The pine trees patiently unstitch  
The brightness of this afternoon,  
But while they work their pungent thoughts  
Are longing for the dulcet moon.

The pine trees only live at night  
When moonlight brings them silver eyes;  
Throughout the day they stand like blind  
Green beggars, uttering restless cries.

At night they listen to the words  
Of winds from far-off mountain rims,  
And feel the reckless grief that springs  
From those who stand with prisoned limbs.

*The Literary Review*                      *Maxwell Bodenheimer*  
*N. Y. Evening Post*

# CARTOONS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

## I. MIRABEAU

You must have shocked your father when you came,  
Club-footed, pimpled. 'Twas for him as when  
A gardener finds a crooked root to tend;  
He feared the flower would stink and bring him shame.  
He did not want your morals to be lame  
At least. It was the same old thing again. . . .  
Revolt has always claimed the best in men  
And so you cried, "God damn the family name!"

And yet how sad a thing it was for France. . . .  
You spent just half your strength to make France  
free

And half in jail through women and the dance.  
And at the cry, "To arms!" you did but see  
A dearer challenge in a haughty glance,  
Behind the throne the lips of Queen Marie.

## II. THEROIGNE DE MERICOURT

You taught more economics than a tome  
Contains, you women marching on Versailles.  
You were not there to save a world, or try.  
Your theory was the simple monochrome  
Of hunger, black as crusts you ate at home.  
And either you or Louis had to die.  
That simpler thinker only blinked his eye  
Like Nero fiddling in the flames of Rome.

And you, Theroigne, there where none had grown,  
Led forth a Reason: Women crying, "Bread,"  
Plain women in the rain before a throne.  
Assemblies talked, you knew not what they said.  
You taught us there that hunger is the stone  
We bear or hurl till we or kings fall dead.

*The Measure*

*Stirling Bowen*

## MY GHOSTS

My house is filled with ghosts—  
Ghosts of all sorts that sing and dance,  
And fill the halls with laughter gay,  
And other ghosts that are content  
To be philosophers,  
And point the way to peace and happiness.  
Grim ghosts are there,  
Wan specters they of tragedy,  
Despairing in their mien,  
Compellers all of gloom,  
Who fill me full of horror as they pass;  
The which, when grown too tense  
With contemplation of their evil ways,  
I turn away from, summoning  
Some ghosts of lyric song to ease the strain,  
And find serenity  
The while he, smiling, sings to me.  
The ghosts of all the famous folk of history  
Are there:  
Wise Solomon and Charlemagne  
And Pericles and Plato; Socrates,  
And all the singers of the glory that was Greece  
And Rome;  
Columbus, Cabot, and their crews,  
And Raleigh, brave pathfinders to our newer world;  
Sad Louis, and Robespierre of greenish eyes,  
The pallid Nemesis of kings;  
And he who lost at Waterloo  
Comes now and then, and back to glory stalks,  
Rehearsing for my thrill the deeds of Lodi's bridge  
And Austerlitz;  
While Washington's own self strides nobler by,  
Crowned with the greener bays  
Of his unselfishness;  
And Lincoln, heart of godlike mold,  
Comes hauntingly to stir  
My soul alternately to laughter and to tears.

The noblest thinkers of recorded time  
They, too, come by,  
And none too bent on more important things  
To pause at my behest  
And grant to me the ripened fruits  
Of their vast cogitations.  
And when my faith by some doubt is besieged,  
The valiant hosts of followers of the light,  
The saintly heroes of the word,  
Responding to my call,  
Troop in from out the past, and circling me about,  
The torch of truth upraised,  
Drive forth mine enemy, who never hath withstood  
Its splendid flame.  
And so the list runs on.  
The ghosts of every age are there,  
And at the moment of my need,  
For cheer, for knowledge, or for sympathy,  
They rise at summons and, dismissed, depart,  
Not to return until again I call them forth  
From off those bending shelves  
Whereon,  
Within the covers of my books,  
They dwell, to bless me with their gifts  
Of story and of song,  
In payment for my reverent love of them.

*The Century Magazine*      *John Kendrick Bangs*



## THE LORD SPEAKS

God said to the Puritan  
As He stood on the bank of His river:  
"I told you to swim to me;  
You builded a bridge of stone  
To bring back the Soul to the Giver.  
Your timorous, dry-shod plan  
Was well enough in its way,  
But you wrestled and toiled alone,  
And your work was heavier far,  
And now you will have to stay  
On the bank till you learn to play—  
Old and stiff as you are."

God said to the drowning Sinner:  
"I told you to swim to me.  
But you played and played in the stream,  
And you stayed and stayed in the stream,  
And you laughed at the ones who said  
You might stay in the water too long.  
And now you are cramped and cold,  
And you will go down in the stream.  
And then, fished out of the slime,  
I must leave you to air and dry,  
Wasting eternal Time  
Hung on a thorn, to sigh  
While measureless years go by."

God called to the Swimmer-with-Glee,  
God called to the Laden-and-Weary,  
"Swim to me, swim to me!  
Dear,  
I am a shady Tree  
For those who rest from the River."

*The Yale Review*

*Karle Wilson Baker*

## BRIEF LIFE

Brief as the creaming waves that break and run  
Back to the deep, as butterflies that flitter  
From flower to flower, as icicles that glitter  
Their keen defiance to the fatal sun;  
Brief as from tiny breast of cinnamon  
The bluebird's warble, or the swallow's twitter,  
This life of ours. Though it be sweet or bitter,  
'Tis but a wing-beat and the flight is done.

Yet on the lip the billow's windy froth  
Tastes of the sea; summer is in the call  
Of bird, in airy motion of the moth.  
There sparkles in that fragile crystal lance  
The miracle of light. 'Tis but a glance  
And we are gone; yet the least life holds all.

*The Yale Review*

*Katharine Lee Bates*

## WINTER BURIAL

Earth, will you be kind to her?  
I give her back . . .

Will your clumsy ricks and clay  
Break her silk and pearl and ivory  
To trash? . . .

. . . or shall I see a little creeping flush  
of first flowers along that slope  
next Spring?

*The North American Review*

*Henry Bellamann*

## SAND HILLS

The world is spread with rough grained silk,  
crumpled a little where the sky indents it  
and cuts off the view.

The very old gods,  
long since tired of northern lights  
and seas too jeweled  
and snows too glittering,—  
tired, too, of men,—  
the very old gods come here  
in the late evening  
to sit quietly on the warm gray silk  
and rest their eyes  
with milky opal tints  
and the smoky blue  
flecked by the dim fire of giant stars.

*The Measure*

*Henry Bellamann*

## “JUNKETS,” IMMORTAL\*

*“What has become of Junkets I know not. I suppose  
Queen Mab has eaten him.”*

—Leigh Hunt to Charles Cowden Clarke, July 1, 1817.

*[“Junkets” was his intimates’ affectionate nickname for  
John Keats, applied to his exuberance of spirit.]*

What has become of “Junkets”? I know well.  
The goldfinch, the wildbriar, the elm-trees know.  
The secret’s one the sunset burns to tell.  
The gossiping brooks divulge it as they flow.  
The tranced white clouds convey it; tattle-tale  
Is every leaf in every woodland ride.  
Sunlight on dappled lane and grassy swale  
Smiles it to all the English countryside.

He did not die nigh to the Spanish stairs  
In drowsing Rome, even if his dust is hid  
Under her violets, his last despairs  
At rest beside the Cestian pyramid.  
That valiant spirit wherein all beauty quivered  
Outlives forever the failing brain and heart  
Consumed by love when lightning many-rivered  
Descended on the altar of his art.

And summer's wind that runs the rippling barley  
(Watched by his hazel eyes with such delight),  
Bees on the foxglove bloom in buzzing parley,  
The flickering shadow of a swallow's flight,  
Hold him more closely now than all his glories  
Of marbled myth, all that our world esteems  
Of jewelled language in those enchanted stories  
He wove on purple tapestry of dreams.

Now he exults in all the secret raptures  
Of earth, all color and fragrance near or far,—  
Flows through the flaming sunset, storms and captures  
The throbbing, luminous heart of every star.  
The flowers, the clouds, the birds are his in keeping.  
They brighten beneath that swift and viewless wing,  
His is all summer's shining, all autumn's weeping,  
All the wild virginal ardor of the spring.

*\* This poem in commemoration of the Centenary of John Keats was read before the Authors' Club of New York on Thursday, February 24.*

*The Literary Review*  
*N. Y. Evening Post*

*William Rose Benét*

## A BANQUET:

### One Memory from Socrates

After the song the love, and after the love the play,  
Flute girl and pretty boy blowing  
Bubbles of sparkling  
Wine into darkling  
Beards of a former austerity, stern even now, but  
fast growing  
Foolish, with less of the stately  
Reserve that held them sedately.  
Oh Zeus, what a sight! with the wine dripping off it,  
The grin of an ass on a bald-pated prophet.

After the feast the night, and after the night the day,  
Fool and philosopher stirring  
With the day dawning,  
Stretching and yawning,  
While in each wine-throbbing, desolate brain is the  
wheeling and whirring  
Of thousands of bats, that the slaking  
Of throats will not hinder from aching,  
No wine for the brow that is beating to bursting,  
But water at morning is quench for the thirsting!

*The Boston Transcript*

*Ernest Benshimol*

## THE WIFE'S SONG

When I awake  
And hear my heart call loudly at my breast,  
Stirred with the dream that vanishes away,  
When all the night is resonant with unrest  
And gates of darkness stand before the day  
I worship you.

When the years  
Have left us silent by the unending road  
I will not mock at death nor call it soon,  
I will not wake again the living goad!  
But at this moment give me the vanished moon,  
I fear the night!

"Stir and smile."  
You do not hear: I have not spoken so,  
But from my heart the wish of it all has sped.  
I *dare* not speak; the unearthly sound might go,  
Return unheard, and tell me you are dead.  
I dare not speak.

Love of mine,  
What is the torrent white that falters, falls  
Far downward, wakened from its misty dream,  
Crashing over the rugged mountain walls,  
What is the cataract without the stream,  
Or what am I?

What am I  
Unless you wake and draw me to you now,  
Unless you banish the dust of dreams and press  
These trembling lips of mine, unless you vow  
Love's endless promise in your dear caress,  
Oh what am I?

*The Boston Transcript*

*Ernest Benshimol*

## THE HUNCHBACK

I saw a hunchback climb over a hill,  
Carrying slops for the pigs to swill.

The snow was hard, the air was frore,  
And he cast a bluish shadow before.

Over the frozen hill he came,  
Like one who is neither strong nor lame;

And I saw his face as he passed me by,  
And the hateful look of his dead-fish eye:

His face, like the face of a wrinkled child  
Who has never laughed or played or smiled.

I watched him till his work was done;  
And suddenly God went out of the sun,

Went out of the sun without a sound  
But the great pigs trampling the frozen ground.

The hunchback turned and retracked the snows;  
But where God's gone, there's no man knows.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*      *John Peale Bishop*

## MY DELIGHT

Thick and stormy was the night,  
Not a single star,  
When I climbed to my delight,  
Where the roses are;

Where the roses are and love,  
In a bower warm,  
Climbing up to heaven above  
Night and wind and storm.

*Contemporary Verse*      *Gamaliel Bradford*

## WHOLESOME HELL

If praying to the saints could comfort,  
Bribing with candle or with vow,  
They might ensconce my soul in some fort  
More sure and safe than I know now.

To kneel before a tawdry altar,  
Propitiate a wooden Christ—  
If this could strengthen hopes that falter,  
My pride were fitly sacrificed.

But heathen god and Roman martyr  
And Calvin's Trinity as well  
Have wholly forfeited their charter.—  
I yearn at times for wholesome hell.

*Contemporary Verse*

*Gamaliel Bradford*

## WARNING

Ask me nothing now, my dear—  
The stars are all too large and near;  
At dusk the peepers in the pool  
Make my pulses play the fool;  
Robins with morning winds awake  
And in my spirit barriers break;  
The willows are too golden green,  
The grasses are too young and clean,  
The little brooks too loud and swift;  
Too red a crest the maples lift.  
The heart of life beats high and glad—  
Can we keep wise when earth goes mad?  
Do not ask me anything  
Lest misfortune fall.  
I am in love with Love and Spring  
And not with you at all!

*The Outlook*

*Amelia Josephine Burr*



## TYPHOON

We shall not shiver as we vainly try  
To stir cold ashes once again to fire,  
Nor bury a dead passion, you and I.  
The wind that weds a moment sea and sky,  
In one exultant storm and passes by,  
Was our desire.

*The Bookman*

*Amelia Josephine Burr*

## FEEL OF BRAMBLES

She will bear him children with straight backs and  
sturdy limbs,  
Clear-eyed children with untroubled minds.  
Mine would have been brown things, questioners—  
With little hoofs, I think;  
Lovers of wind and rain  
And twisted brambly paths over the hills.  
But he was afraid—afraid of the brown-hoofed ones;  
And more afraid that sometimes,  
As we grew old together,  
I would slip away from him to the hills;  
Where he—because of gout, or girth, or civic dignity—  
Could not come after.

He need not have been troubled:  
Long before that I should have lost the feel of  
brambles.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*    *Hazel Rawson Cades*

## THEOCRITUS

δ' ου πολέμους, δ' ου δάκρυα

Not of war, nor of tears did he build his song,  
For the hills and the fields and the shepherd throng  
Are caught in his delicate net of words,  
With the dread wood-nymphs and the grey sea birds.  
Daphnis, he sang. "Daphnis is dying now.  
Ye violets bear thorns, ye cattle bow  
Your heads and weep for Daphnis." And he sang  
Of Polyphemus till the meadows rang.  
Of Aeschines he sang; then bowed his head  
And sang of Amaryllis loved, yet dead.  
Then in a gladdened tone he told the tales  
Of goatherds' loves in still Sicilian vales.  
There the cicada with a noisy note  
Chirped in the pine tree while the poet wrote.  
Within his verse he caught the hum of bees  
That haunt the flowers underneath those trees.

*Mary Lapsley Caughey*  
*The North American Review*

## TO HILDA OF HER ROSES

Enough has been said about roses  
To fill thirty thick volumes:  
There are as many songs about roses  
As there are roses in the world  
That includes Mexico....the Azores....Oregon....

It is a pity your roses  
Are too late for Omar.....  
It is a pity Keats has gone.....

Yet there must be something left to say  
Of flowers like these!  
Adventurers,  
They pushed their way  
Through dewy tunnels of the June night.....  
Now they confer.....  
A little tremulous.....  
Dazzled by the yellow sea-beach of morning.....

If Herrick would tiptoe back.....  
If Blake were to look this way.....  
Ledwidge, even!

*Contemporary Verse*      *Grace Hazard Conkling*

## PHAEDRA REMEMBERS CRETE

Think, O my soul,  
of the red sands of Crete;  
think of the earth, the heat  
burnt fissure like the great  
backs of the temple serpents;  
think of the world you knew;  
as the tide crept, the land  
burned with a lizard-blue  
where the dark sea met the sand.

Think, O my soul—  
what power has struck you blind—  
is there no desert root, no forest-berry,  
pine-pitch or knot of fir  
known that can help the soul  
caught in a force, a power,  
passionless, not its own?

*So I scatter, so implore  
Gods of Crete, summoned before  
with slighter craft;  
Ah, hear my prayer:  
Grant to my soul  
the body that it wore,  
trained to your thought,  
that kept and held your power,  
as the petal of black power  
the opiate of the flower.*

*For art undreamt in Crete,  
strange art and dire,  
in counter-charm prevents my charm,  
limits my power:  
pine-cones I heap  
Grant answer to my prayer.*

*No more, my soul—  
as the black cup, sullen and dark with fire,  
burns still beside it, noon's bright heat  
is withered, filled with dust;  
and into that noon-heat  
grown drab and stale,  
is sudden sound of thunder and swift rain,  
till the scarlet flower is wrecked  
in the slash of the white hail.*

*The poppy that my soul was,  
formed to bind all mortals,  
made to strike and gather hearts  
like flame upon an altar,  
fades and shrinks, a red leaf—  
waste and drift of the cold rain.*

*The Dial*

*H. D.*

## PHAEDRA REBUKES HIPPOLYTA

Swift and a broken rock  
clatters across the steep shelf  
of the mountain-slope,

sudden and swift,  
and breaks as it clatters down  
into the hollow breach  
of the dried water-course;  
far and away  
(through fire, I see it,  
and smoke of the dead, withered stalks  
of the wild cistus-brush)  
Hippolyta, frail and wild,  
galloping up the slope  
between great boulders  
and shelves and circles of rock.

I see it, sharp, this vision,  
and each fleck on the horse's flanks  
of foam, the bridle and bit,  
the silver—the reins,  
held fast with perfect art,  
the sun, striking athwart  
the silver work,  
the neck, strained forward, ears alert,  
and the head of the girl  
flung back and her throat.

*Ah, burn my fire, I ask  
out of the smoke-ringed darkness  
enclosing the flaming disk  
of my vision—  
I ask for a voice—an answer  
was she chaste?*

Who can say,  
the broken ridge of the hills  
was the line of a lover's shoulder,  
his arm-turn, the path to the hills,  
the sudden leap and swift thunder  
of mountain-boulders his laugh.

She was mad—  
as no priest, no lover's cult  
could grant madness;  
the wine that entered her heart  
with the touch of the mountain-rocks  
was white, intoxicant:  
she, the lithe and remote,  
was betrayed by the glint  
of light on the hills,  
the granite splinters of rock,  
the touch of the stone  
where heat melts  
toward the shadow-side of the rocks.

*The Dial*

*H. D.*

## FRANCESCA

(1904—1917)

### I.

Sweet of the dawn is she!  
Sure of her garlands fair,  
Sure of her morning brief,  
With what an air  
She hands Eternity  
A bud, a leaf!

Far down a world wound-red  
All unappalled she looks;  
Where I stare barrenly,  
She beauty plucks  
From an untrampled bed,  
Till suddenly I see.

Once more a star shall break  
For me the crocus' mould;  
The full year's end sleep in  
A marigold;  
And firs in the snow wind shake  
Locks of genie and jinn.

Again over earth and me  
Shall fall the coverlet  
Spread by a godmother moon.  
Till we forget  
Night's thin, gold irony  
That hid nor scar nor bone.

O, sweet with her to climb  
Youth's high, unguided trail!  
Along sky ledges haste,  
Palms to the gale  
That showers song and rhyme  
As petals blow and waste!

And when in mothy light  
Of trees and listening dusk,  
I see her filmy go  
To him, her knight,  
What sap of bloom shall flow  
Into dream's silvered husk!

What if, at her matron knee  
In some yet covered year,  
The bardling I never bore  
Has sound of the hidden sea  
That calls till a heart, or a sphere,  
Is dumb or more?

My wand is she that smites  
Open the prophet's wall;  
My arrow in the sun,  
Sped for no fall;  
My bird along the heights  
Where I shall never run.

II

She sleeps now.  
Her hair, duskily nursing her cheek,  
Fills me with strange music,  
Like the dark flowing water of snow-fields.  
Her brow, that was mere, frail porcelain,  
Holding a child's few treasures,  
In a pale, prophetic expanse  
Over dreams that bide their vast venture.

I gaze long at her face,  
Thinking at last I shall know her;  
For awake she is always hiding  
In ripples and pools of change.  
Waves of April flow around her,  
And she is my willow witch,  
Weaving her web of winds  
Above the blue water;  
But she lifts her eyes,  
Like two hours of June,  
And is so nearly a rose  
That to-morrow the dawn will be lapping  
Gold from her open heart;  
Then a laugh like Christmas day  
Shuffles the seasons,  
And I see chrysanthemums in a Southern garden;  
White breasts in the dusk.

But now she sleeps; no stirs;  
Stirs with the covetous fever  
That armoured in silence creeps  
By the wariest watch of lovers,



And the miracle bars of skill.  
"Talk to me, Tifa, talk."  
"Of what, dear Beauty?"  
"Ah, that is it—beauty."  
I lose a whisper, and wait.  
"The song—the song we heard—"  
And I know I must tell again  
The story of the bird, the lowland rover  
That high above our mountain orchard  
Sang till a cadent coast  
Rose on the unbodied air,  
And all our outbound dreams put back  
Where his music made a shore.

(Words, words! So soft  
That they may fall on pain  
And make it less! Softer than leaves  
Tapping a forest sleeper; while the heart  
Is like a swollen glacier crowding earth.)

Up he went singing; climbed a spiral chain  
That linked his joy to heaven;  
And circling, swerving as he rose, he built  
An airy masonry of smoothest domes  
And jetting minarets, as though he saw  
From his blue height a city of the East  
And in a music mirror set it fair  
For his high rapture. Did we see it?  
Slim, flowing alleys, streets that wound  
To temples cool as shaded lakes;  
Pure arches, pillars of piled notes;  
Cornice and frieze and pendant flung  
In rillels from one tiny heart  
As prodigal as God's?

*What, dearest? When you die  
You'll stop and live there? Not go on  
To Heaven?*

No, you remember  
Our city fell; came tumbling to the grass  
With all its palaces and domes,  
Not one note on another,  
Where he, the breathless builder, fluttered,  
Happy in ruin.

*Yes, he panted so?  
Tell you cool things?*

(Words, words!  
Running like water under leaves,  
That they may fall on pain  
And make it less!)

Cool, my heavenliest?  
Then shall we walk again  
Between the winter and the cliff  
Where green things clung?—the little venturers,  
Lustrous and shyly brave, that feed on shade  
And tug at scornful boulders  
Till they are gay and gentle?  
They were all there; the fronds and tresses;  
Fingers and baby's palm;  
The curling tufts, the plumelets proudly nighed,  
And little unknown leaves  
That make the cold their mother;  
The hearts and lances and unpious spires;  
The emerald gates to houses of the gnomes.  
The fairy tents that vanish at a name;  
Each greener than Spring's footprint when her track  
Is bright as sea-wet beryl;  
Yet wearing like an outer soul  
A silvered breath of winter. There  
They waited, magically caught  
Within a crystal smile. A place, we thought,  
Where one might listen, standing long,  
Thinking to hear some secret  
Earth tells but once to time.

They waited, pearled in eagerness,—  
Small subject wonderers of a land  
Whose king was out-o'-doors  
And would betimes go by.  
He came—the sun!  
The swift, old marvel of the sun!  
For thirty midday seconds came the sun!  
And you were still as every leaf he touched,  
Long after his gold passing.

*Yes? Your breath  
Went all away into the shining?  
God spoke too loud that time? Tell you—*

Sleep holds her . . .  
But sleep comes creeping, and takes  
No sudden throne. If it be not sleep,  
But the other? . . .

I sit in the folds of a dread  
As in a husk that widens and swells  
Till it strikes the sky.  
Who is it standing, a fiend  
Like a mountain darkening upward  
Dropping and dropping and dropping  
The ocean into a glass?  
Why are the walls so near and so cold?  
Wavering and greenish white?  
Why are they rocking, and covered with shadows  
That mightily grasp and fade?

. . . . . I know. We are under the sea.  
Like a petal her face goes drifting;  
A white rose petal that swirls away.  
Far up is the water's clear surface;  
High up, where the sky used to be;  
And above it lies the good air.  
We must climb . . . climb, my loveliest.  
Climb . . . we cannot breathe . . . down here . . .  
Under the sea.

### III

If Death had taken my orange-tree,  
Its gold-lit boughs, and magic birds  
Singing for me,  
I would not bear, though bright the dead,  
This daunted head.

If Death had taken the one whose care  
My fortune feeds, my roof endows,—  
Leaving me bare,—  
I'd meet the world from some kind door,  
Gay as before.

If Death had taken my friend, the god,  
Who walks among us masked as man,  
Wearing the clod  
To find his brother, I could live,  
Love and forgive.

But she was Beauty; planets swing,  
And ages toil, that one like her  
May make dust sing;  
And I, who held her hand, must go  
Alone, and know.

*Scribner's Magazine*

*Olive Tilford Dargan*

### UNREALITY

Through the window-pane I see your face,  
Its outline a little vague  
In the dimness of the shadow.  
But the whiteness of your skin  
Is like a clean ship's sail,  
With the rays of a thousand moonbeams sweeping over  
Standing out in the darkness of a night.

And your eyes, I see them like two golden bowls,  
    them.  
As I pass out into the blackness,  
I wonder if I have ever really known you—  
Or if you exist at all,  
And are not but a twisted, fevered, silver creation of  
    my brain.  
And the unreality of you comes over me,  
Like a mist upon a lonely sea.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*      *Mercedes de Acosta*

### LACRIMAE RERUM

Rossetti walked his sorrow to a field,  
Lay in the grass, and watched the wood-spurge flower.  
The three-cupped wood-spurge: all that earth would  
    yield

Rossetti to remember of that hour.  
He lay with grief, as others too have lain  
Who must remember strangely other things.  
Things that still keep the contours of their pain,  
Whose colors cling longer than sorrow clings.

The tears of things that have not any words,  
Deeper than music, stronger than the sea,  
And sadder than the flight of homing birds:  
Remembered things, outlasting memory.  
The shapes of suffering hold, when you and I  
And sorrow, and this cause for sorrow, die.

*The New Republic*

*Babette Deutsch*

## PENREB'S TOMB

"Upon these stones Time broke his teeth," you said.  
We stood in Penreb's tomb, and stared upon  
The hammered blocks that held the royal dead  
Whose pomp still stood, altho' his breath was gone.  
You said, "Slaves sweated for that narrow room."  
Their scattered bones are mixed with desert sand;  
But on the high walls, ruddy in the gloom,  
The files of the king's servitors yet stand.

We shall not rear to death such monuments  
With massive marble, nor with crimson chalk.  
Nor wrap our withered limbs in cerements  
More spicy than our rare ephemeral talk.  
So Time, who broke his teeth upon these stones,  
Gnaws at our hearts, careless of Penreb's bones.

*The New Republic*

*Babette Deutsch*

## KNOWLEDGE

Now there is no confusion in our love—  
For you are there  
With the big brow, the cheek of tougher grain,  
The rougher greying hair;  
And I am here, with a woman's throat and hands.  
We are apart and different.

And there is something difference understands  
That peace knows nothing of.  
It is the pain in pleasure that we seek  
To kill with kisses and revive  
With other kisses;  
For by our hurt we know we are alive.

The tides returns into the salty sea,  
And sea-fingered rocks are swept and grey—  
There are no secrets where the sea has crept,  
But the sea  
Has kept its ageless mystery.  
And we,  
Beaten by the returning passionat tides,  
Searched by the stabbing fingers,  
Washed and lapped and worn by the old assault,

Knowing again  
The bitterness of the receding wave,  
With renewed wonder facing the old pain,  
We are as close  
As one wave fallen upon another wave;  
We are as far  
As the sky's star from the sea-shaken star.

Love is not the moon  
Pulling the whole sea up to her.  
And there is something darkness understands  
These moons know nothing of.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Babette Deutsch*

## PORTRAITS

### I

Keen as the breath of frozen fjords  
And poised  
Like an adventurous ship with blonde sails flying—  
Until you smiled with blue, lit eyes:  
The sun  
Splintered upon an iceberg's shining flanks.

## II

You are as restless as a startled leaf  
Tossed in a gale.  
Yet you have peace,  
When the wind drops you,  
Deep as a deep well, where leaning stars  
Stoop to another sky.

## III

Your mind is like a road in some far country  
Where soft-footed dreams,  
Past mountain shrines and thundering waterfalls,  
Through harsh bright cities, by abandoned tombs,  
Pace without destination or regret.  
Yet they are quick and subtle too,  
Being tutored by your thoughts.  
They love to scare the dusk with scarlet robes;  
And plunge, nude maidens, into the midnight river.

## IV

The wall of fog at the pier's end,  
And the half-risen curtain  
At the ballet,  
The tuning-up of the orchestra,  
And the harsh-throated brunt of revolt,  
You engrossed.  
An ironic observer,  
Or an amateur of sensation?

## V

And you, girl lover, how you spread your dreams  
Like bloomy plums and pears and lucent grapes  
At a fair.  
You are an urchin with awed eyes and astonished  
laughter  
To whom the antiquated show is a bomb of delight.



## VI

A rock whereon the sea beats tirelessly  
With futile hands  
You are.  
The patient stone  
No tides or storms can stir.  
Under your shadow  
I remember death  
And the remorseless stars who were  
Your ancient bright companions in the sky.

## VII

Are you no more  
Than an embodied hunger?  
Gnawing still  
At the unanswered riddle.  
You spurn the kingly crumbs,  
But you bring bread  
To those who share your spiritual fast.

*The Yale Review*

*Babette Deutsch*

## THE MOMENT OF BEAUTY

Up through the mud and gravel Beauty climbs  
To light plain things of earth in sun and wet,  
Till what we must have passed a thousand times  
We some day see, and never can forget!  
Strange how the thousand times fade out at last  
And leave the one time when our eyes could see—  
How Beauty with a touch rubs out the Past,  
And sets a new mark up for memory.  
A boulder beautiful beyond belief,  
Witch-hazel blossoms bitten by the cold,  
Touched with a sudden beauty, bright and brief,  
Make pictures that we see till we are old;

Ay, what has once been a transfigured thing  
Halts us, long after, with remembering.

*Romance*

*Abbie Huston Evans*

## THE MOUNTAINS

Wind blows upon them salt-edged from the ocean,  
Rain beats upon them, blackening the stone,  
Frost heaves the ledges with obscure commotion,  
And the hilltops bleach like bone.

Dwindling mountains are they on a dwindling planet,  
These that look so solid, these that show so fair;  
Wind and rain and frost and hail set tooth to the  
granite,  
It wastes like smoke into air.

Though they now are passing like a slow word spoken,  
In the inch of time wherein man stands alone  
He sees their rock-knees holding, sees their flanks  
unbroken,  
And his heart drinks strength from the stone.

Yet they are at best but a short-lived generation,  
Such as stars must laugh at as they journey forth.  
Think of old Orion, that great constellation,  
And the Dipper all alone in the north!

*Romance*

*Abbie Huston Evans*

## THE BOOK OF LU T'ANG CHU

In the reign of the great Emperor Lu T'ang Chu  
Wise men were ordered to inscribe in a book  
All the great body of wisdom that men knew.  
Today I turn the pages, and as I look  
I cannot see anything very new or old,  
And I wonder why it was worth the trouble, then,  
Of days and nights and a thousand labors untold  
Which the volume must have exacted from those wise  
men.

But still we write—and the Emperor now is blown  
As grey dust over the limitless Asian plains.  
Still we inscribe all that is humanly known,  
Although no ruler honors us for our pains—  
Recording a thousand wisdoms, all our own,  
To celebrate our good and glorious reigns.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* Arthur Davison Ficke

### PRELUDE

*He speaks*

Open your eyes.  
I have never seen them.

*She answers*

I am afraid to open my eyes. . . .  
Be content to look upon my hands.

*He speaks*

Your hands are moist and gentle,  
Your hands are long and slow  
And smooth as apples.  
Your hands are restful and far distant  
As nude hills beyond hot plains.  
Your hands are tender as young clover leaves.

I know the colour of your eyes.  
They are grey of unripe peaches,  
And silent green of peridot  
Made dumb with stars.  
Open your eyes.  
I have never seen them.

*She answers*

I am afraid to open my eyes. . . .  
Be content to look upon my throat.

*He speaks*

Your throat is white as an Egyptian moth  
And curves like a temple bell.  
Your throat glistens like oak leaves  
And is cool as September wind,  
Cooler than fresh earth.  
I know the colour of your eyes.  
They are blue as larkspur  
And shimmer more heedlessly  
Than snow on blossoming orchards.  
Open your eyes.  
I have never seen them.

*She answers*

I am afraid to open my eyes.

*He speaks*

Are they as black as trees at night?  
Are there wings of sun within them,  
Fluttering at the candle of your thoughts?  
Are they pale brown as tassels of summer corn?  
Are they gold as Venetian sails?  
Open your eyes.

*She answers*

I am afraid to open my eyes.  
With them closed  
I see forests pillared like the streets  
Of ancient Antioch.  
I see mountains  
Transparent in the evening sun  
As the yellow sarong of an Indian princess.

I know secrets so delicate,  
They would shatter beneath gossamer.  
There is forgotten fragrance in my nostrils.  
Weighty and vivid music sags above me.  
Can you hear it?  
I feel distances without horizon,  
And depths so great  
That they are heights.

*He speaks*

Open your eyes.

*She answers*

Would life still be  
Resounding days of singing columns,  
Tall nights of wistful towers?  
And would the sweet, immeasurable earth  
Chant beneath my feet?  
Could I still sleep beside the moon  
And wake to silence coming like a flock of swans  
Upon my consciousness?

If I should . . . open my eyes?

*The Measure*

*Hildegarde Flanner*

## COMMUNION

I have spoken with the dead;  
From the silence of my bed  
I have heard them in the night.  
Their voices are as white  
As altar candles. Their voices are as gold as wheat,  
And clustered in the dark their words are sweet  
As ripened fruit. Their voices are the color of dim  
rain  
Over grass where spring has lain.  
Their speaking is an orchard of delight.  
I have heard them in the night;  
Their lips bloomed into heavy song  
That hung like bells above me. You are wrong  
Who say the dead lie still:  
I heard them sing until  
The cup of silence fell in two and lay  
Broken by beauty of what dead men say.

There is no loveliness I cannot see.  
There is no wall too stern for me.  
There is no door that can withstand  
The lifted symbol of my hand.

I know an ancient shibboleth:  
I pass, for I have talked with Death!

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*      *Hildegarde Flanner*

## ALLEGIANCE

I have not forgotten yet  
Skin that chokes like mignonette,  
I who drank myself to death  
With the apples of your breath,  
I who blasphemously went  
Into your beauty's tenement,  
I who eagerly confessed  
Upon the altar of your breast.

I who falter in the snare  
Of your canary-colored hair,  
Sacredly could not forget  
Skin that chokes like mignonette.

*The Bookman*

*Hildegarde Flanner*

## THE SILENCE

There is a silence which I carry about with me  
always—

A silence perpetual, for it is self-created;  
A silence of heat, of water, of unchecked fruitfulness,  
Through which each year the heavy harvests bloom,  
and burst, and fall.

Deep, matted green silence of my South,  
Often, within the push and the scorn of great cities,  
I have seen that mile-wide waste of water swaying  
out to you,  
And on its current glimmering I am going to the sea.

There is a silence I have achieved—I have walked  
beyond its threshold.  
I know it is without horizons, boundless, fathomless,  
perfect.  
And some day maybe, far away,  
I shall curl up in it at last and sleep an endless sleep.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*    John Gould Fletcher

## THE STEVEDORES

Frieze of warm bronze that glides with cat-like move-  
ments  
Over the gang-plank poised and yet awaiting,  
The sinewy thudding rhythms of forty shuffling feet  
Falling like muffled drum-beats on the stillness:

*Oh, roll the cotton down—  
Roll, roll, the cotton down!  
From the further side of Jordan,  
Oh, roll the cotton down!*

And the river waits,  
The river listens,  
Chuckling with little banjo-notes that break with a  
plop on the stillness.  
And by the low dark shed that holds the heavy  
freights,  
Two lonely cypress trees stand up and point with  
stiffened fingers  
Far southward where a single chimney stands aloof  
in the sky.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*    John Gould Fletcher



## PURCHASE

[*Certain letters written by Lorenzo de' Medici are sold at auction.*]

They shall come in and chat, their purses hid,  
The men who hold rare things and gently smile,  
They shall disturb frail, musty sheets and bid  
A fortune for this letter or gray file  
Of parchment, nobly written by the hand  
That loved to gleam in gems and curious rings,  
Point out a man for death—give castles, land,  
Or rest on ermined shoulders of tall kings  
And through the room, as from an unsealed urn,  
Shadows will drift, faint shapes of Florence—  
dead,  
Born of these records men shall lift and turn,  
Knowing as he, who gave the artists bread  
For white madonnas, saints, God's cloudy throne,  
A man may buy what he can never own!

*Harper's Magazine*

*Hortense Flexner*

## A HILLSIDE THAW

To think to know the country and not know  
The hillside on the day the sun lets go  
Ten million silver lizards out of snow.  
As often as I've seen it done before  
I can't pretend to tell the way it's done.  
It looks as if some magic of the sun  
Lifted the rug that bred them on the floor  
And the light breaking on them made them run.  
But if I thought to stop the wet stampede,  
And caught one silver lizard by the tail,  
And put my foot on one without avail,  
And threw myself wet-elbowed and wet-kneed

In front of twenty others' wriggling speed,—  
In the confusion of them all aglitter  
And birds that joined in the excited fun  
By doubling and redoubling song and twitter,  
I have no doubt I'd end by holding none.  
It takes the moon for this. The sun's a wizard  
By all I tell; but so's the moon a witch.  
From the high west she makes a gentle cast  
And suddenly without a jerk or twitch  
She has her spell on every single lizard.  
I fancied when I looked at eight o'clock  
The swarm still ran and scuttled just as fast.  
The moon was waiting for her chill effect.  
I looked at ten: the swarm was turned to rock  
In every life-like posture of the swarm,  
Transfixed on mountain slopes almost erect.  
Across each other and side by side they lay.  
The spell that so could hold them as they were  
Was wrought through trees without a breath of storm  
To make a leaf, if there had been one, stir.  
It was the moon's. She held them until one day,  
One lizard at the end of every ray.  
The thought of my attempting such a stay!

*The New Republic*

*Robert Frost*

## MISGIVING

All crying, "We will go with you, O Wind,"  
The foliage follow him, leaf and stem,  
But a sleep oppresses them as they go,  
And they end by bidding him stay with them.

Since ever they flung abroad in spring,  
The leaves have promised themselves this flight,  
Who now would fain seek sheltering wall,  
Or thicket, or hollow place for the night.

And now they answer the summoning blast  
With an ever vaguer and vaguer stir,  
Or, at utmost, a little reluctant whirl  
That drops them no further than where they were.

I only hope that when I am free,  
As they are free, to go in quest  
Of the knowledge beyond the bounds of life,  
It may not seem better to *me* to rest.

*The Yale Review*

*Robert Frost*

## THE NEED OF BEING VERSED IN COUNTRY THINGS

The house had gone to bring again  
To the midnight sky a sunset glow.  
Now the chimney was all of the house that stood,  
Like a pistil after the petals go.

The barn opposed across the way,  
That would have joined the house in flame  
Had it been the will of the wind, was left  
To bear forsaken the place's name.

No more it opened with all one end  
For teams that came by the stony road  
To drum on the floor with scurrying hoofs  
And brush the mow with the summer load.

The birds that came to it through the air  
At broken windows flew out and in,  
Their murmur more like the sigh we sigh  
From too much dwelling on what has been

Yet for them the lilac renewed its leaf,  
And the aged elm, though touched with fire;  
And the dry pump flung up an awkward arm;  
And the fence post carried a strand of wire.

For them there was really nothing sad.  
But though they rejoiced in the nest they kept,  
One had to be versed in country things  
Not to believe the phœbes wept.

*Harper's Magazine*

*Robert Frost*

### A STAR IN A STONE-BOAT

Never tell me that not one star of all  
That slip from heaven at night and softly fall  
Has been picked up with stones to build a wall.

Some laborer found one faded and stone cold,  
And saving that its weight suggested gold,  
And tugged it from his first too certain hold,

He noticed nothing in it to remark.  
He was not used to handling stars thrown dark  
And lifeless from an interrupted arc.

He did not recognize in that smooth coal  
The one thing palpable besides the soul  
To penetrate the air in which we roll.

He did not see how like a flying thing  
It brooded ant-eggs, and had one large wing,  
One not so large for flying in a ring,

And a long Bird of Paradise's tail,  
(Though these when not in use to fly and trail  
It drew back in its body like a snail);

Nor know that he might move it from the spot—  
The harm was done: from having been star shot  
The very nature of the soil was hot

And burning to yield flowers instead of grain,  
Flowers fanned and not put out by all the rain  
Poured on them by his prayers prayed in vain.

He moved it roughly with an iron bar,  
He loaded an old stone-boat with the star  
And not, as you might think, a flying car,

Such as even poets would admit perforce  
More practical than Pegasus the horse  
If it could put a star back in its course.

He dragged it though the ploughed ground at a pace  
But faintly reminiscent of the race  
Of jostling rock in interstellar space.

It went for building-stone, and I as though  
Commanded in a dream forever go  
To right the wrong that this should have been so.

Yet ask where else it could have gone as well,  
I do not know—I cannot stop to tell:  
He might have left it lying where it fell.

From following walls I never lift my eye  
Except at night to places in the sky  
Where showers of charted meteors let fly.

Some may know what they seek in school and church,  
And why they seek it there; for what I search  
I must go measuring stone walls, perch on perch;

Sure that though not a star of death and birth,  
So not to be compared, perhaps, in worth  
To such resorts of life as Mars and Earth,—

Though not, I say, a star of death and sin,  
It yet has poles, and only needs a spin  
To show its worldly nature and begin

To chafe and shuffle in my calloused palm  
And run off in strange tangents with my arm  
As fish do with the line in first alarm.

Such as it is, it promises the prize  
Of the one world complete in any size  
That I am like to compass, fool or wise.

*The Yale Review*

*Robert Frost*

### NORAH EN DE ARK

I wisht dat I wuz Norah a-sailin' in de Ark,  
A-sailin', sailin', sailin' fur away.  
He heerd his Massa callin' him, a-callin' thoo the dark,  
A-callin', callin', callin' all de day.  
Norah he wuz righeous, en de Lawd He say, sezee,  
"Go mek yerse'f a dwellin'-place en ride upon de sea."  
En Norah say, perlitely, "You done right ter pick  
on me,"  
En he hammer, hammer, hammer w'ile he pray.

*Gawd He walk' wid Norah,  
En Norah walk' wid Gawd.  
In de coolness ob de ev'nin' time  
Norah walk' wid Gawd.*

De Lawd he says ter Norah, "Mek dat Ark o'goopher  
wood,  
En hammer, hammer, hammer wid yer might,  
En black it up wid pitch 'n' tar, en waterproof it good,  
En hammer, hammer, hammer ha'd en tight.  
Go mek it fifty cupids wide en t'irty cupids high,  
En mek it monst'us long er e'se I'll know de reason  
w'y;

En build it up t'ree stories, wid a winder fer ter spy,  
En hammer, hammer, hammer day an' night."

*Gawd He walk' wid Norah, etc.*

De Lawd he say ter Norah, "Set yer fambly all ter  
work

Ter hammer, hammer, hammer wid deir might.  
Don' let yer sons en wimmen en de pickaninnies shirk;  
Dey mus' hammer, hammer, hammer ha'd en tight."  
En Norah say, "I years Y'u, en we'll wo'k lak de Ole  
Nick,

I knows it ain't no picnic fer ter build a boat so quick,  
But ef we-alls des humps ourse'fs we's boun' ter do  
de trick,

Ef we hammer, hammer, hammer day en night."

*Gawd He walk' wid Norah, etc.*

Now, Norah he was gittin' on, but full o' soopleness,  
En hammer, hammer, hammer wid 'is might.

His years wuz ha'f a t'ousan', wid a hunderd, mo'er  
less,

But he hammer, hammer, hammer ha'd en tight.

Ham he wuz a hummer en a hammerer t' boot.

He foun' de fines' goopher trees en pull 'em by de  
root;

En Shem he wuz 'is pappy's pet en w'istle on de flute  
W'ile dey hammer, hammer, hammer day en night.

*Gawd He walk' wid Norah, etc.*

Japet wuz de younges', des a hunderd year er so,  
But he hammer, hammer, hammer wid 'is might.

He run 'is pappy's errants en he w'ittle on de do',

En hammer, hammer, hammer ha'd en tight.

En w'en de Ark wuz finish' Norah mek de 'tation lis'

En 'vited all de beasteses, en not a one he miss',

En he ax' de birds en fishes kaze de Lawd He done  
insis',

W'ile he hammer, hammer, hammer day en night.

*Gawd He walk' wid Norah, etc.*

"Now, how does you sergashuate?" sez Norah ter a w'ale.

"Des hurry, hurry, hurry 'fo' hit's dark.

Be sho' you bring de missus, en don' flop eroun' yer tail,

Ner squabble, squabble, squabble wid de shark."

He axes Mistah Skeetur would he please ter enter in.

Mis' Norah she git mad ez hops en say it wuz a sin,

W'ich mek de Skeetur huffy en he stung 'er on de chin,

En hammer, hammer, hammer thoo de Ark.

*Gawd He walk' wid Norah, etc.*

Dey all went in by twoses, en at las' de Ark wuz full,

En wot-a, wot-a, wot-a load wuz dey!

Shem bolted fas' de winder, en den give de bell a pull,

En dey floated, floated, floated up de bay.

De Lawd He say ter Norah, "Wid des all Mah might en main,

For fo'ty days en fo'ty nights I's gwinter sen' a rain,

En ef you-alls behaves yerse'fs, ner takes Mah name in vain,

You'll go sailin', sailin', sailin' fur away."

*Gawd He walk' wid Norah, etc.*

En w'en de ride wuz did en done, dey all goes troo de do'

Ez happy, happy, happy ez a lark,

En falls down on deir kneeses fer ter t'ank de Lawd fer sho'

Dey wuz 'livered, 'livered, 'livered f'om de dark.

De Lawd He flung a rainbow 'crost de elements en sky,

En He say ter Mistah Norah, "You is monst'us peart en spry,

En I'll neber disremembers you's de apple ob Mah eye,

Fer you hammer, hammer, hammer on de Ark."

*Gawd He walk' wid Norah, etc.*

*The Outlook*

*Louist Ayres Garnet*



## W'Y DE BLACK FOLKS AM SO GOOD

Dere's some w'at says dat de Lawd wuz out  
 W'en nigger folks wuz made,  
 De debil he come roun' at dusk  
 A-shamblin' thoo de shade.  
 He hed a bucket full o' tar  
 He'd toted f'om below,  
 En' he melt it wid a red-hot star  
 'Til he hed it bile' des so.  
 He went to wo'k en' made a man  
 De spittin' twin o' paw,  
 Den sot a 'ooman long beside  
 Prezackly lak yer maw.  
 He lef' 'em des outside de gate,  
 En w'en de Lawd come home  
 He seed 'em, peart an' biggetty,  
 A-peerin' thoo de gloam.  
 Sezee, "Dat debil's at 'is tricks;  
 I'll stir up one myse'f."  
 So He ups en' blows on bofe on 'em  
 'Til he chocked 'em full o' bref.  
 "Now scoot!" sezee, en' off dey scamps  
 A-chasin' Brudder Nick,  
 Who, w'en he seed 'em at 'is heels,  
 Begun ter holler quick:  
 "Oh, mercy, Lawd, dear Mistah Lawd!  
 I is de fooly one.  
 I mek You sech a fine supprise  
 En' dis am w'at You done!  
 Oh, lawsy massy! call 'em off!  
 Don' sic 'em at mah tail!"  
 Den hippety-fetchity on he humps  
 En' leab a cinder trail.  
 De Lawd He call dem niggers back,  
 Den laff Hisse'f plum sick.  
 "Lib on," sezee, "en' multerply,  
 En' keep on skeerin' Nick."  
 En' dat's de w'y ob ev'yt'ing,

Fer de debil ter dis day,  
W'eneber he sees nigger folks,  
Goes lopin' t'other way.

*The Outlook*

*Louise Ayres Garnett*

### SALEM, CONDITA 1626

So you visited Salem?  
And you saw the Witch House  
And Gallows Hill?  
And the House of Seven Gables,  
And Hawthorne's birthplace?  
But you did not see Salem.  
How could you?  
It has been shut up in my heart for forty years.  
I think I was the last who saw it.

How could you see Salem?  
You never lived with maiden aunts  
Who remembered better days  
And nothing else.  
You never went to school  
Next a graveyard  
To a grim old dame who  
Denounced youth and pleasure  
With savage Scripture readings.

You never peeped, with splendid awe,  
Beneath closed blinds  
To see wraiths of women  
Nursing life-long grudges or heart pang  
Shut in from the light of day.

You never ran away  
To sit for hours with gray men  
Who talked of Hong-Kong and Sumatra  
Of Singapore and Java  
As one talks of the corner grocery  
Or the cobbler next street.  
You never had idle ships and wharves  
And empty granite warehouses  
For playgrounds  
Nor roamed through great  
Three-story houses with infinite rooms,  
All full of dust of the departed  
Where even the mice were venerable.

All this I did, and  
I can see Salem.  
I would like to show it to you,  
But if I touch it,  
It crumbles.

*The Nation*

*H. C. Gauss*

## PRAYER

O thou elemental  
Rain, sun, and body of the quick warm earth:  
Hear these words from the cells of thy blood,  
Multitudinous, various!

Let the waters at the dim roots of the grass be  
sweet,  
And the milk be abundant in the breasts of time—  
Yet a little while, till the pearl-gray banners of  
smoke  
Be dissolved, and the flowing of rivulets be but a  
distant murmur  
In the shout and the far white splendor of thy coming.

Let thy kindness be as a wide white blanket covering  
all  
The brave inglorious futile race of men  
Who lift tired eyes ever to sad stars  
More desolate  
Than the wind-harrowed wastes of ocean,  
Whence comes no answer.  
And after our futile striving, give us  
Peace.

*Clifford Franklin Gessler*  
*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

## NEVERTHELESS

Inasmuch as I love you  
And shall know no peace more unless I am near you,  
Though you are a flame of will  
Proud and variable as you are beautiful and dear—  
Nevertheless I will go your way,  
Since you will not go mine.

Therefore, although the cool roads of my village  
Are more pleasant to me than the pavements of your  
city;  
Although its dim streets are more kindly than your  
glaring arcs;  
Though the unhurried voices of my townspeople  
Are more friendly music in my ears than the scream-  
ings  
And glib chatter of your city-dwellers:  
Nevertheless I will go down with you into the city  
And bruise my heart upon its bricks;  
Become brother to its shrieking "elevated"  
And learn to hurry away my days in this brief world  
Among the grimy roofs that soil the clean young  
sunshine;

Thinking only at long whiles, in summer dusks,  
Of hushed paths where hurrying feet have never  
trodden,  
Of cool lanes white in the splendor of the rising moon.

Clifford Franklin Gessler  
*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

### INTERPRETED

Now I know why ivy  
Climbs against the wall  
Striving to be graceful,  
Greener and more tall.

Now I see why swallows  
Sweep across the sky,  
In their swift excitement,  
Shrilling as they fly.

Now I hear all music says;  
The stream's low murmuring.  
Now I know why gardens grow  
And birds forever sing.

All of earth and heaven,  
God's grandeur, with the rest,  
I glimpse in flashing worship  
While I lie against your breast.

*The Boston Transcript*

*Caroline Giltinan*

## AFTER WHISTLER

This mezzo-tint of mist and smoke blue air,  
These gray blue waters, gray black cherry trees  
Are Whistler's manner to the brushtip. . . these  
And shore-lamps lit against the nearing night,  
That lie in little broken lanes of light.

He would have washed these wistful colors in  
With brooding hand and spirit edged and keen—  
His vision and the subtle hour akin—  
Seeing beyond the symbol the unseen,  
The overtones of tint, the underglow  
Which lends that nameless gleam of lustre-ware  
To slow-rippled river there.

Blue-silver lights! He would have loved them so!  
And that black bridge, long-spanned and low,  
With the frail mist fringing the farther end.  
What art he had for bridges—skill to blend  
Their arches into his backgrounds of blue air.

Swiftly he would have caught this nocturne mood,  
This mood of mist and sky,  
And held it in few strokes and fewer tones,  
Set there  
Below the blurred-in trees his *Butterfly*  
And called it "Silver and Blue." . . .  
Bridge-Builder of dreams, I dedicate  
This river dusk to you.

*The Measure*

*Agnes Kendrick Gray*

## THE WORKER

I've towered above the hilt of my spade,  
Knowing with what muscle-gnawing action,  
I mold the earth into usable shape;  
And there arises within me, what is more pain to  
    stay . . .  
But the desert is answerless.

*The desert is blue and yellow and answerless.*

I've risen above the hairy smell of me;  
I've held down my rigged fists,  
I've stood high over shoulders  
To the mind of me . . .  
But the mind's unresponsive as lead,  
And the lips are sealed as with lead.

*As a leaden bell with a song it must sing.*

I've faced men with God in their faces,  
I've shown them the crucifixion in mine;  
From a breast not yet washed of oil and mud of  
    labor  
I've loosed my blood on foreign lands for men;  
And I've cried aloud,  
But it was not the cry of battle pain.  
Now the people wave flags in drunken triumph,  
And smother my only song in street dust and confetti.

With my spade I've changed the desert,  
With the fire of me I've melted the lead:  
But men

*Even Christ could not make you listen.*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse      David Greenhood*

## SLUMBER SONG

When blue dust thickens in the air  
And all the strands of wind  
Are braided like unruly hair,  
After the sun goes blind,

And I have signed on slumber ships,  
Then am I skipper of the skies,  
Strange lyrics written on my lips,  
Strange sonnets in my eyes.

Then am I singing, it would seem,  
To fairy fiddle and bassoon  
Till daylight has dissolved the dream  
As morning does the moon:

Oh, sweet and sad and quaintly dear  
Are secrets that I never tell,  
Which stay to haunt my waking ear,  
Each like a tiny bell!

And when the blue dust is no more,  
And when my loved ones, kind and gay,  
Arise and listen at my door  
They always steal away,

And leave me to my raptured hours,  
Who smile so strangely as I rest,  
Pale with the drug of poppy flowers  
Still heavy on my breast.

If death be sleep, I wonder why  
They gave it not the softer name—  
Ah, me, but it were dear to die  
If dying were the same!

*The Smart Set*

*Amanda Benjamin Hall*



## SANDS

My days are like sands; colorless,  
Each matched to each, unerringly  
They drift. The salt bleach of a sea  
Has washed them clean and lustreless;  
The teeth of rock on ragged strands  
Have ground them to an even gray,  
And one wind blows them a one way.

*But O the slow making of sands.*

All is here; forgotten things  
Mix with the unforgettable,  
Granite blends with tinted shell,  
And nothing so stable that it clings  
To its stability. Had there  
Been more of marble, more of gold,  
The sands would hide in their grim hold  
Nothing more wise, nothing more fair.

*But O the slow making of sands.*

Grain on grain of even gray,  
Slowly they drift in the one way,  
Covering the wreck that stands  
Against my beach of life. . . . one mast  
Cuts at the sky, the hull is fast  
In sand—the slow-made sands that pull  
With the wind . . . covering . . .  
And leaving every broken thing  
Hushed and coldly beautiful.

*The Measure*

*Hazel Hall*

## SPRING FROM A WINDOW

### *Blossom-Time*

So long as there is April  
My heart is high,  
Lifting up its white dreams  
To the sky.

As trees hold up their blossoms  
In a blowing cloud,  
My hands are reaching,  
My hands are proud.

All the crumbled splendors  
Of autumn, and the cries  
Of winds that I remember  
Cannot make me wise.

Like the trees of April  
Fearless and fair—  
My heart swings its censers  
Through the golden air.

### *In April*

Now I am Life's victim—  
Cruel victor is he  
Who lashes me with color  
Until I ache to see.

Who chokes me with fragrance  
Of green things in the rain—  
Like a hand around my throat  
So sudden is the pain.

Life, I am at your mercy;  
And though till I am dead  
You torture me with April  
I will not bow my head!

*When There is April*

Who would fear death when there is April?—  
Like a flame, like a song—  
To heal all who have lived with yearning  
Year-through, life-long.

When there is April with fulfilment  
For longing and for pain,  
For every reaching hand that beauty  
Has lured in vain.

Who would shrink from the earth when April  
With slim rain hands shall reach  
Through the doors of dark, and call them  
Who love her speech.

*Foreboding*

How shall I keep April  
When my songs are done—  
How can I be silent  
And still feel the sun?

I, who dreaded silence,  
I, who April-long  
Kept my heart from breaking  
With the cry of song.

How can I hold sunlight  
In my hands, like gold,  
And bear the pain of silence  
When my songs are old?

*The Yale Review*

*Hazel Hall*

## SUNLIGHT THROUGH A WINDOW

Beauty streamed into my hand  
In sunlight through a pane of glass;  
Now at last I understand  
Why suns must pass.

I have held a shadow—cool  
Reflection of a burning gold,  
And it has been more beautiful  
Than hands should hold.

To that delicate tracery  
Of light, a force my lips must name  
In whispers of uncertainty,  
Has answered through me in a flame.

Beauty is a core of fire  
To reaching hands; even its far  
Passing leaves a hurt desire  
Like a scar.

## TO A DOOR

Door, you stand in your darkened frame  
Mindful of your wooden might,  
Flaunting relentlessly your claim  
As guardian of sound and light.

Yet for all your vigil, Door,  
Shadows that slip on panting feet  
Over your threshold tinge the floor  
With what was sunlight on the street.

And sounds fluttering in to die—  
(Door, you thought I should not know!)  
Were started by an echo's cry  
That was a voice not long ago.

## STAIRWAYS

Why do I think of stairways  
With a rush of hurt surprise?—  
Wistful as forgotten love  
In remembered eyes,  
And fitful as the flutter  
Of little draughts of air  
That linger on a stairway  
As though they loved it there.

New and shining stairways,  
Stairways worn and old—  
Where rooms are prison places  
And corridors are cold—  
You intrigue with fancy,  
You challenge with a lore  
Elusive as a moon's light  
Shadowing a floor.

You speak to me not only  
With the lure of storied art—  
For wonder of old footsteps  
Lies lightly on my heart;  
More than the reminiscence  
Of yesterday's renown—  
*Laughter that might have floated up,*  
*Echoes that should drift down!*

## THE GRAY VEIL

Life flings weariness over me  
Like a thick gray veil; I see  
Through its mesh where suns are cold,  
Nights are ancient and dawns are old.

Now at last with glamour gone  
I can see the naked dawn;  
Gauge the gilded depths of noon,  
Coolly question star and moon.

And where fired sunsets pale  
I, who wear life's gray veil,  
Shall not marvel, shall not care.  
No light of earth's however fair,  
Robbed of the sting of its surprise,  
Can delude my sober eyes.

### LONELINESS ✓

Sometimes when I am long alone  
I wonder what is loneliness—  
This silence like a deep bell's tone—  
These moments, motionless?

This hush above the nervous street?—  
Removed as is the tree that stands,  
Hill-high, with burrowing root-feet  
And boughs like reaching hands.

As in my blood I feel life press,  
Like sap into the frailest bough,  
I think if such is loneliness  
Then I am lonely now.

*Contemporary Verse*

*Hazel Hall*

## REPETITIONS

*I plunge at the rearing hours—  
Life is a steed of pride,  
Who so high above me towers  
I cannot mount and ride.*

### TWO SEWING

The wind is sewing with needles of rain;  
With shining needles of rain  
It stitches into the thin  
Cloth of earth—in,  
In, in, in.  
(Oh, the wind has often sewed with me!—  
One, two, three.)

Spring must have fine things  
To wear, like other springs.  
Of silken green the grass must be  
Embroidered. (One and two and three.)  
Then every crocus must be made  
So subtly as to seem afraid  
Of lifting color from the ground.  
And after crocuses the round  
Heads of tulips, and all the fair  
Intricate garb that Spring will wear  
The wind must sew with needles of rain,  
With shining needles of rain  
Stitching into the thin  
Cloth of earth—in,  
In, in, in—  
For all the springs of futurity.  
(One, two, three.)

## INSTRUCTION

My hands that guide a needle  
In their turn are led  
Relentlessly and deftly,  
As a needle leads a thread.

Other hands are teaching  
My needle; when I sew  
I feel the cool, thin fingers  
Of hands I do not know.

They urge my needle onward,  
They smooth my seams, until  
The worry of my stitches  
Smothers in their skill.

All the tired women,  
Who sewed their lives away,  
Speak in my deft fingers  
As I sew today.

## THREE SONGS FOR SEWING

### I

A fibre of rain on a window-pane  
Talked to a stitching thread:  
*In the heaviest weather I hold together  
The weight of a cloud!*

To the fibre of rain on a window-pane  
The talkative stitches said:  
*I hold together with the weight of a feather  
The heaviest shroud!*



## II

My needle says: Don't be young,  
 Holding visions in your eyes,  
 Tasting laughter on your tongue!—  
 Be very old and very wise,  
 And sew a good seam up and down  
 In white cloth, red cloth, blue and brown.

My needle says: What is youth  
 But eyes drunken with the sun,  
 Seeing farther than the truth;  
 Lips that call, hands that shun  
 The many seams they have to do  
 In white cloth, red cloth, brown and blue!

## III

One by one, one by one,  
 Stitches of the hours run  
 Through the fine seams of the day;  
 Till like a garment it is done  
 And laid away.

One by one the days go by,  
 And suns climb up and down the sky;  
 One by one their seams are run—  
 As Time's untiring fingers ply  
 And life is done.

## COWARDICE

Discomfort sweeps my quiet, as a wind  
 Leaps at trees and leaves them cold and thinned.  
 Not that I fear again the mastery  
 Of winds, for holding my indifference dear  
 I do not feel illusions stripped from me.  
 And yet this is a fear—

A fear of old discarded fears, of days  
That cried out at irrevocable ways.  
I cower for my own old cowardice—  
For hours that beat upon the wind's broad breast  
With hands as impotent as leaves are: this  
Robs my new hour of rest.

I thought my pride had covered long ago  
All the old scars, like broken twigs in snow;  
I thought to luxuriate in rich decay,  
As some far-seeing tree upon a hill;  
But, startled into shame for an old day,  
I find that I am but a coward still.

FLASH

I am less of myself and more of the sun;  
The beat of life is wearing me  
To an incomplete oblivion,  
Yet not to the certain dignity  
Of death. (They cannot even die  
Who have not lived.)

The hungry jaws

Of space snap at my unlearned eye,  
And time tears in my flesh like claws.

If I am not life's, if I am not death's,  
Out of chaos I must re-reap  
The burden of untasted breaths.  
(Who has not waked may not yet sleep.)

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Hazel Hall*

## BORASAN

In the desert near Khotan  
Lie the bones of Borasan.  
Once its roofs were red and blue  
Where the pear and poplar grew;  
Once where river barges rode  
Rainbow stuffs of barter glowed,—  
Peacock plumes and scarlet wool,  
Silver fish from Kara-Kul,  
Apricots and carven jades,  
Mills for prayer, beaten blades.  
Mounded now are sands above  
Buried barter, buried love,  
Only winds that burrow deep  
Tumble sunward from their sleep  
Rings engreened upon the bone,  
Buddhas smiling in blue stone,  
Coins, combs, toys, the dust of vases,  
Walls the restless sand effaces.

Men with sword and torch and shout  
Did not blot that city out.  
Men were sand to pass and pass,  
Gleam and shadow, through her glass.

Buddha begging with a bowl  
Spread the white peace of his soul.

Eyes beneath a shading hand,  
Gazing eastward over sand,  
Alexander, desert-burned,  
Dreamed, and looked his fill, and turned.

Westward riding Ghengis Khan  
Stopped to ask of Borasan  
Seven asses heaped with pearls,  
Meat and millet, fifty girls.  
These he got, and did not stay. . . .

Marco Polo went this way . . .

Over tundras, God-enticed,  
Friars crept to preach their Christ. . . .

Still the camels through the gates  
Coughed beneath their swaying freights;  
Brown-legged boatmen from the stream  
Made the palace parrots scream,  
Till the peach and melon land  
Shrank between the seas of sand,  
Till the sand was drifted, drifted,  
Slowly through the poplars sifted,  
Reached at last the river's edge,  
Slowly builded bar and ledge,  
Till the crystal ribbon dried  
To a crystal thread, and died,  
And the green of melon plots  
And the gold of apricots  
Sank like sunlight into sand—  
Till the wind upheaved the land,  
And the earth, that mothered man,  
Whelmed him there in Borasan.

Northward still the river runs  
Unsubdued by sand or suns,  
Northward still the poplars press  
On its living loveliness.  
Here the reeds are tall in spring,  
Wild geese mate and finches sing,  
Here the shepherds drive their sheep,—  
Build themselves for shade and sleep  
Huts of woven reeds, and make  
Out of maize a simple cake.  
How to bake and herd and shear,—  
That is all of knowledge here.  
Once perhaps their fathers knew  
Pointed roofs of red and blue,

Once with millstones crushed their maize,  
Baked them tiles to pave their ways,  
Ate from silver, drank from glass—  
All is lost in sand, alas!

Is it so? Did thousands die  
When the *buran* lifted high  
Desert dunes to storm their doors,  
Slaying through the streets and floors?  
Crept a few at length to light  
Through those days the sand made night,  
Wild with wind, and beasts that ran  
Screaming out of Borasan?  
Did they crawl they knew not where,  
Wear away from what they were,  
Rudely learn to live again,  
Rived from trade and art and men?  
All they gathered, all they knew,  
Did it die as raindrops do,  
Leaving only maize and sheep,  
Toil and huts of reed and sleep?  
Back again where life began  
Grove thy people, Borasan?

*The Measure*

*Frank Ernest Hill*

## UPPER AIR

High, pale, imperial places of slow cloud  
And windless wells of sun-swept silence . . . Sense  
Of some aware, half scornful permanence  
Past which we flow like water that is loud  
A moment 'gainst the granite. Nothing here  
Beats to the quick deed that we left below,  
That was a flame; this is the soul of snow  
Immortalized in moveless atmosphere.

Yet we shall brood upon this haunt of wings  
When love, like perfume washed away in rain,  
Dies in the years. Still we shall turn again,  
Seeking the clouds as we have sought the sea,  
Asking the peace of these immortal things  
That will not mix with our mortality.

*The New Republic*

*Frank Ernest Hill*

### TO ROBINSON CRUSOE

So to be loved and listened to and touched  
By crowds of moist-fingered little folks  
With eyes of wonder—who would save his life  
And hug an English hearth for seventy years,  
When to be shipwrecked is to live forever?  
You thought you were dead to the world, but you  
    were wrong,  
Old Crusoe, when you bobbed up on that isle  
Of curious creatures waiting to be tamed,  
And lonely footprints waiting for a friend.  
Dreaming of cobbled streets you fought your way  
Alone, and built your little brave stockade;  
Sick for a roof in England, long dumb hours  
You smoked your pipe out by your unshared fire;  
You thought that all was over, never guessed  
You were piling years up, looking to the days  
When little children would not let you die!

*Smith's Magazine*

*Marie Louise Hersey*

## GAMESTERS ALL

The river boat had loitered down its way,  
The ropes were coiled, and business for the day  
Was done. The cruel noon closed slowly down  
And cupped the streaming town.  
Stray voices called across the blinding heat,  
Then drifted off to shadowy retreat  
Among the sheds. The waters of the bay  
Sucked away  
In tepid swirls  
As listless as the day.  
Silence closed about me like a wall  
Final and obstinate as death.  
Until I longed to break it with a call,  
Or barter life for one deep, windy breath.

A mellow laugh came rippling  
Across the stagnant air  
Lifting it into little waves of life.  
Then, true and clear,  
I caught  
A snatch of harmony;  
Sure, lilting tenor and a drowsing bass,  
Elusive chords that weave and interlace,  
And poignant little minors broken short  
Like robins calling June.  
And then the tune:

✓ "Oh, nobody knows when de Lord am goin' ter call,  
Roll dem bones.  
It may be in de Summer time an may be in de Fall,  
Roll dem bones.  
But yer got ter leabe yer baby an yer home an all.  
So, roll dem bones  
Oh, my brudder,  
Oh, my brudder,  
Oh, my brudder,  
Roll dem bones."

There they squatted,  
Gambling away  
Their meagre pay,  
Fatalists all.  
I heard the muted fall  
Of dice, then the assured  
Retrieving sweep of hand on roughened board.

I thought it good to see  
Four lives so free  
From care; so indolently sure of each tomorrow,  
And hearts attuned to sing away a sorrow.

Then, like a shot,  
Out of the hot,  
Still air, I heard a call.  
"Throw up your hands,  
I've got you all.  
It's thirty days for gambling.  
Come Tony, Paul.  
Now Joe don't be a fool.  
I've got you cool."

I saw his eyes and knew he'd never go;  
Not Joe,  
The strongest hand in River Bow.  
Springing from where he sat, straight, cleanly made,  
He soared, a leaping shadow, from the shade  
With fifty feet to go.  
It was the stiffest hand he ever played.  
To win the corner meant  
Deep, sweet content  
Among his laughing kind.  
To lose; to suffer blind,  
Degrading slavery upon "The gang."  
And killing suns, and fever ridden nights  
Behind relentless bars  
Of prison cars.



He hung a breathless second in the sun,  
The staring road before him; then like one  
Who stakes his all, and has a gamester's heart,  
His laughter flashed.  
He lunged.  
I gave a start.  
God, what a man!  
The massive shoulders hunched, and, as he ran,  
With head held low, and splendid length of limb,  
I almost felt the beat  
Of passionate life that surged in him  
And winged his spurning feet.

And then my eyes went dim:  
The marshal's gun was out.  
I saw the grim,  
Short barrel, and his face  
Aflame with the excitement of the chase.  
He was an honest sportsman, as they go;  
He never shot a doe,  
Or spotted fawn,  
Or partridge on the ground.  
And as for Joe—  
He'd wait until he had a yard to go,  
Then, if he missed, he'd laugh and call it square.  
My gaze lept to the corner, waited there.  
And now an arm would reach it, I saw hope flare  
Across the runner's face.

Then, like a pang  
In my own heart,  
The pistol rang.

The form I watched soared forward,  
Swung the curve. "By God, you've missed."  
The marshal shook his head.  
No, there he lay, face downward in the road.  
"I reckon he was dead  
Before he hit the ground,"

The marshal said.  
"Just once at fifty feet;  
A moving target too.  
That's just about as good  
As any man could do.  
A little tough;  
But since he ran  
I call it fair enough."

He mopped his head and started down the road.  
The silence eddied around him, turned and flowed  
Softly back, and pressed against the ears,  
Until unnumbered flies set it to droning,  
And, down the heat, I heard a woman moaning.

*Contemporary Verse*

*DuBose Heyward*

## FRANCISCO PIZARRO

"Desperate, my men, are our straits.  
Natives with vemon-pointed darts harass us.  
Hunger draws taut our fevered skins.  
Disaster, ever-renewed, makes us its mock.  
Death bends and breaks our serried ranks.  
All cause is there for grim despair:  
Yet, since you be Spaniards, despair not.  
I sail this very day for Hispaniola  
There to hasten necessary succor.  
Lest it be said that we, like cowards,  
Abandoned under stress our chosen course  
I shall leave, of you all, seventy here.  
Nay, until I be finished, murmur not.  
I appointed in my absence as Governor, Francisco  
Pizarro,  
Knowing you believe, my men, in the courage that is  
his.

And more, lest you doubt of my returning,  
 I shall leave, under your charge, all gold.  
 Remain faithful unto your post;  
 Remain faithful unto your leader;  
 Then, if in fifty days I be not come again,  
 Take as your own the two small brigantines  
 And depart, with duty done, wheresoever you list.  
 This I say but as a last precaution,  
 For,—shall I not return to you?  
 Trust me! forget not God! be true!"

Thus spoke to his soldiers Alonzo de Ojeda  
 Governor, in the King's name, of Neuva Andalusia,  
 Brave man, incompetent leader, ill-fated,  
 Thus spoke he from the parapet of San Sebastian  
 And with the coming of the night had sailed away,  
 Never, despite his promise, to return.  
 Pizarro, stalwart of body, steady of mind,  
 One who kept and kept it well his own counsel,  
 One cruel, severe, determined,  
 One who was obeyed yet shrunk from,  
 Commanded, as Ojeda had behested, in his stead.  
 No tyro's negligent office his!  
 Food, by hook or crook, must be obtained;  
 Dissatisfaction and mutiny quelled;  
 Attack by night and day to be repulsed.  
 Silence and heat, and hunger,  
 And all about the small stockade  
 The inward pressing of the circling jungle  
 Save where, a strip of blue, a strip of hope, the sea!  
 God! how they grew to fear that forest,  
 Heavy, and green, and menace haunted,  
 A dark impenetrable wall of vegetation,  
 Twisted trunks, twisted vines, and twisted shadows,  
 Wherein lurked horror and the horror of horror!  
 Arrows, furtive-winged and poison-pointed  
 Would rise as rise startled birds,  
 Curve up a moment in skyey flight,  
 Then, with long-drawn sibilant sighs,  
 Rush to claim the poor unwary, earthward.

Jungle, and sea, and canescent sun,  
 And the labored passage of the days!  
 "Are we fools," they cried, "still to wait?  
 Twenty, thirty, forty days have passed!  
 Still no white sail peaks the blue!  
 Death and starvation claim us one by one!  
 Let us, ere it be too late, depart!"  
 But wait they did, even the fifty days,  
 Restrained to duty by the grim Pizarro,  
 A man they hated, admired, feared,  
 Yet a man,—they obeyed.  
 And when at last the time for their release—  
 "Now," swore they, "by Christ! we shall depart!"  
 And would straightway have rushed pell-mell  
 Upon the two small, anchored brigantines  
 Had not, with imperative gesture, Pizarro stayed them.  
 "You are," his level voice arraigned, "truly fools!  
 Else, long since, had you made your count  
 And found those tiny cockle-shells of boats  
 Incapable by half of carrying the whole of you!"  
 They hesitated; they examined; they confirmed.  
 With desperate eyes ablaze with fear;  
 With hands and feet that shook in ague;  
 With lips grown dryer far than dry;  
 They surged them back to where Pizarro stood,  
 Gazing, seemingly impassive, across the sea.  
 "It is," they moaned, "even as you say!  
 Who shall go and who, alas, shall stay?  
 Ah, Mother of God, what plight is ours!"  
 Looking with eyes untenanted by emotion  
 Upon the men gone, like a flock of sheep, afraid—  
 "There is a way," he said, "to make decision  
 Of who shall go and who shall stay.  
 There is a way,—were you men!"  
 And the pitiful things with blood-shot eyes,  
 With white lips edging whiter teeth,  
 With bony, tremulous talon-hands,  
 Replied, as in a whisper, "We be men!"  
 And Pizarro, master of himself and them,

Seemed, in the moveless clarity of sunlight,  
 Some epic god directing destiny.  
 "So," he answered, "since you affirm yourselves as  
     men  
 I shall inform you of the one and only way,  
 Fair to all and partial, in the end, to none,  
 Whereby may be chosen among us all  
 Those who shall go and those who shall stay!  
 Once more, I ask you: be you men?"  
 "Aye," croaked they, "we be men!"  
 "Then"—and here his voice rose, dominant—  
 "In this place and on this spot shall we remain  
 Until death, impartial, has weeded us,  
 Those who shall go from those who shall stay!"  
 "Those who shall go from those who shall stay!"  
 Echoed, in toneless notes, the broken men:  
 And "Those who shall go from those who shall stay!"  
 Reëchoed eerily the whispering jungle.  
 Then, like an accolade of doom, fell silence  
 Enfolding avidly unto its inscrutable self,  
 Forest, and sea, and depthless sky,  
 And those bowed of head, stooped of shoulder,  
 Standing, muted and motionless,  
 Before one who, with hand aloft, rendered judgment.

*The Budget*

*Arthur C. Inman*

## THE COBBLER IN THE MOON

### I

Cobbler, cease your stitching!  
 Put down your awl!  
 I've long been waiting  
 Before your stall.

Cobbler, cease your pegging!  
Who pays your wage?  
And whose the ugly,  
Dry shoes of Age?

I have shoes for mending;  
A patch or two  
Will make them nearly  
As good as new.

Mine too worn for patching?  
It cannot be  
The shoes just finished  
Were made for me?

II

Time went dancing down the road  
Yesterday;  
It was sweet to watch Time dance  
On her way.

Not one sigh was in my heart!  
How could I  
Know that when to-morrow came  
I should cry?

III

Joy came winging down to me,  
A brown, song-throated bird,  
But on a honeyed tree's dark branch  
A scarlet note was heard.

Joy was singing, soft and low,  
A tender little lay,  
But, oh, my ears were deafened by  
The scarlet note that day!

IV

Once I cried a little cry,  
Nor wiped the tears away;  
And bitter was the taste of them  
The long, long day.

Oh, but that was long ago!  
To-day I sit apart  
And smile and watch young laughter run  
About my heart!

V

I cannot bear to hear the grasses sing!  
Their tiny fingers press the notes of grief  
Where apple blossoms pinkly sway and swing  
And nod to each uncurling, greening leaf.

I cannot bear to hear the grasses sing!  
Nor watch them tiptoe on the sun-sweet ground,  
For, oh, I know how their small hands will cling  
Upon the earth that is my body's mound!

VI

If I am quiet, when the twilight comes,  
My dead love I will see;  
Like breathless whisper in a lilac bloom  
My love will come to me.

If I am quiet, all the lapis night,  
My love will be my guest;  
But, oh, that she may never touch my hand  
Nor lean against my breast!

VII

My feet are shod in golden shoes,  
That glimmer in the sun,  
With lacings made of sweet delight  
And laughter's fun.

The soles so studded are with nails  
That press up, prick and pry,  
I can but sit still in a chair  
And softly cry!

*The Conservative    Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## FINALITY

The farm was lonely, set so far  
Back from the town;  
If neighbors came, he'd rant and rave  
If they sat down.

And when they went he forced upon  
Her hateful thought,  
And nagged; made ugly use of words  
With meaning fraught.

Her back was bent with work she'd done  
Beyond her strength;  
For he planned more than she could do  
In each day's length.

The days seemed all alike to her  
Until, one day,  
She found a blue bird, maimed in wing,  
So bright and gay

She loved it, cared for it, and soon  
The bird loved her;  
When he came, she would hide it and  
It would not stir.

One noon he came and caught her with  
The bird in play;  
He killed it right before her in  
A fearful way.



A neighbor came, to ask about  
A plough, that night;  
He never could forget that strange  
And awful sight.

She'd used the kitchen knife on him  
And he was dead;  
She sat, a bruised and battered thing  
From feet to head,

And hummed a little song, or spoke  
A tender word,  
And tried to make blue feathers stay  
Upon a bird!

*The Conservative      Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## THE TRICKSY TUNE

*The Hired Man Speaks:*

*"He never spoke a civil word  
To her; it was his rule  
To snarl or shout; his best for her  
Was 'Mooncalf, dolt an' fool!'"*

*The Story:*

The house was built back from the Road;  
It stood there grim and gray  
And silent, 'mid great aspen trees  
That quivered night and day.

The Road was narrow; old stone walls  
Arose on either side  
Begrudging from the farm the land  
The roadbed had to gride.

And she had lived with him and drudged  
For over twenty years;  
He drove her on, from harrowing  
To breaking in the steers.

At first when she was called a fool,  
A hurt look dulled her eyes,  
And she would slip off by herself  
And have her little cries.

But once he caught her; after that  
She never dared to cry;  
The days seemed all alike to her  
That wearily went by.

And often, when he snarled and cursed,  
She played a little game;  
She tried to make believe that he  
Had called her some sweet name.

Then one day came a tricksy tune  
That hummed within her head;  
In spite of all that she could do  
It held the words he said.

She heard the song and shuddered at  
Its "Fool, dolt, fool, dolt, fool!"  
The while she gripped her hard, worn hands  
And drabber looked and cool.

And this kept up for weeks; she worked  
With hope to still the song  
By weariness; it sometimes went away  
But would not stay for long.

When evening came, he sat about  
The kitchen while she rid  
The sink of dishes, nagging her  
Through everything she did.

And then he'd go to sleep and snore,  
Sprawled in the rocking chair;  
The light shone on his long, gray beard  
And bristling, grizzly hair.

And so he lolled; she mended, darned,  
The while she scarce could see;  
The song beat time within her head  
That ached unceasingly.

A day came harder than the rest;  
He snarled at her and raved,  
And of the nagging words he knew  
There was no word he saved.

And night came with the supper; wash  
Of dishes in the sink;  
And afterwards his snores; her song;  
She ceased to try to think.

*The Hired Man Speaks:*

*"I found him crooked upon the floor;  
The ax was sharp, for he  
Had sharpened it that day an' whet  
It sharp as it could be.*

*She didn't notice me; she sat  
As white's a sheet, but cool,  
An' hummed a song: the words wan't much,  
Jest, 'Mooncalf, dolt an' fool!'"*

*The Conservative      Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## EYES

When life is very lonely  
I close my eyes and go  
Across a field and up a hill,  
A way I know;

And there I find a garden  
With a little house in it,  
And both are wistful whispering,  
"Come in and sit!"

Then you come, always singing,  
On down the garden's walk,  
And we, in white front doorway, stand  
And softly talk.

I often light a candle,  
In my small sitting-room,  
To show you some new picture or  
A bit of bloom.

And all our time together  
You love as much as I:  
*But, oh, my open eyes that watch  
You passing by!*

*The Conservative      Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## DEAFNESS

Wall-mountain rimmed around the sky  
And bellied down, a bowl  
With chipped and crackled edge; the farm  
Dropped in like leaf-lopped cole.

Scrub trees crouched low on mountainside,  
Their fingers locked and bared  
Upon black rocks; at base great spruce  
Stood close and leaned and stared.

The house, with up-curved shingles, hugged  
The ground, a silent thing,  
Like a gray bird squatting on its perch  
In a cage, and cannot sing.

When she went up to bake for him,  
To tend the house and such,  
His deafness was a sorry chafe  
She pitied overmuch.

A day came when he ceased to speak;  
She did not care, for he  
Was far more ugly in his speech  
Than there was need to be.

But when the long days dragged on by  
Without a word from him,  
The crumbs of peace fell from her mind  
As leaves drop from a limb.

At first she zigzagged in her mind  
'Twixt old Hen Levy's Place  
And his: she knew Four Corners brooked  
No showing of her face.

And then she planned shrill words to shriek  
To stab his deafness through;  
And he would watch, with cunning eye.  
Her stirred mind's boil and brew.

Then slyly he would egg her on:  
He'd cup his ear with hand,  
The while her throat rasped hoarse with words  
She hoped he's understand.

In summer loneliness was lulled  
By birds that came to sing;  
An old black creaker, by the door,  
Was always a friendly thing.

Slim poplars grew close to the barn  
And whispered all day long;  
The Plymouth Rocks scratched in their shade  
And cackled or made song.

But in the winter when the jays  
Sat shrieking, limb to limb,  
It seemed somehow that he must hear;—  
That she *must* talk with him.

And when a lone, lean crow would light  
Upon a fire-stubbed pine,  
It seemed a black thought from her heart,  
That blurred her brain like wine.

One day a storm drove down; the wind  
Banked snow in drifts on farm,  
Encircling, with one deep drift,  
The house like a gripping arm.

She shoveled a path from house to barn;  
The cattle must be fed:  
He let them go a day and night—  
At her plea shook his head.

The crow came to the barn that night;  
She took care of the cat;  
The crow, on top-loft ladder's round,  
In brooding silence sat.

When Sunday came the storm had cleared.  
Some city folks snow-shoed  
Through Toby's Gap to Brimmer's Place,  
And one of them, a dude,

Was cold, and knocked upon the door;  
When no one answered, he  
Just turned the knob and went on in—  
To see what he could see.

Old Aaron sat, bound in a chair;  
His face was snarled with fear;  
His hair cut off'n him quite close;  
His throat cut, ear to ear.

She sat in a rocker, muttering,  
A-wagglng of her head;  
But when she saw the dude, she rose:—  
“*He heard! He spoke!*” she said.

*The Conservative      Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## HOOFIN' IT

*Pork an'  
Beans an'  
Apple pie!  
Doughnuts,  
Swagen,  
By Gor-ri!  
We'll hit  
Great Pond  
By an' by!*

I am but a river hog,  
River hog, river hog!  
I am but a river hog  
Hoofin' it to Great Pond!

Ellsworth is a meachin' town,  
Sick'em town, lick'em town,  
Ellsworth is a meachin' town,  
Ring-a-round-a-rosy!

Ellsworth has a pretty pound,  
Pretty pound, pretty pound,  
Ellsworth has a pretty pound—  
Pin on me a posy!

Waltham has no use for us,  
Use for us, use for us;  
Waltham has no use for us  
When our heads are groggy!

They wun't give us feather beds,  
Feather beds, feather beds;  
They wun't give us feather beds—  
No, we bunk with hoggy!

K-J he don't give a damn,  
Give a damn, give a damn;  
K-J he don't give a damn  
If in hell we're seated!

Great Pond's miles an' miles away,  
Miles away, miles away;  
Great Pond's miles an' miles away  
But the soup is heated!

K-J's waitin' there for us,  
There for us, there for us;  
K-J's waitin' there for us—  
He's a damn good-fellow!

K-J makes us pick our shirts,  
Pick our shirts, pick our shirts,  
K-J makes us pick our shirts—  
Makes us work O hell-o!

I am but a river hog,  
River hog, river hog,  
I am but a river hog  
Hoofin' it to Great Pond!



*Pork an'  
Beans an'  
Apple pie!  
Doughnuts,  
Swagen.  
By Gor-ri!  
We'll hit  
Great Pond  
By an' by!*

*The Conservative      Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## THE PURCHASE

Once, on a gold May morning,  
As I walked through a town,  
I met a Merchant crying,  
"One white, one purple gown!"

He stopped me, swift demanding,  
"Which will you have of me?  
This white—is yours for nothing!  
This purple—thalers three!"

"I'll take from you, Old Merchant,  
The gown for which I pay!"  
I gayly donned the garment  
And went my careless way!

The skies grew dark and darker;  
A fog brought mystery;  
Beside me stalked black shadows  
That pecked the heart of me!

I sought the wary Merchant;  
He gave me but one look:  
"Hope's robe was yours for nothing!  
Despair's was what you took!"

*The Conservative      Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## JAPANESE NIGHT-SONG

The shadow of a heron's wing is on the water,  
And the pines have drawn slim fingers  
Across the moon.

Hush—  
Breathe lightly, wind in the plum-tree!  
Scatter your dreams  
Like petals over her heart.

*The Measure*

*Ellen Janson*

## "SHADOWY—UNDER MY WINDOW"

Shadowy—under my window—  
Your low reed sobs  
Its desert love-song to the remembering stars.  
Shadowy—  
All the night my breasts are lilies,  
My lips are passion-flowers.

At dawn  
I remember how gray sands have heaped  
Upon your grave,  
Wind-blown—these thousand years.

*The Measure*

*Ellen Janson*

## THE CREATION

*(A Negro Sermon)*

And God stepped out on space,  
And He looked around and said,  
"I'm lonely—  
I'll make me a world."

And far as the eye of God could see  
Darkness covered everything,  
Blacker than a hundred midnights  
Down in a cypress swamp.

Then God smiled,  
And the light broke,  
And the darkness rolled up on one side,  
And the light stood shining on the other,  
And God said, "*That's good!*"

Then God reached out and took the light in His hands,  
And God rolled the light around in His hands  
Until He made the sun;  
And He set the sun a-blazing in the heavens.  
And the light that was left from making the sun  
God gathered it up in a shining ball  
And flung it against the darkness,  
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.  
Then down between  
The darkness and the light  
He hurled the world;  
And God said, "*That's good!*"

Then God himself stepped down—  
And the sun was on His right hand,  
And the moon was on His left;  
The stars were clustered above His head,  
And the earth was under His feet.  
And God walked, and where He trod  
His footsteps hollowed the valleys out  
And bulged the mountains up.  
Then He stopped and looked and saw  
That the earth was hot and barren.  
So God stepped over to the edge of the world  
And He spat out the seven seas;  
He batted His eyes, and the lightnings flashed;  
He clapped His hands, and the thunders rolled;  
And the waters above the earth came down,  
The cooling waters came down.

Then the green grass sprouted,  
And the little red flowers blossomed,  
The pine tree pointed his finger to the sky,  
And the oak spread out his arms,  
The lakes cuddled down in the hollows of the ground,  
And the rivers ran down to the sea;  
And God smiled again,  
And the rainbow appeared,  
And curled itself around His shoulder.

Then God raised His arm and He waved His hand  
Over the sea and over the land,  
And He said, "Bring forth! Bring forth!"  
And quicker than God could drop His hand,  
Fishes and fowls,  
And beasts and birds  
Swam the rivers and the seas,  
Roamed the forests and the woods,  
And split the air with their wings.  
And God said, "*That's good!*"

Then God walked around,  
And God looked around  
On all that He had made.  
He looked at His sun,  
And He looked at His moon,  
And He looked at His little stars;  
He looked on His world  
With all its living things,  
And God said, "*I'm lonely still.*"

Then God sat down  
On the side of a hill where He could think;  
By a deep wide river He sat down;  
With His head in His hands,  
God thought and thought,  
Till He thought, "*I'll make me a man!*"

Up from the bed of the river  
God scooped the clay;  
And by the bank of the river  
He knelt Him down;  
And there the great God Almighty,  
Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,  
Who flung the stars to the most far corner of the night,  
Who rounded the earth in the middle of His hand;  
This Great God,  
Like a mammy bending over her baby,  
Kneeled down in the dust  
Toiling over a lump of clay  
Till He shaped it in His own image;

Then into it He blew the breath of life,  
And man became a living soul.  
Amen, Amen.

*The Freeman*

*James Weldon Johnson*

## COSMOS FLOWERS

Grey clouds, with sudden lakes of blue—  
A mournful, monotonous wind like wailing women—  
And against the crumbling wall  
Hundreds of cosmos flowers,  
Startling, leopard-like, sensual,  
Wave on their stalks of feathery green;  
And above them the purple morning-glories,  
A blare of glorious trumpets,  
Cling to the yellowing wall;  
And a negro, his torn white shirt  
Revealing in jarred tears his ebony skin,  
The gleaming muscles, the cat-like, strong  
Animal body, labors on crooked knees,  
Clearing the autumn garden of twigs and the flying  
leaves. . . .

*Scheherazade!*  
*Scheherazade!*

The cosmos flowers, my Dove,  
Are as thine enticing eyes, and the slender grace of  
their stems  
Thy languid body that leans and sways and allures,  
Weary of telling thy tales and glad of illicit love,  
Scheherazade, soul of the cosmos flower!

Behold, in thy chamber, above the fountain fall,  
The hidden silver fingers of women sound on lutes,  
Chanting from latticed recesses  
Surâhs out of Al Koran, the Wisdom of God;  
Thy companions, in blue trousers,  
One by one steal away to hidden rooms  
Where slaves or lovers await to embrace them all night  
long;  
And at thy command the glistening negroes come,  
Bare of breast, and turbanned in white, with trays  
Of coloured sherbets, and dates, and lemons, and  
sweets,  
And a eunuch walks at their head,  
Grave and useless to thee, O Moon, for love, whose  
master .  
Is hunting to-day the lion, but I, O Delight,  
Thy slave, the Gardener's Son, in blue and gold  
Lie beside thee upon the tiger skins,  
Eager for love and knowing to-morrow I die.

*Scheherazade!*  
*Scheherazade!*

Fate is fate, O My Soul!  
Thy moon-like eyes, thy thin, sweet eyebrows, the  
breasts  
Hid and revealed by thy silken vests, the alluring  
Mouth, the tapering nails, and the slippered feet—  
Save only to-day are dust, but the cosmos flower

Blooms forever, and ever the shrill-voiced singers  
 Chant that Allah is Allah, and man is as rain and dust.  
 Yield to me therefore, Pomegranate Flower! Thy lips  
 Are heavy with love, thine eyes are riddles, thine hair  
 Hath woven the night about thy face, its moon!  
 And eunuch and slave and the throbbing tambourines  
 And the dancing girls and thy master, O Star, are  
     dreams,  
 And only the Gardener's Son with the close-cropped  
     golden hair,  
 And thou, Beloved, we two together and love,  
 Only these three abide, but abide for a moment, and  
     go.

*Scheherazade!*  
*Scheherazade!*

*The Freeman*

*Howard Mumford Jones*

### OH, WHEN I DIE—

The poet names his burial-stead.  
 That string is frayed by long-stilled hands.  
 And few, I guess, have the bed  
     Their half-forgotten verse demands.  
 To worn string and futile plea  
 Listen awhile: when I am dead  
 After all, bury me  
     Underneath an Apple Tree.

Underneath an Apple Tree—  
 Let the grim roots work their will—  
 Grip, suck, strain, distil.  
 The debtor's body for the debt,  
     For all the happily heavy score  
 Of many a revel, against me set  
     Plain on the Orchard Tavern's door.

What path of mine but knows my debt?  
How far apart my cores were thrown!  
Town, meadow, peak, shore,  
Road, trail, wayside stone,  
Hearth, desk, even bed  
(Shudder, Prissy) knew my needs,  
And not a core but showed the seeds.  
Milk and honey, wine and bread!  
Wherefore, in the Roman way  
Deal with him who cannot pay—  
The debtor's body for the debt:  
After all, bury me  
(If that is all, and this is me)  
Underneath an Apple Tree.

There is more, as I think:  
When I am done with meat and drink  
Such as beasts have, there shall be  
Other Apples waiting me  
No bodiless ghost can eat of them,  
So I shall haunt my burial-tree  
Until the first spring-noon is warm:  
My body's master-essences  
Shall climb through bole and branch and stem,  
Slip through soft blossom-throats, and form  
About me, at command. How far,  
I wonder, those bright Other Orchards are?

*Contemporary Verse*

*William Laird*

## THE TOO HIGH

That bird in the maple next my caves,  
Last bud-break of May,  
At faintest of first dawn, one perceives,  
Loved—in his rapture of life and leaves—  
As I love to-day.



His heart was so full of it, his throat  
Could scarce, at first, free  
The song, that took fire, climbed, note by note,  
Neared heaven, came short, turned sad, fell remote,  
Lay still. So with me.

*Harper's Magazine*

*Benjamin R. C. Low*

## THE HOUSE WITH THE MARBLE STEPS

He built the house to show his neighbors  
That decent thrift could lead to this,  
A giddy reason for his labors,  
A bright brick apothesis.

He was not one to be bulldozed  
By sentiment, and he had planned  
Past whispered sneers when he foreclosed  
The mortgage on this very land.

He'd forced his way with prudent greed  
While they at best remained the same.  
He gauged the folly of a creed  
Which keeps a lame purse always lame.

Well, here it was, and in the road  
He stood and tallied beam and rafter.  
The cost would be a heavy load  
He'd tell you, twisting into laughter.

The window-edges were of stone,  
A soapy limestone smooth and fair.  
The floors were all hard wood and none  
Tailed off to pine beneath a stair.

If he were old and quite infirm,  
His house was very fresh and young,  
And envy is a winding worm—  
These thoughts were pepper to his tongue.

And so he watched it grow and grow,  
And jotted down the things he heard,  
Scheming to balance by the blow  
His house should deal as final word.

To crown the whole and go beyond  
Whatever yet had been attempted.  
In his small town, he signed a bond  
Which would most certainly have emptied

The pockets of quite half his friends,  
Even to him it was a point,  
But when a man aims at such ends  
He must keep stiff in every joint.

He bought a quarry's good half year  
Of first-class, fine-grained marble output,  
He paid a mason very near  
As much again to have it cut.

The sharp white polished steps were grand  
Descending from the stucco porch.  
They glittered like a marching band,  
They mounted upward like a torch.

But he had taken to his bed  
Before the last was set in place,  
And one week later he was dead  
With a slow smile upon his face.

The marble flashed beneath the fall  
Of undertakers' feet who carried  
His coffin to the funeral  
Within the house. And there he tarried

For fifteen minutes more or less,  
And "dust to dust" they read above him.  
Now who had gained in bitterness—  
For not one soul was there to love him?

They gaped upon the shining floors,  
Their eyes scanned ceiling heights and blocked them.  
When all was done, they shut the doors  
And shrugged their shoulders as they locked them.

The house is charming now with weeds  
Sprung all about, the steps are mellow  
With little grass and flower-seeds  
Drifting across their sun-stained yellow.

Empty it stands and so has stood  
More years than the town clerk can tell.  
No legend has it he was good,  
No tale reports that he did well.

They tried to sell it, off and on,  
But not a person wants to buy,  
Though visitors who've come and gone  
Remember it against the sky  
In shrewd and sweet proportions glowing  
Above a flight of marble steps where grass is growing.

*The New Republic*

*Amy Lowell*

## TEXAS

I went a-riding, a-riding,  
Over a great long plain,  
And the plain went a-sliding, a-sliding  
Away from my bridle-rein.

Fields of cotton, and fields of wheat,  
Thunder-blue gentians by a wire fence,  
Standing cypress, red and tense,  
Holding its flower rigid like a gun,  
Dressed for parade by the running wheat,  
By the little bouncing cotton. Terribly sweet  
The cardinals sing in the live-oak trees,  
And the long plain breeze,  
The prairie breeze,  
Blows across from swell to swell  
With a ginger smell.  
Just ahead where the road curves round,  
A long-eared rabbit makes a bound  
Into a wheat-field, into a cotton-field,  
His track glitters after him and goes still again  
Over to the left of my bridle-rein.

But over to the right is a glare—glare—glare—  
Of sharp glass windows,  
A narrow square of brick jerks thickly up above the  
cotton plants,  
A raucous mercantile thing flaring the sun from thirty-  
six windows,  
Brazenly declaring itself to the lovely fields.  
Tram-cars run like worms about the feet of this thing,  
The coffins of cotton-bales feed it,  
The threshed wheat is its golden blood.  
But here it has no feet,  
It has only the steep ironic grin of its thirty-six  
windows,  
Only its basilisk eyes counting the fields,  
Doing sums or how many buildings to a city, all day  
and all night.

Once they went a-riding, a-riding,  
Over the great long plain,  
Cowboys singing to their dogey steers,  
Cowboys perched on forty-dollar saddles,  
Riding to the North, six months to get there,

Six months to reach Wyoming,  
"Hold up, paint horse, herd the little dogies,  
Over the lone prairie."  
Bones of dead steers,  
Bones of cowboys,  
Under the wheat, maybe.

The sky-scraper sings another way,  
A tune of steel, of wheels, of gold.  
And the ginger breeze blows all day  
Tanged with flowers and mold.  
And the Texas sky whirls down, whirls down,  
Taking long looks at the fussy town.  
An old sky and a long plain  
Beyond, beyond, my bridle-rein.

*The New Republic*

*Amy Lowell*

## FLUTE-PRIEST SONG FOR RAIN

### *Ceremonial at the Sun Spring*

Whistle under the water,  
Make the water bubble to the tones of the flute.  
I call the bluebirds' song into the water:  
Wee-kee! Wee-kee-kee!

Dawn is coming,  
The morning star shines upon us.  
Bluebird singing to the West clouds,  
Bring the humming rain.

Water-rattles shake,  
Flute whistles,  
Star in Heaven shines.  
I blow the oriole's song,  
The yellow song of the North.  
I call rain clouds with my rattles:  
Wee-kee-kee, oriole.  
Pattering rain.

To the South I blow my whistle,  
To the red parrot of the South I call.  
Send red lightning,  
Under your wings  
The forked lightning.  
Thunder-rattles whirl  
To the sky waters.  
Fill the springs.  
The water is moving.  
Wait—

Whistle to the East  
With a magpie voice.  
Wee-kee! Wee-kee-kee!  
Call the storm-clouds  
That they come rushing.  
Call the loud rain.

Why does it not come?  
Who is bad?  
Whose heart is evil?  
Who has done wickedness?  
I weep,  
I rend my garments,  
I grieve for the sin which is in this place.  
My flute sobs with the voice of all birds in the water.  
Even to the six directions I weep and despair.  
Come, O winds, from the sides of the sky,  
Open your bird-beaks that rain may fall down.  
Drench our fields, our houses,  
Fill the land  
With tumult of rain.

*The Dial*

*Amy Lowell*

## A RHYME OUT OF MOTLEY

"I grasped a thread of silver; it cut me to the bone—  
I reached for an apple; it was bleak as a stone—  
I reached for a heart, and touched a raw blade—  
And this was the bargain God had made  
For a little gift of speech

Set a cubit higher than the common reach,  
A debt running on until the fool is dead."

Carve a Pater Noster to put at his head  
As a curse or a prayer,  
And leave him there.

*The Literary Review*  
*N. Y. Evening Post*

*Amy Lowell*

## A GRAVE SONG

I've a pocketful of emptiness for you, my Dear.  
I've a heart like a loaf was baked yesteryear,  
I've a mind like ashes spilt a week ago,  
I've a hand like a rusty, cracked corkscrew.

Can you flourish on nothing and find it good?  
Can you make petrification do for food?  
Can you warm yourself at ashes on a stone?  
Can you give my hand the cunning which has gone?

If you can, I will go and lay me down  
And kiss the edge of your purple gown.  
I will rise and walk with the sun on my head.  
Will you walk with me, will you follow the dead?

*The New Republic*

*Amy Lowell*

## A PRAYER

Love us, Lord, but not too much.  
Come thou near, yet not too near.  
All thy laughing splendor spoils  
What we daily see and fear,  
What we bear, and do, and touch.  
Love us still, but not too much.

Come thou near, Lord, not too near:  
Let us breathe thee through our lips.  
Even now I saw thy hue  
In the maple's yellow tips,  
When a leaf, so gay, so dear,  
Fell—but come thou not more near.

Let us breathe thee through our lips!  
Do thou enter in our eyes!  
Touch us that we not forget:  
Make us simple still, and wise.  
Circling us, thy finger slips—  
Let us breathe thee through our lips.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*      *Jessie MacDonald*

## THE VANISHED YEARS

### I

I climb them step by step—  
The vanished years.  
Stumbling, I pause to look below  
Down wells of time, so black, so deep  
Their waters keep  
No sound,  
Nor show a star,  
Nor hold a memory.



## II

Sometimes I kneel and look above  
 That dark stairway  
 At years to come;  
 My fingers clasp my fears,  
 Where my hopes go.  
 Up there beyond that last, gray step,  
 Afar,  
 Within that roof of mist,  
 What is that shape in flight,  
 Dim, strong and slow?

## III

"A wing," some say;  
 Some answer, "Love";  
 And some say, "Night  
 And sleep."  
 But I?  
 I do not know.

*The Freeman*

*Jeanette Marks*

## KEATS TO FANNY BRAWNE

Fanny! If in your arms my soul could slip—  
 Arms that my love first fancied—not the grave!  
 Cities of Hate and Madness round me rave;  
 And Love with anguished finger at the lip  
 Fares shelterless! These have my fellowship—  
 Memory and Loneliness! What's left? To brave  
 Death! But before it Tragedy: not to crave  
 You changed or truly seen! The hemlock drip  
 Of rains upon half-lived or ruined springs,  
 Where you dance, smiling, numbs me now, and soothes  
 Hopes that once sought a beauty gone before.  
 Losses have stripped me! But the vanishings  
 Of winter winds leave me to starry truths—  
 Who once desired you, but desire no more!

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*     *Edgar Lee Masters*

## TO AN INHABITANT OF PARADISE

How goes it in your star-lit world-  
The silences, the brooding wood?  
Does there the tiger hunt no more,  
The falcon twitter for his hood?

Have you stripped all the boughs that talk  
And calmed the torrents from the hill?  
Are lamb and wolf now reconciled?  
Is hunger banished from your sill?

Does that inexorable whip,  
Which drove us heedless face to face,  
No longer burn along your veins  
Or cut your new dispassionate grace?

Do you watch struggle unconcerned  
Hear voices call you and not speak,  
There in your timeless acres feel  
Above your kinship with the weak?

Oh, guard the gates that shut you in!  
Make sure the world behind your eyes!  
My world of men and lust and wheels  
Begins to march on Paradise.

*The Yale Review*

*Scudder Middleton*

## PASSER MORTUUS EST

Death devours all lovely things.  
Lesbia with her sparrow—  
Shares the darkness. Presently  
Every bed is narrow.

Unremembered as old rain,  
Dries the sheer libation,  
And the little, petulant hand  
Is an annotation.

After all, my erstwhile dear,  
My no longer cherished,  
Need we say it was not love,  
Now that love is perished.

*The Century*

*Edna St. Vincent Millay*

### TO A POET THAT DIED YOUNG

Minstrel, what have you to do  
With this man that after you  
Sharing not your happy fate,  
Sat at England's Laureate?  
Vainly in these iron days  
Strives the poet in your praise,  
Minstrel, by whose singing side  
Beauty walked, until you died.

Still, though none should hark again,  
Drones the blue-fly in the pane,  
Thickly crusts the blackest moss,  
Blows the rose its musk across,  
Floats the boat that is forgot  
None the less to Camelot.

Many a bard's untimely death  
Lends unto his verses breath;  
Here's a song was never sung:  
Growing old is dying young.  
Minstrel, what is this to you:  
That a man you never knew,  
When your grave was fair and green,  
Sat and gossiped with a queen?

Thalia knows how rare a thing  
Is it, to grow old and sing.  
When the brown and tepid tide  
Closes in on every side;  
Who shall say if Shelley's gold  
Had withered it to grow old?

*The New Republic*      *Edna St. Vincent Millay*

### SONNET

I see so clearly now my similar years  
Renew each other, shod in rusty black,  
Like one hack following another hack  
In meaningless procession, dry of tears  
Driven empty, lest the noses, sharp as shears,  
Of gutter urchins at a hearse's back  
Should sniff a man died friendless, and attack  
With silly scorn his deaf, triumphant ears—

I see so clearly how my life must run,  
One year behind another year, until  
At length these bones that leap into the sun  
Are lowered into the gravel and lie still,  
I would at times the funeral were done  
And I abandoned on the ultimate hill.

*The Century*      *Edna St. Vincent Millay*

### KEATS

(1821—1921)

When sometimes, on a moony night, I've passed  
A street-lamp, seen my doubled shadow flee,  
I've noticed how much darker, clearer cast,  
The full moon poured her silhouette of me.

Just so of spirits. Beauty's silver light  
Limns with a purer ray, and tenderer too:  
Men's clumsy gestures, to unearthly sight,  
Surpass the shapes they show by human view.

On this brave world, where few such meteors fell,  
Her youngest son, to save us, Beauty flung.  
He suffered and descended into hell—  
And comforts still the ardent and the young.

Drunken of moonlight, dazed by draughts of sky,  
Dizzy with stars, his mortal fever ran:  
His utterance a moon-enchanted cry  
Not free from folly—for he too was man.

And now and here, a hundred years away,  
Where topless towers shadow golden streets,  
The young men sit, nooked in a cheap café,  
Perfectly happy. . . talking about Keats.

*The Bookman*

*Christopher Morley*

## THE TAVERN OF THE FOOLS

I knew of an honest cleanly inn where men much  
profit had,  
And some came in from the roaring town, and some  
from the roaring seas;  
They talked in the open way of those who are not  
too proud to be sad,  
They sat in a ruddy ingle, at night, and took their  
ease.  
For terrible is the sunlight that makes men fear to  
be dead.  
But comforting is the well-swept hearth that flickers  
gold and gules,  
And there men spoke withouten shame, and curious  
words were said—  
Ungoaded by a clock they sat, in the Tavern of the  
Fools.

Those men were Fools; and each one bore some  
secret foolish stain—

Some were the Fools who loved the world and were  
mocked for being kind,

Some had twisted a golden life with quarrel and  
peevish pain,

But all were doubtful, and all had left their  
wisdom far behind.

And ah how heavenly (poor Fools!) to lay their  
loads aside

And all, with simple courtesy, to take the word in  
turn

And itemize their lack of wit—but not in silly pride,  
For when a Fool speaks modestly, then other Fools  
can learn.

There was a Fool who dreamed a dream that Love  
was always young,

There was a Fool whose habit was to turn the  
other cheek;

There was a Fool whose eyes would shine when brave  
old songs were sung,

And one whose face was strangely carved, and  
rarely did he speak.

They did not fret on little things, and if the talk ran  
thin

The pewter made its tilting round, according to the  
rules:

They sat and stared upon the fire, all peaceably  
akin—

Some active Fools, some passive Fools, some  
honorary Fools.

But sometimes, in a genial mood, the younger mem-  
bers vowed

That it was wrong their fellowship should be so  
limited—

“The room is large, the hearth is wide; while we  
don’t want a crowd,

Still, why should we be selfish with our privilege?"  
 they said.  
 "For since man has this golden root of folly in his  
 breast,  
 Why may not lovely woman too possess some  
 molecules  
 Of sheer delightful foolishness? Let's put her to  
 the test,  
 And not be too exclusive in our parliament of Fools."  
 So they debated it. Indeed, they came as near a fuss  
 As such a reasonable group could ever come. But  
 then  
 One thoughtful Fool's objection made them all  
 unanimous.  
 "Now there *are* women Fools," he said, "as ran-  
 dom as the men.  
 But what's the honor of the Fool? What marks and  
 qualifies  
 And makes his melancholy sweet and pure? Why  
 this, as you'll  
 Agree: He never *never* will pretend that he is wise—  
 So how can any woman ever be a Perfect Fool?"  
 The vote was passed. They realized, more strictly  
 than before,  
 The duty that they owed the world, to keep their  
 folly pure:  
 And many an eager candidate they turned back at  
 the door,  
 And snugly circled round their hearth, fraternally  
 and sure.  
 They loved their virtue far too well to heedlessly admit  
 One bitter taint of wisdom through their mystic  
 vestibules,  
 And many a puzzled passenger was palsied in his wit  
 To hear that cryptic laughter in the Tavern of  
 the Fools.

*The New York Evening Post*      *Christopher Morley*

## THE SCHOOL BOY READS HIS ILIAD

The sounding battles leave him nodding still:

The din of javelins at the distant wall

Is far too faint to wake that weary will

That all but sleeps for cities where they fall.

He cares not if this Helen's face were fair,

Nor if the thousand ships shall go or stay;

In vain the rumbling chariots throng the air

With sounds the centuries shall not hush away.

Beyond the window where the Spring is new,

Are marbles in a square, and tops again,

And floating voices tell him what they do,

Luring his thought from these long-warring men,—

'And though the camp be visited with Gods,

He dreams of marbles and of tops, and nods.

*Contemporary Verse*

*David Morton*

## ACQUAINTANCE

All that we know of April is her way

Of coming on the world through gentle springs,

Turning the hedge a whitening line of spray,

Staining the grass with shivered, golden things.

She has a way of rain against the sun,

Of moonlit orchards, ghostly white and still,

And the slow, silver coming, one by one,

Of burning stars above a purple hill.

And this is all we know of such as she,

These shining names she leaves for us to call:

The whitening hedge, the showery apple tree,

And golden jonquils gathering by a wall. . . .

All that we know of April is her way,

And these bright legends we have learned to say.

*The Nation*

*David Morton*



## EXIT

I shall go in the wind  
Down Islip road,  
And no one shall mind  
The traveler's load.-

A slender tree  
Round the bend to the South  
Shall beckon to me  
In the wind's mouth,

And the white-lipped frost  
That clings to the ground  
Knows the dream you have lost  
Shall never be found.

The slope of it lingers  
In driven rain,  
But the earth's gray fingers,  
Mold it again!

In purple bud  
And in fretted stone,  
In channeled blood  
And in crumbled bone—

Mold it again  
In flesh and in flowers,  
"Twixt a rain and a rain  
Of April Showers.

*The Century*

*Edward J. O'Brien*

## IN A MOONLIT GARDEN

The moon has cast a spell upon my garden;  
Wherever she has laid her cool white fingers  
The flowers all yield to her enchantress' sway,  
Lilies have added cubits to their stature—  
For see how long now are their slender shadows  
Stretching so black across the shining way!  
The petals of the columbines and roses  
And the blue lupins all are touched with silver—  
Each pansy's face has lost its look of fun.  
But strangest is the spell upon my fountain;  
No naiad is it now, but a young gambler,  
Tossing up shining pennies one by one.  
And very deep appears its shallow basin—  
As deep as is the moss that holds my footprints—  
And all its fish seem carven, stone-like things;  
While for the song these waters sang at morning,  
Tinkling in happy chorus with the thrushes,  
Prevails a stillness, as of muted strings.

*Antoinette De Coursey Patterson*  
*Contemporary Verse*

## IN THE BARN

The sun, in wanton pride,  
Drenches the country-side  
With spilt gold from his old autumnal store.  
But Scipio sits within the barn's thick gloom,  
The merest crack of light coming in the door—  
Sits and husks the corn long after working hours.  
Vainly for him the autumn bloom  
Is on the flowers.  
The inside of the barn is velvet black  
Except where a gold thread runs along a crack;  
And the inquisitive sun thrusts points of light

Through chink and cranny, piercing the midnight.  
The dry husks rattle, and his shuffling feet  
Keep time to what he sings—an elusive tune,  
Husky and monotonous and sweet,  
Scarce audible, so softly does he croon  
To keep away the evil eye:

*Everybody  
Who is livin'  
Got to die.*

Across the evening fields the setting sun  
Richly intones toil done.  
The home-bound negroes idle in the lanes,  
Gossiping as they go; coarse laughter falls  
On the resonant air; from a far field cat-calls  
Float over, and a banjo's strains.  
Shucking corn in the darkness, Scipio in reply  
Sits and sings his mournful, husky stave:

*Wid a silver spade  
You kin dig my grave;  
Everybody  
Who is livin'  
Got to die.*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse    Josephine Pinckney*

## IN THE DELTA

The river country's wide and flat  
And blurred ash-blue with sun,  
And there all work is dreams come true,  
All dreams are work begun.

The silted river made for us  
The black and mellow soil  
And taught us as we conquered him  
Courage and faith and toil.

The river town that water-oaks  
And myrtles hide and bless  
Has broken every law except  
The law of kindliness.

And north and south and east the fields  
Of cotton close it round,  
Where golden billows of the sun  
Break with no shade or sound.

Dear is the town, but in the fields  
A little house could be,  
If built with care and auspices,  
A heart's felicity.

O friend, who love not much indoors  
Or lamp-lit, peopled ways,  
What of a field and house to pass  
Our residue of days?

We'd learn of fret and labor there  
A patience that we miss  
And be content content to be  
Nor wish nor hope for bliss.

With the immense untrammelled sun  
For brother in the fields  
And every night the stars' crusade  
Flashing to us their shields.

We'd meet, perhaps, some dusk as we  
Turned home to well-earned rest,  
Unhurried Wisdom, tender-eyed,  
A pilgrim and our guest.

*William Alexander Percy*  
*The North American Review*

## A BRITTANY LOVE SONG

My only love is a sailor lad  
Whose home is the fickle sea.  
To other girls he gives his smiles,  
But his mouth he gives to me.

On Sunday morning after mass  
When he is dressed so fine,  
He stops before their open doors,  
But at night he comes to mine.

O Mary, bless all sailor lads  
Whose loves are two, and three,  
But mine keep safe from other girls—  
Or let him die in the sea!

*The Bookman*

*William Alexander Percy*

## COURAGE

Into a brown wood flew a brown bird  
In the winter time:  
The sky was dark with snow unfallen,  
The leaves were bent with rime.

Once north he flew, once south he flew,  
He perched in a naked tree.  
He looked into the dreary dusk  
And whistled merrily.

*Contemporary Verse*

*William Alexander Percy*

## THE HOLY WOMEN

I have seen Mary at the cross  
And Mary at the tomb  
And Mary weeping as she spread her hair  
In a leper's room.  
But it was not in Bethany  
Or groping up Calvary hill  
I learned how women break their hearts to ease  
Another's ill.

Compassionate and wise in pain,  
Most faithful in defeat,  
The holy Marys I have watched and loved  
Live on our street.

*Contemporary Verse*     *William Alexander Percy*

## "I ACCEPT"

I shall go out as all men go,  
Spent flickers in a mighty wind,  
Then I shall know, as all must know,  
What lies the great gray veil behind.

There may be nothing but a deep  
And timeless void without a name  
Where no sun hangs, no dead stars sleep,  
And there is neither light nor flame.

There may be meadows there and hills,  
Mountains and plains and winds that blow,  
And flowers bending over rills  
Springing from an eternal snow.

There may be oceans white with foam  
And great tall ships for hungry men  
Who called our little salt seas home  
And burn to launch their keels again.

There may be voices I have known,  
Cool fingers that have touched my hair.  
There may be hearts that were my own,—  
Love may abide forever there.

Who knows? Who needs to understand  
If there be shadows there, or more,  
To live as though a pleasant land  
Lay just beyond an open door?

*The Outlook*      *Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer*

### THE DREAM

I have a dream  
To fill the golden sheath  
    of a remembered day.

Air  
Heavy and massed and blue  
    as the vapor of opium . . .  
Domes  
Fired in sulphurous mist . . .  
Sea  
Quiescent as a gray seal,  
And the emerging sun  
Spurting up gold  
    over Sydney smoke-pale,  
    rising out of the bay.

But the day is an upturned cup,  
And its sun a junk of red iron  
Guttering in sluggish-green water.  
Where shall I pour my dream?

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*      *Lola Ridge*

## CACTUS SEED

### I

Radiant notes  
Piercing my narrow-chested room,  
Beating down through my ceiling—  
Smeared with unshapen  
Belly-prints of dreams  
Drifted out of old smokes—  
Trillions of icily  
Pelting notes  
Out of just one canary;  
All grown to song,  
As a plant to its stalk,  
From too long craning at a sky-light  
And a square of second-hand blue.

Silvery-strident throat  
So assiduously serenading me,  
My brain finches under  
The glittering hail of your notes.  
Were you not safe behind—rats know what thickness  
    of—plastered wall,  
I might fathom  
Your golden delirium  
With throttle of finger and thumb,  
Shutting valve of bright song.

### II

But if—away off—on a fork of grassed earth  
Socketing an inlet of blue water . . .  
If canaries—do they sing out of cages?—  
Flung such luminous notes,  
They would sink in the spirit,  
Lie germinal . . .  
Housed in the soul as a seed in the earth,  
To break forth at spring with the crocuses  
    into young smiles on the mouth . . .



Or, glancing off buoyantly,  
Radiate notes in one key  
With the sparkle of rain-drops  
On the petal of a cactus flower  
Focusing the just-out sun.

Cactus . . . why cactus?  
God . . . God!  
Somewhere . . . away off . . .  
Cactus flowers, star-yellow,  
Ray out of spiked green;  
And empties of sky  
Roll you over and over  
Like a mother her baby in long grass.  
And only the wind scandal-mongers with gum trees,  
Pricking multiple leaves at his wondrous story.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Lola Ridge*

## ALTITUDE

I wonder  
How it would be here with you,  
Where the wind  
That has shaken off its dust in low valleys  
Touches one cleanly  
As with a new-washed hand,  
And pain  
Is as the remote hunger of droning things,  
And anger  
But a little silence  
Sinking into the great silence.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Lola Ridge*

## AFTER STORM

Was there a wind?  
Tap . . . . . tap . . .  
Night pads upon the snow  
With moccasined feet,  
And it is still . . . . . so still . . .  
An eagle's feather  
Might fall like a stone.

Could there have been a storm,  
Mad-tossing golden mane  
    on the neck of the wind—  
Tearing up the sky,  
    loose-flapping like a tent  
    about the ice-capped stars?

Cool, sheer and motionless,  
The frosted pines  
Are jewelled with a million flaming points,  
That fling their beauty up in long white sheaves  
Till they catch hands with stars.  
Could there have been a wind  
That haled them by the hair,  
And blinding  
Blue-forked  
Flowers of the lightning  
In their leaves?

Tap . . . . . tap . . .  
Slow-ticking centuries . . .  
Soft as bare feet upon the snow . . .  
Faint . . . . . lulling as heard rain  
    upon heaped leaves . . .  
So silence builds her wall  
    about a dream impaled.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Lola Ridge*

## MOCKERY

Happened that the moon was up before I went to bed,  
Poking through the bramble-trees her round gold  
head.  
I didn't stop for stocking,  
I didn't stop for shoe,  
But went running out to meet her—oh, the night was  
blue!

Barefoot down the hill road, dust beneath my toes;  
Barefoot in the pasture smelling sweet of fern and  
rose!  
Oh, night was running with me,  
Tame folk were all in bed—  
And the moon was just showing her wild gold head!

But before I reached the hilltop where the bramble-  
trees are tall,  
I looked to see my lady moon—she wasn't there at  
all!—  
Not sitting on the hilltop,  
Nor slipping through the air,  
Nor hanging in the brambles by her bright gold hair!

I walked slowly down the pasture and slowly up the  
hill,  
Wondering and wondering, and very, very still.  
I wouldn't look behind me,  
I went at once to bed—  
And poking through the window was her bold gold  
head!

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Katherine Riggs*

## SONNET TO A PLOUGH-WOMAN OF NORWAY

Deep-bosomed, stalwart-limbed, superbly made,  
Unconscious of her power and her grace,  
Accustomed to the blowzy wind's embrace,  
Magnificent, unlettered, unafraid,  
She guides her course past interlacing streams  
Striding the fields behind her ancient plough,  
Or halts beneath some blossoming, frail bough  
To rest her beast and give herself to dreams.  
Her eyes survey the road, the moor, the peat,  
With wide, untroubled gaze, she plays no part,  
No joys rise up to suffocate her heart  
Because a smile falls lightly at her feet.  
To one who comes for her at dusk, perchance,  
She lifts a brief intoxicated glance.

*Contemporary Verse*

*Margaret Tod Ritter*

## WATER NOISES

When I am playing by myself,  
And all the boys are lost around,  
Then I can hear the water go—  
It makes a little talking sound.

Along the rocks below the tree,  
I see it ripple up and wink;  
And I can hear it saying on,  
“And do you think? and do you think?”

A bug shoots by that snaps and ticks,  
And a bird flies up beside the tree  
To go into the sky to sing.  
I hear it say, “Killdee, killdee!”

Or else a yellow cow comes down  
To splash a while and have a drink.  
But when she goes I still can hear  
The water say, "And do you think?"

*Elizabeth Madox Roberts*  
*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

## MY HEART

My heart is beating up and down,  
Is walking like some heavy feet.  
My heart is going every day,  
And I can hear it jump and beat.

At night before I go to sleep  
I feel it beating in my head;  
I hear it jumping in my neck  
And in the pillow on my bed.

And then I make some little words  
To go along and say with it—  
*The men are sailing home from Troy,*  
*And all the lamps are lit.*

*The men are sailing home from Troy,*  
*And all the lamps are lit.*

*Elizabeth Madox Roberts*  
*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

## MANY ARE CALLED

The Lord Apollo, who has never died,  
Still holds alone his immemorial reign,  
Supreme in an impregnable domain  
That with his magic he has fortified;  
And though melodious multitudes have tried  
In ecstasy, in anguish, and in vain,  
With invocation sacred and profane  
To lure him, even the loudest are outside.

Only at un conjectured intervals,  
By will of Him on whom no man may gaze,  
By word of Him whose law no man has read,  
A questing light may rift the sullen walls,  
To cling where mostly its infrequent rays  
Fall golden on the patience of the dead.

*The New Republic*    *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

## THE LONG RACE

Up the old hill to the old house again,  
When fifty years ago the friend was young  
Who should be waiting somewhere there among  
Old things that least remembered most remain,  
He toiled on with a pleasure that was pain  
To think how soon asunder would be flung  
The curtain half a century had hung  
Between the two ambitions they had slain.

They dredged an hour for words, and then were done.  
"Good-bye! . . . . You have the same old weather  
vane—

A little horse that's always on the run."  
And all the way down back to the next train,  
Down the old hill to the old road again,  
It seemed as if the little horse had won.

*The New Republic*    *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

## VAIN GRATUITIES

Never was there a man much uglier  
In the eyes of other women, or more grim:  
"The Lord has filled her chalice to the brim,  
So let us pray she's a philosopher,"  
They said; and there was more they said of her—  
Deeming it, after twenty years with him,  
No wonder that she kept her figure slim  
And always made you think of lavender.

But she, demure as ever, and as fair,  
Almost, as they remembered her before  
She found him, would have laughed had she been  
there;  
And all they said would have been heard no more  
Than foam that washes on an island shore  
Where there are none to listen or to care.

*The New Republic*    *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

## LOST ANCHORS

Like a dry fish flung inland far from shore,  
There lived a sailor, warped and ocean-browned,  
Who told of an old vessel, harbor-drowned  
And out of mind a century before,  
Where divers, on descending to explore  
A legend that had lived its way around  
The world of ships, in the dark hulk had found  
Anchors, which had been seized and seen no more.

Improving a dry leisure to invest  
Their misadventure with a manifest  
Analogy that he may read who runs,  
The sailor made it old as ocean grass—  
Telling of much that once had come to pass  
With him, whose mother should have had no sons.

*The Nation*

*Edwin Arlington Robinson*

## MONADNOCK THROUGH THE TREES

Before there was in Egypt any sound  
Of those who reared a more prodigious means  
For the self-heavy sleep of kings and queens  
Than hitherto had mocked the most renowned,—  
Unvisioned here and waiting to be found,  
Alone, amid remote and older scenes,  
You loomed above ancestral evergreens  
Before there were the first of us around.

And when the last of us, if we know how,  
See farther from ourselves than we do now,  
Assured with other sight than heretofore  
That we have done our mortal best and worst,—  
Your calm will be the same as when the first  
Assyrians went howling south to war.

*The Outlook*

*Edwin Arlington Robinson*

## CALIFORNIA DISSONANCE

There is a peewee bird that cries  
"La, sol, me,  
"La, sol, me."  
He is the only thing that sighs  
Beside the western sea.

The blue jays chatter "Tcha! Tcha! Tcha!"  
And cheer for California.  
The real estate men chortle "Whee!"  
And toot the loud calliope.  
The sky is blue, the land is glad—  
The peewee bird alone is sad  
And sings in minor key



"La, sol, me,  
"La, sol, me."  
He is the only thing that sighs  
Beside the western sea.

It was a shock, I own, to see  
Sedition sitting in a tree,  
Remarking plainly, "La, sol, me,  
"La, sol, me,  
"La, sol, me."  
The peewee bird is very wrong  
To voice such sentiments in song  
Beside the western sea.

I said: "My bird, you ought to know  
Enough to sing 'Do, me, sol, do,'  
In major thirds, you see, for so  
You'll help to make the country grow."

"You'll make the country grow, my dear—  
So lift your little bill and cheer,  
'Do, me, sol, do,'  
'Do, me, sol, do.  
You can't be singing 'la, sol, me,'  
We simply *must* have harmony."

I think the bird could not have heard—  
He chanted still, I give my word,  
"La, sol, me,  
La, sol, me."  
And gloomed in obstinate dissent  
From healthy public sentiment.

And yet I can not help but hope  
The peewee bird will cease to mope;  
For surely he will feel in time  
The influence of the sunny clime;  
Ah, yes, the peewee bird will soon  
Be thinking lovely thoughts in tune;

The warnings of right-thinking men  
Will bring him to himself again.  
Converted, he will win to grace  
And lift to God a shining face;  
And he will be no longer sad  
But so obstreperously glad  
That he will sing from morn to night  
Unbroken pœans of delight!  
"Do, me, sol, do,  
"Do, me, sol, do."  
Which helps to make the country grow.

*The Freeman*

*James Rorty*

## YDONE SINGS TO HIS PEOPLE

### 1

The morning comes riding to our market place  
On the shoulders of a little hill;  
And when it tires  
Spending its golden coins,  
And is heavy with sleep,  
The mountains will take the day on its back  
And carry it to the still dark House.

### 2

At night  
O people of Karthana  
Your evil deeds  
Will sit in trees,  
Like owls  
And hoot you.

## 3

Having died  
 Arkon the fisherman  
 Went to heaven;  
 Thus when a comet  
 Falls in the skies  
 Be not frightened  
 O people of Karthana,  
 It is only a silver trout  
 Falling from a fisherman's line.

## 4

I thought my arrow struck a swan,  
 But it was only the moon  
 Come down to bathe in the waters of the Khava.

## 5

We are trees  
 And our days  
 Hang on branches,  
 Like leaves;  
 In the morning  
 We hide  
 Behind the strong walls of our songs,  
 But the wind finds us  
 In the evening,  
 And takes our songs  
 And our days  
 Like leaves.

## 6

Like an army with lit torches,  
 The first frosts  
 Have come upon my fields  
 Burning the young corn.

Like wolves  
 The winds came upon my fruit trees,  
 And tore them to the ground;  
 But there are no stones  
 To kill the wolves of the wind,  
 And no curses to wither their teeth.

*The New Republic*

*David Rosenthal*

## HILLTOP DUET

### *The Tree*

Old Vagabond Wind,  
 Will you never take root?  
 Will you never settle down  
 To the soil,  
 And bear fruit?

### *The Wind*

Old Stay-at-home Tree,  
 Will you never take wing?  
 Will you never break loose,  
 And roam free  
 Like a king?

### *Both*

The earth is for you,  
 And the air is for me—  
 But the poor little fishes,  
 (Those little white fishes)  
 Must stay in the sea,  
 In the cold slimy sea—  
 Brrr . . .

*Emmy Veronica Sanders*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

## ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

You whom Death wrung  
That you might thus achieve  
Crystalline drops of beauty,  
Do not grieve  
That from the sun-drenched purple places  
They gathered you so soon . . .

Envy us not who may,  
With withered faces,  
Watch the gray night suspend a haggard moon.

*Emmy Veronica Sanders*  
*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

## THE GREAT EVENT

The trivial, the small,  
    Make up our lives;  
And yet there comes to all  
    One great event  
That lifts the veriest thrall  
    Pre-eminent,—  
Death, the imperative call  
    That none survives!

*Harper's Magazine*

*Clinton Scollard*

## THE BOX OF GOD

### BROKEN BIRD

O broken bird,  
Whose whistling silver wings have known the lift  
Of high mysterious hands, and the wild sweet music  
Of big winds among the ultimate stars!—  
The black-robed curés put your pagan Indian  
Soul in their white man's House of God, to lay  
Upon your pagan lips new songs, to swell  
The chorus of amens and hallelujahs.  
In simple faith and holy zeal, they flung  
Aside the altar-tapestries, that you  
Might know the splendor of God's handiwork,  
The shining glory of His face. O eagle,  
They brought you to a four-square box of God,  
Crippled of pinion, clipped of soaring wing;  
And they left you there to flutter against the bars  
In futile flying, to beat against the gates,  
To droop, to dream a little, and to die.

Ah, Joe Shing-6b—by the sagamores revered  
As Spruce the Conjurer, by the black-priests dubbed  
The Pagan Joe—how clearly I recall  
Your conversion in the long-blade's House of God,  
Your wonder when you faced its golden glories.  
Don't you remember?—when first you sledged from  
out

The frozen Valley of the Sleepy-eye,  
And hammered on the gates of Fort Brazeau—  
To sing farewell to Ah-nah-quód, the Cloud,  
Sleeping, banked high with flowers, clothed in the  
pomp

Of white man's borrowed garments in the church?  
Oh, how your heart, as a child's heart beating before  
High wonder-workings, thrilled at the burial splen-  
dor!—

The coffin, shimmering-black as moonlit ice,

And gleaming in a ring of waxen tapers;  
After the chant of death, the long black robes,  
Blown by the wind and winding over the hills  
With slow black songs to the marked-out-place-of-  
death;

The solemn feet that moved along the road  
Behind the wagon-with-windows, the wagon-of-death,  
With its jingling nickel harness, its dancing plumes.  
Oh, the shining splendor of that burial march,  
The round-eyed wonder of the village throng!  
And oh, the fierce-hot hunger, the burning envy  
That seared your soul when you beheld your friend  
Achieve such high distinction from the black-robes!  
And later, when the cavalcade of priests  
Wound down from the fenced-in-ground, like a slow  
black worm

Crawling upon the snow—don't you recall?—  
The meeting in the mission?—that night, your first,  
In the white man's lodge of holy-medicine?  
How clearly I can see your hesitant step  
On the threshold of the church; within the door  
Your gasp of quick surprise, your breathless mouth;  
Your eyes round-white before the glimmering taper,  
The golden-filigreed censer, the altar hung  
With red rosettes and velvet soft as an otter's  
Pelt in the frost of autumn, with tinsel sparkling  
Like cold blue stars above the frozen snows.  
Oh, the blinding beauty of that House of God!—  
Even the glittering bar at Jock McKay's,  
Tinkling with goblets of fiery devil's-spit,  
With dazzling vials and many-looking mirrors,  
Seemed lead against the silver of the mission.

I hear again the chanting holy-men,  
The agents of the white man's Mighty Spirit,  
Making their talks with strong, smooth-moving  
tongues:

"Hear! Hear ye, men of a pagan faith!  
Forsake the idols of the heathen fathers,  
The too-many ghosts that walk upon the earth.  
For there lie pain and sorrow, yea, and death!

"Hear! Hear ye, men of a pagan faith!  
And grasp the friendly hands we offer you  
In kindly fellowship, warm hands and tender,  
Yea, hands that ever give and never take.  
Forswear the demon-charms of medicine-men;  
Shatter the drums of conjuring Chée-sah-kée—  
Yea, beyond these walls lie bitterness and death!

"Pagans!—ye men of a bastard birth!—bend,  
Bow ye, proud heads, before this hallowed shrine!  
Break!—break ye the knee beneath this roof,  
For within this house lives God! Abide ye here!  
Here shall your eyes behold His wizardry;  
Here shall ye find an everlasting peace."

Ah, Joe the pagan, son of a bastard people,  
Child of a race of vanquished, outlawed children,  
Small wonder that you drooped your weary head,  
Blinding your eyes to the suns of elder days;  
For hungry bellies look for new fat gods,  
And heavy heads seek newer, softer pillows.  
With you again I hear the eerie chants  
Floating from out the primal yesterdays—  
The low sweet song of the doctor's flute, the slow  
Resonant boom of the basswood water-drum,  
The far voice of the fathers, calling, calling.  
I see again the struggle in your eyes—  
The hunted soul of a wild young grouse, afraid,  
Trembling beneath maternal wings, yet lured  
By the shrill whistle of the wheeling hawk.  
I see your shuffling limbs, hesitant, faltering  
Along the aisle—the drag of old bronzed hands  
Upon your moccasined feet, the forward tug  
Of others, soft and white and very tender.



Of others, soft and white and very tender.  
One forward step . . . another . . . a quick look  
back!—

Another step . . . another . . . and lo! the eyes  
Flutter and droop before a flaming symbol,  
The strong knees break before a blazoned altar  
Glimmering its tapestries in the candle-light,  
The high head beaten down and bending before  
New wonder-working images of gold.

And thus the black-robcs brought you into the house  
Wherein they kept their God, a house of logs,  
Square-hewn, and thirty feet by forty. They strove  
To put before you food, and purple trappings—  
Oh, how they walked you up and down in the vestry,  
Proudly resplendent in your white man's raiment,  
Glittering and gorgeous, the envy of your tribe:  
Your stiff silk hat, your scarlet sash, your shoes  
Shining and squeaking glorious with newness!  
Yet even unto the end—those blood-stained nights  
Of the sickness-on-the-lung; that bitter day  
On the Barking Rock, when I packed you down from  
camp

At Split-hand Falls to the fort at Sleepy-eye;  
While, drop by drop, your life went trickling out,  
As sugar-sap that drips on the birch-bark bucket  
And finally chills in the withered maple heart  
At frozen dusk: even unto the end—  
When the mission doctor, framed by guttering candles,  
Hollowly tapped his hooked-horn finger here  
And there upon your bony breast, like a wood-bird  
Pecking and drumming on a rotten trunk—  
Even unto this end I never knew  
Which part of you was offering the holy prayers—  
The chanting mouth, or the eyes that gazed beyond  
The walls to a far land of windy valleys.  
And sometimes, when your dry slow lips were moving  
To perfumed psalms, I could almost, almost see  
Your pagan soul aleap in the fire-light, naked,

Shaking the flat black earth with moccasined feet,  
Dancing again—back among the jangling  
Bells and the stamping legs of gnarled old men—  
Back to the fathers calling, calling across  
Dead winds from the dim gray years.

O high-flying eagle,  
Whose soul, wheeling among the sinuous winds,  
Has known the molten glory of the sun,  
The utter calm of dusk, and in the evening  
The lullabies of moonlit mountain waters!—  
The black-priests locked you in their House of God,  
Behind great gates swung tight against the frightened  
Quivering aspens, whispering perturbed in council,  
And muttering as they tapped with timid fists  
Upon the doors and strove to follow you  
And hold you; tight against the uneasy winds  
Wailing among the balsams, fumbling upon  
The latch with fretful fingers; tight against  
The crowding stars who pressed their troubled faces  
Against the windows. In honest faith and zeal,  
The black-robos put you in a box of God,  
To swell the broken chorus of amens  
And hallelujahs; to flutter against the door,  
Crippled of pinion, bruised of head; to beat  
With futile flying against the gilded bars;  
To droop, to dream a little, and to die.

## II: WHISTLING WINGS

Shing-6b, companion of my old wild years  
In the land of K'tchée-gah-mée, my good right arm  
When we battled bloody-fisted in the storms  
And snows with rotting scurvy, with hunger raw  
And ravenous as the lusting tongues of wolves—  
My Joe, no longer will the ghostly mountains  
Echo your red-lunged laughters in the night;  
The gone lone days when we communed with God  
In the language of the waterfall and wind

Have vanished with your basswood water-drum,  
 Do you recall our cruise to Flute-reed Falls?  
 Our first together—oh, many moons ago—  
 Before the curés built the village mission?  
 How, banked against our camp-fire in the bush  
 Of sugar-maples, we smoked kin-ník-kin-ník,  
 And startled the sombre buttes with round raw songs,  
 With wails that mocked the lynx who cried all night  
 As if her splitting limbs were torn with pain  
 Of a terrible new litter? How we talked  
 Till dawn of the Indian's Kéetch-ie Má-ni-dó,  
 The Mighty Spirit, and of the white man's God?  
 Don't you remember dusk at Cold-spring Hollow?—  
 The beaver-pond at our feet, its ebony pool  
 Wrinkled with silver, placid, calm as death,  
 Save for the fitful chug of the frog that flopped  
 His yellow jowls upon the lily-pad,  
 And the quick wet slap of the tails of beaver hurrying  
 Homeward across the furrowing waters, laden  
 With cuttings of tender poplar . . . down in the swale  
 The hermit-thrush who spilled his rivulet  
 Of golden tones into the purple seas  
 Of gloam among the swamps . . . and in the East,  
 Serene against the sky—do you remember?—  
 Slumbering Mont du Père, shouldering its crags  
 Through the crumpled clouds, rose-flushed with after-  
 glow . . .  
 And dew-lidded dusk that slipped among the valleys  
 Soft as a blue wolf walking in thick wet moss.  
 How we changed our ribald song for simple talk! . . .

*“My frie’, Ah-déek, you ask-um plenty hard question:  
 Ugh! W’ere Kéetch-ie Má-ni-dó he live?  
 W’ere all dose Eenzhun spirits walk and talk?  
 Me—I dunno! . . . Mebbe . . . mebbe over here,  
 In beaver-pond, in t’rush, in gromping bullfrog;  
 Mebbe over dere, he’s sleeping in dose mountain . . .*

*"Sh-sh-sh! . . . Look! . . . Over dere . . . look, my  
frien'!*

*On Mont du Père . . . he's moving little! . . .  
ain't? . . .*

*Under dose soft blue blanket she's falling down  
On hill and valley! Somebody—somebody's dere! . . .  
In dose hill of Mont du Père, sleeping . . . sleep-  
ing. . ."*

And when the fingers of the sun, lingering,  
Slipped gently from the marble brow of the glacier  
Pillowed among the clouds, blue-veined and cool,  
How, one by one, like lamps that flicker up  
In a snow-bound hamlet in the valley, the stars  
Lighted their candles mirrored in the waters . . .  
And floating from the hills of Sleepy-eye,  
Soft as the wings of dusty-millers flying,  
The fitful syllables of the Baptism River  
Mumbling among its caverns hollowly,  
Shouldering its emerald sweep through cragged  
cascades  
In a flood of wafted foam, fragile, flimsy  
As luna-moths fluttering on a pool . . .

*"Caribou, you hear dat? . . . somebody's dere! . . .  
Ain't . . . in dose hills of Mont du Père . . . sleep-  
ing.*

*Sh-sh-sh! . . . You hear-um? . . . dose far 'way  
Flute-reed Fall? . . .*

*Somebody's dere in Mont du Père, sleeping . . .  
Somebody he's in dere de whole night long . . .  
And w'ile he's sleep, he's talking little . . . talk-  
ing. . ."*

Hush!—don't you hear K'tchée-gah-mée at mid-  
night?—

That stretched far out from the banks of Otter-slide  
To the dim wet rim of the world—North, East,  
West?—

The Big-water, calm, thick-flecked with the light of  
stars

As the wind-ruffled fur of silver fox in winter . . .

The shuffle of the sands in the lapsing tide . . .

The slow soft wash of waters on the pebbles . . .

*"Sh-sh-sh! . . . Look, Ah-déek! . . . on K'tchéc-gah-  
mée! . . .*

*Somebody—somet'ing he's in dere . . . ain't? . . .*

*He's sleep w'ere black Big-water she's deep . . .*

*Ho! . . .*

*In morning he's jump up from hees bed and race*

*Wit' de wind; but tonight he's sleeping . . . rolling  
little . . .*

*Dreaming about hees woman . . . rolling . . . sleep-  
ing . . ."*

And later—you recall?—beyond the peaks

That tusked the sky like fangs of a coyote snarling,

The full-blown mellow moon that floated up

Like a liquid-silver bubble from the waters,

Serenely, till she pricked her delicate film

On the slender splinter of a cloud, melted,

And trickled from the silver-dripping edges.

Oh, the splendor of that night! . . . The Twin-fox  
stars

That loped across the pine-ridge . . . Red Ah-núng,

Blazing from out the cavern of the gloom

Like the smoldering coal in the eye of carcajou . . .

The star-dust in the valley of the sky,

Flittering like glow-worms in a reedy meadow!

*"Somebody's dere . . . He's walk-um in dose  
cloud . . .*

*Look! . . . You see-um? . . . He's mak'-um for  
hees woman*

*De w'ile she sleep, dose t'ing she want-um most—*

*Blue dress for dancing! . . . You see, my  
frien'? . . . ain't? . . .*

*He's t'rowing on de blanket of dose sky  
Dose plenty-plenty handfuls of w'ite stars;  
He's sewing on dose plenty teet' of elk,  
Dose shiny looking-glass and plenty beads.  
Somebody's dere . . . somet'ing he's in dere. . .*

The green moons went—and many many winters.  
Yet we held together, Joe, until our day  
Of falling leaves, like two split sticks of willow  
Lashed tight with buckskin buried in the bark.  
Do you recollect our last long cruise together,  
To Hollow-bear, on our line of marten traps?—  
When cold Pee-bóan, the Winter-maker, hurdling  
The rim-rock ridge, shook out his snowy hair  
Before him on the wind and heaped up the hollows?—  
Flanked by the drifts, our lean-to of toboggans,  
Our bed of pungent balsam, soft as down  
From the bosom of a whistling swan in autumn . . .  
Our steaming sledge-dogs buried in the snow-bank,  
Nuzzling their snouts beneath their tented tails,  
And dreaming of the paradise of dogs . . .  
Our fire of pine-boughs licking up the snow,  
And tilting at the shadows in the coulee . . .  
And you, rolled warm among the beaver-pelts,  
Forgetful of your sickness-on-the-lung,  
Of the fever-pains and coughs that wracked your  
bones—  
You, beating a war song on your drum,  
And laughing as the scarlet-moccasined flames  
Danced on the coals and bellowed up the sky.

Don't you remember? . . . the snowflakes drifting  
down  
Thick as the falling petals of wild plums . . .  
The clinker-ice and the scudding fluff of the whirlpool  
Muffling the summer-mumbings of the brook . . .  
The turbulent waterfall protesting against  
Such early winter-sleep, like a little boy  
Who struggles with the calamity of slumber,

Knuckling his laden lids and his tingling nose  
 With a pudgy fist, and fretfully flinging back  
 His snowy cover with his petulant fingers.  
 Out on the windy barrens restless bands  
 Of caribou, rumped up against the gale,  
 Suddenly breaking before the rabid blast,  
 Scampering off like tumbleweeds in a cyclone. . .  
 The low of bulls from the hills where worried moose,  
 Nibbling the willows, the wintergreens, the birches,  
 Were yarding up in the sheltering alder-thicket . . .  
 From the cedar wind-break, the bleat of calves wedged  
 warm

Against the bellies of their drowsy cows . . .  
 And then the utter calm . . . the wide white drift  
 That lay upon the world as still and ghastly  
 As the winding-sheet of death . . . the sudden snap  
 Of a dry twig . . . the groan of sheeted rivers  
 Beating with naked hands upon the ice . . .  
 The brooding night . . . the crackle of cold skies . . .

*"Sh-sh-sh-sh! . . . Look, my frien', . . . some-  
 body's dere! . . .  
 Ain't? . . . over dere? . . . He's come from dose  
 Land-of-Winter! . . .  
 Wit' quilt he's cover-um up dose baby mink,  
 Dose cub, dose wild arbutus, dose jump-up-  
 Johnny . . .  
 He's keep hees chil'ens warm for long, long  
 winter . . .  
 Sh-sh-sh-sh! . . . Somebody's dere on de w'ite sa-  
 vanne! . . .  
 Somebody's dere! . . . He's walk-um in de  
 timber . . .  
 He's cover-um up hees chil'ens, soft . . . soft . . ."*

And later, when your bird-claw fingers rippled  
 Over the holes of your cedar Bée-bee-gwún  
 Mellowly in a tender tune, how the stars,  
 Like little children trooping from their teepees,

Danced with their nimble feet across the sky  
To the running-water music of your flute . . .  
And how, with twinkling heels they scurried off  
Before the Northern Light swaying, twisting,  
Spiralling like a slender silver smoke  
On the thin blue winds, and feeling out among  
The frightened starry children of the sky . . .

*"Look! . . . in de Land-of-Winter . . . somet'ing's  
dere! . . .  
Somebody—he's reaching out hees hand! . . . for  
me! . . .  
Ain't? . . . For me he's waiting . . . Somebody's  
dere! . . .  
Somebody he's dere, waiting . . . waiting . . ."*

Don't you remember?—the ghostly silence, splintered  
At last by a fist that cracked the hoary birch,  
By a swift black fist that shattered the brittle air,  
Splitting it into a million frosty fragments . . .  
And dreary Northwind, coughing in the snow,  
Spitting among the glistening sheeted pines,  
And moaning on the barrens among the bones  
Of gaunt white tamaracks mournful and forlorn . . .

*Sh-sh-sh-sh! . . . My Caribou! . . . Somebody's  
dere! . . .  
He's crying . . . little bit crazy in dose wind . . .  
Ain't? . . . You heard-um? . . . far 'way . . .  
crying  
Lak my old woman w'en she's lose de baby  
And no can find-um—w'en she's running every-  
w'ere,  
Falling in snow, talking little bit crazy,  
Calling and crying for shees little boy . . .  
Sh-sh-sh-sh! . . . Somet'ing's derc . . . you  
hear-um? . . . ain't? . . .  
Somebody—somebody's dere, crying . . . cry-  
ing . . ."*



Then from the swale, where shadows pranced  
 grotesquely  
 Solemn, like phantom puppets on a string,  
 A cry—pointed, brittle, perpendicular—  
 As startling as a thin stiff blade of ice  
 Laid swift and sharp on fever-burning flesh:  
 The tremulous wail of a lonely shivering wolf,  
 Piercing the world's great heart like an icy sword. . .

*"Look! . . . Quick! . . . Ah-déek! . . . Somebody's dere! . . .  
 Ain't? . . . He's come—he's come for me—for me!  
 Me—me, I go! . . . . . My Caribou . . .  
 Dose fire—dose fire she's going out—she's  
 cold . . .  
 T'row—t'row on dose knots of pine . . . Mee-  
 gwétch! . . .  
 And pull 'way from dose flame—dose pan of  
 sour-dough,  
 If you want eat—in de morning—damn-good  
 flapjack . . .*

*"Sh-sh-sh-sh! . . . Somet'ing's dere! . . . You  
 hear-um? . . . ain't? . . .  
 Somebody—somebody's dere, calling . . . call-  
 ing . . .  
 I go . . . I go—me! . . . me . . . I go . . ."*

### III: TALKING WATERS

O eagle whose whistling wings have known the lift  
 Of high mysterious hands, and the wild sweet music  
 Of big winds among the ultimate stars,  
 The black-robos put you in a box of God,  
 Seeking in honest faith and holy zeal  
 To lay upon your lips new songs, to swell  
 The chorus of amens and hallelujahs.  
 O bundle of copper bones tossed in a hole,  
 Here in the place-of-death—God's fenced-in  
 ground!—

Beneath these put-in pines and waxen lilies,  
They placed you in a crimson gash in the hillside,  
Here on a bluff above the Sleepy-eye,  
Where the Baptism River, mumbling among the  
canyons,

Shoulders its flood through crooning waterfalls  
In a mist of wafted foam fragile as petals  
Of windflowers blowing across the green of April;  
Where ghosts of wistful leaves go floating up  
In the rustling blaze of autumn, like silver smokes  
Slenderly twisting among the thin blue winds;  
Here in the great gray arms of Mont du Père,  
Where the shy arbutus, the mink, and the Johnny-  
jump-up

Huddle and whisper of a long, long winter;  
Where stars, with soundless feet, come trooping up  
To dance to the water-drums of white cascades—  
Where stars, like little children, go singing down  
The sky to the flute of the wind in the willow-tree—  
Somebody—somebody's there . . . O pagan Joe . . .  
Can't you see Him as He moves among the  
mountains—

Where dusk, dew-lidded, slips among the valleys  
Soft as a blue wolf walking in thick wet moss?  
Look! . . . my friend! . . . at the breast of Mont du  
Père! . . .

Sh-sh-sh-sh! . . . Don't you hear His talking  
waters . . .

Soft in the gloom as broken butterflies  
Hovering above a somber pool . . . Sh-sh-sh-sh!  
Somebody's there . . . in the heart of Mont du  
Père . . .

Somebody—somebody's there, sleeping . . . sleep-  
ing . . .

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Lew Sarett*

## “ . . AS THE VIOLETS CAME ”

Some love may come like a call to wars  
In a gale of glory that blinds and thrills;  
But my love came like the breaking stars  
In a sudden hush on the summer hills.

Some love may come like a storm that swells  
In the August sky as the daylight wanes;  
But my love came like the sound of bells  
The winds have drifted across the plains.

Some love may come like a flame that's drawn  
Through ruins crackling across the night;  
But my love came like a breaking dawn  
On the daisy hills where the world is white.

For Love, as they say, may come like flame,  
Or a challenge gay, or a wind untrue;  
But my love came as the violets came  
In the quiet fields when the spring was new.

*Contemporary Verse*      *George Brandon Saul*

## THE SHOP

The shop is red and crimson. Under the forge  
Men hold red bars of iron with black iron tongs.  
It crashes —sparks spatter out; it crashes again,  
again.  
At last the iron is bent as it belongs.

Swedes, Norwegians, Poles or Greeks—they are men:  
They grin when they please, look ugly when they  
please;  
They wear black oakum in their ears for the noise;  
They know their job, handle their tools with ease.

Their eyes are clean and white in their black faces;  
If they like, they are surly, can speak an ugly no;  
They laugh great blocks of mirth, their jokes are  
simple;

They know where they stand, which way they go.

If I wore overalls, lost my disguise  
Of womanhood and youth, they would call me  
friend;

They would see I am one of them, and we could talk  
And laugh together, and smoke at the day's end.

*Marjorie Allen Seiffert*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

## TWO WOMEN

Two faint shadows of women were ascending  
The pathway of a desolate hill,  
Pale as moth-wings beneath the low-bending  
Sycamore branches, in the moonlight paler still.

"This one is dead," said the moon; "her face is ashen,  
She is dry as a withered leaf—

What has she known of beauty or of passion  
To come by moonlight to the mountain of grief?"

"The other too is dead," said the earth, "yet her feet  
are burning—

I feel them hot and restless as blown fire.  
She has known many paths, why is she turning  
Here, from the secret valley of desire?"

They passed, the moon paled, and from leafy places  
Morning crept forth. At last they came  
From the mountain of grief—women with tear-wet  
faces

Who had been withered leaf and shadow of flame.

*Marjorie Allen Seiffert*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

## NOCTURNE

The moonlit hill  
And the black trees  
Where a hidden bird  
Sings and is still—  
Even these  
Leave me unstirred.

I am hidden deep,  
Like the secret bough  
Of a tree in leaf.  
I am safe asleep—  
What can touch me now  
Of joy or grief?

For night and noon  
The sky is shut,  
The winds are dumb;  
Behind the moon  
No gates are cut  
For the winds to come.

Could wind from the moon  
Sweep down until,  
Like a winter tree,  
My leaves were strewn  
On the moonlit hill  
And I stood free,

Beauty and pain  
Would touch me now  
With bitter cold,  
As moonbeams rain  
Through a naked bough  
When the year is old.

*Marjorie Allen Seiffert*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

## PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Goodmorning, madam, in your sleepy brown hair—  
Twist yourself awake, blink and stare!  
I am lying on the floor,  
With the old rose-red  
Dressing-gown you wore  
When you went to bed.

Don't look stupid with drowsy blue eyes—  
Here by the bed is your disguise!  
You're a gentle wife  
And a tender mother,  
And all your life  
You shall be no other.

Life is a shawl to wrap about your shoulder—  
Every day warmer, every day older.  
In half an hour  
You'll be dressed,  
Youth like a flower  
Wilting on your breast.

*Marjorie Allen Seiffert*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

## THERAPY

There is a way  
Of healing love with love,  
They say.  
But I say no!  
What! Shall pain comfort pain,  
Fever cool fever,  
Woe minister to woe?

Shall tear remembering,  
Wash cool remembering tear?  
Shall scar play host to scar,  
Loneliness shelter loneliness,  
And is forgetting here?

Poor patch-work of the heart,  
This healing love with love,  
Binding the wound to wound,  
The smart to smart!  
Grafting the dream upon the other dream,  
As gardener grafts tree to tree,  
And both from the same wild root  
Bearing their bitter fruit;  
The new dream dreaming in the old,  
The old dream in the new. . . .  
And neither dreaming true!

Beloved!  
Is there a heaven  
Above the heaven we knew—  
So well—  
Is there beneath our dream's awakening  
A darker hell?  
And shall we know them too?  
One thing I know!  
Of a vast giving that is a taking,  
A wrong, a robbery!  
Perhaps you so wronged me,  
I so robbed you.

Therapy!  
I am content to feel  
This health of heart that will not heal;  
I am content to think  
That I am one with hunger,  
Given to thirst,

And that I need not eat nor drink.  
I am full-nourished so.

\* \* \* \* \*

Beyond the wastes of wept-out woe  
I see you still,  
Holding toward me those tender hands  
I could not fill;  
My palms still curve and close,  
Deeming they hoard  
The shining things you poured  
That I let spill.

Over us lift the years;  
Hill upon hill  
Of days that wither into night  
And nights that ache to day . . .  
Reiterated emptiness of shade and light  
Crowding the emptier way.

Up to this high, sure therapy of time,  
Beloved, shall we climb?

\* \* \* \* \*

I know that I am tired: I would rather stay  
Down in the shadows of our dear defeat—  
Too still for invading grief, too deep—  
A little while;  
And sleep, as children sleep.  
A little, little while!  
Turn from my dreamlessness, and wake, and smile  
Indifferent to the dark,  
Holding to me my one-time joy,  
As children clutch an ancient, battered toy  
They will not have renewed;  
Smile—and lie closer to a loss  
That tunes itself to gain—  
Inexorable lullaby—  
Lie softer, safer,



Pillowed on pulseless fortitude,  
Drowsy . . . .  
Beneath my pain.

*The Measure*

*Leonora Speyer*

## THE PET

Hope gnawed at my heart like a hungry rat,  
Ran in and out of my dreams high-walled,  
I heard its scampering feet:  
"Pretty rat—pretty rat—!" I called,  
And crumbled its songs to eat.

Hope peeped at me from behind my dreams,  
Nibbled the crumbs of my melodies,  
Grew tame and sleek and fat;  
Oh but my heart knew ease  
To feel the teeth of my rat!

Then came a night—and then a day—  
I heard soft feet that scuttled away—  
Rats leave the sinking ship, they say.

*The Bookman*

*Leonora Speyer*

TO A LITTLE XIITH CENTURY FIGURE  
OF THE CRUCIFIED CHRIST: THE  
CROSS MISSING

Where is your cross, poor homeless One? I see  
The piteous stretching of your hands and feet—  
This is the gesture, somber and complete,  
In bloodless bronze, of your long agony.  
And where the nails that held you to the tree?  
Here are the faint stigmata, cruel-sweet,  
And in my heart there sounds the hammer's beat:  
O Son of God, be crucified in me!

Come, walk my Calvary of womanhood,  
Taste the wild hyssop of my hidden tear,  
Wear my gay crown and know my laughing spear,  
Call Magdalene in purple to my rood:  
Hang, Christ that died for love, upon my pain,  
Between pale thieves, the dreams that dream in  
vain!

*The Sonnet*

*Leonora Speyer*

VICTORY

Day is the heart's red field,  
And many an anguish there  
Is lost or won,  
And many a hope lies hopeless in the sun;  
But night the conqueror kind,  
Spreads its blessed treaty of the stars,  
Where the heart's peace is signed.

Under the moon's white flag  
I meet my ambushed dreams,  
I see the foe—  
Whom I have faced and put to flight, I know!—  
Yielding his hosts to me;  
And in strong, vanquished hands I lay  
My weeping victory.

*The Nation*

*Leonora Speyer*

## MARY MAGDALENE

I think that Mary Magdalene  
Was just a woman who went to dine,  
And her jewels covered her empty heart  
And her gown was the color of wine.

I think that Mary Magdalene  
Sat by a stranger with shining head.  
"Haven't we met somewhere?" she asked,  
"Magdalene! Mary!" he said.

I think that Mary Magdalene  
Fell at his feet and called his name;  
Sat at his feet and wept her woe  
And rose up clean of shame.

Nobody knew but Magdalene,  
Mary, the woman who went to dine;  
Nobody saw how he broke the bread  
And poured for her peace the wine.

This is the story of Magdalene—  
It isn't the tale the Apostles tell,  
But I know the woman it happened to,  
I know the woman well.

*The Nation*

*Leonora Speyer*

## MEASURE ME, SKY!

Measure me, sky!  
Tell me I reach by a song  
Nearer the stars:  
I have been little so long!

Weigh me, high wind!  
What will your wild scales record?  
Profit of pain,  
Joy by the weight of a word!

Horizon, reach out!  
Catch at my hands, stretch me taut,  
Rim of the world:  
Widen my eyes by a thought!

Sky, be my depth,  
Wind, be my width and my height,  
World, my heart's span:  
Loneliness, wings for my flight!

*The Measure*

*Leonora Speyer*

## CORTEGE FOR ROSENBLOOM

Now the wry Rosenbloom is dead  
And his finical carriers tread,  
On a hundred legs, the tread  
Of the dead.  
Rosenbloom is dead.

They carry the wizened one  
Of the color of horn  
To the sullen hill,  
Treading a tread  
In unison for the dead.

Rosenbloom is dead.  
The tread of the carriers does not halt  
On the hill, but turns  
Up the sky.  
They are bearing his body into the sky.

It is the infants of misanthropes  
And the infants of nothingness  
That tread  
The wooden ascents  
Of the ascending of the dead.

It is turbans they wear  
And boots of fur  
As they tread the boards  
In a region of frost,  
Viewing the frost.

To a chirr of gongs  
And a chitter of cries  
And the heavy thrum  
Of the endless tread  
That they tread.

To a jabber of doom  
And a jumble of words  
Of the intense poem  
Of the strictest prose  
Of Rosenbloom.

And they bury him there,  
Body and soul,  
In a place in the sky.  
The lamentable tread!  
Rosenbloom is dead.

*The Measure*

*Wallace Stevens*

## TO JOSEPH SEVERN

*For the Centenary of Keat's Death, 23 February, 1921*

We who loved Keats will never long forget  
Your memory, Severn: how your hand could trace  
With tenderest art his dream-enshrouded face;  
Could mould that moonlight-haunted brow, where met,  
As in a fane on some Greek island set,  
The beauty that transcends all time and place,  
And the more winsome, earth-begotten grace  
Of altar-flowers with limpid dew-drops wet.

But what you gave to Keats the man, your friend,  
Has bound your name to his with dearer ties.  
You soothed and shared his anguish at the end;  
You heard the last cry of those passionate lips;  
You last beheld those wonder-seeing eyes;  
And watched the soul win free from Time's eclipse.

*The Freeman*

*Charles Wharton Stork*

## THE ODD ONES

I like best those crotchety ones  
That follow their own way  
In whimsical oblivion  
Of what the neighbors say.

They grow more rare as they grow old,  
Their lives show in their faces—  
In little slants and twisted lines;  
Like trees in lonely places.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Ruth Suckow*

## GRAMPA SCHULER

Grampa Schuler, when he was young,  
Had a crest of hair, and shining eyes.  
He wore red-flowered waistcoats,  
Wild Byronic ties.  
The whole land of Germany  
Wasn't wide enough!—  
He ran away one night, when winter  
Seas were fierce and rough.

He has a sleek farm here  
With already a settled air.  
He's patriarchal, with his sons  
And daughters round him everywhere,  
His son's son Jim has fiery eyes—  
He wants to go where the land is new!  
Grampa bitterly wonders: "What are  
Young fools coming to!"

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Ruth Suckow*

## BOYS AND GIRLS

*The Sun-children:*

Boys and girls, come out to play:  
The sun is up, the wind's astray,  
Early morning's gold is gone,  
(They slumber on, they slumber on.)  
*I have never done with you*  
*Half the things I want to do.*  
I will put kisses on your knees,  
And we will squander as we please  
This little, lazy, lovely day!

Ninety million miles away  
The sun halloos: "Come out to play,  
The winds are prancing on tip-toe  
Impatient with long waiting so,  
The hills look up. Come out, and oh,  
Let your bodies dart and run  
While I make shadows," says the sun.

Boys and girls, come out to play  
Before the river runs away—  
*I have never done with you  
Half the things I want to do. . . .*

*The Sun:*

Boys and girls, come out to play  
Before the river runs away.  
While you are fluid, unafraid,  
Beneath my light and shadow skim,  
Before this folded gloom is dim  
And limb no longer follows limb  
Dancing under spotted shade.

For dancing were your bodies made!  
Before the roses of you fade  
Find your meaning for the mouth  
While I lean south; while I go west,  
Find your meaning for the rest.

*The Sun-children:*

Throw back your head and fly with me,  
Love me, chase me, lie with me,  
Follow, sweetheart of the sun,  
Turn and follow where I run  
Between blue vineyards and fruit-trees—  
Fall down and kiss me on the knees!  
Pant beside me while I pull  
Berries for you from the full  
Blue-jewelled branches. Crush them red  
Not on your mouth—on mine instead!



*The Sun:*

Nimble you move, you are my own  
My pliant essence. All alone,  
On fire in the passive sky  
I burn—a stone, a golden stone.  
Together you in double shade  
Discover why your limbs were made.

*The Sun-child:*

*I have never done with you  
Half the things I want to do.*  
Link your arms and loosen them,  
Pluck and suck a grass's stem.  
Touch my breasts with that blue aster,  
Kiss me fast—I'll kiss you faster!  
Link your arms and loosen them.

Now link your arms like mine together,  
Toward me lightly, like a feather,  
Dance. Like feathers you'll be blown  
Across the level field alone,  
And like a brown wing my bare feet  
Will skim the meadow till we meet.

The river skips, but we are quicker:  
Its little body's slender glisten  
Goes down alley-ways of leaves.  
Flicker, sun, and river, flicker;  
Listen, lover, listen, listen  
How the river laughs and grieves. . . .

*I have never done with you  
Half the things I want to do.*  
Leap for me, sweetheart, reach and try  
To catch me, sweetheart; kiss and cry  
After me, sweetheart, darting by.

After you seize me, we will lie,  
I in the grass, you in the sky;  
After you kiss me, we will start  
To try and reach each other's heart,  
And searching frantically find  
The unseen blisses of the blind.

*The Sun-children:*

Before the river runs away,  
Boys and girls, come out and play.  
(They slumber on, they slumber on,  
Morning's glint is almost gone.)  
With yellow bubbles fill your veins  
Before the lusty day-star wanes.  
(They slumber on, they slumber on,  
Silken leopard noon is gone.)  
Die you may, die you must—  
Fill your mouths with pollen dust;  
Calyxes and honey thighs  
Both will wither. Beauty dies.  
Find out why mouths are berry-red  
Before you stiffen in your drab bed.  
Over you humming summer will glide,  
You'll never lie languid on your side,  
And listen then as you listen now  
To half-heard melodies; oh, how  
The river runs and runs and runs  
Fluid with splendor, and the sun's  
Circuit is singing. Fragile day!  
Boys and girls, come out to play!

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*      *Genevieve Taggard*

## ICE AGE

Noiselessly the planets will blow by  
Like smoke, like breath, like driven snow,  
Frost-bitten suns on on, on on will blow,  
Over earth's curve, the moons, like birds, will fly  
Making no noise and only vague shadow.

And spider snow will spin and spin  
A tangle of frost to snare earth in.

Little earth, then  
Will house few men,  
Little earth, shrunken,  
No longer drunken  
Purple, splendid, roistering earth;  
Little earth hung  
With pearls of seas,  
Little earth shivering,  
About to freeze.

And through her veins, caught in this web  
Life and color and sound will ebb.

There will be faint tints, none  
From the center of the sun.

There will be light noises, no  
Sound harsher than snow.

Never a sound of thunder or river,  
Torrent or stone,  
Only vague breath from the old life-giver,  
Making her own  
Final, lingering filagree  
Of frost blown  
On the glass of the sky, in planet and tree  
An icicle moon, a torrent and three

Glittering stars half-grown;  
A slight tone  
Rippling into the stilling river,  
The crisp sea.

And spider snow will spin and spin  
A tangle of cold to catch earth in.

Morning's red yawn,  
Evening's pain,  
Never will startle the earth, then,  
Pure from her stain,  
Earth's garments discarded and cleansed by the cold  
clean hands of the rain.

A leaf's lines, and stem's tints,  
Make in icy places, prints;

Trace of a foot, of a hooked claw  
Settled to stone since the last thaw;

Minnows bent with wavering  
Along a pool's ice edges cling.

All the beautiful, brave  
Colors that curled in the wave  
Flooding ground purple and crimsoning air  
Are battered and rigid and bare.

Earth, bled of her sap,  
Too stiff to unfold,  
The sprouted mould  
In the cleft of her lap;

While circles woven nearer now  
Hang cold broodings on her brow.

Still, then crackling, once more still  
Icy feet come up the hill.

Pushing back the granite fright  
Men sing morning and sing night.

Only singing matters now  
With stark birds on every bough.

Keeping back the loneliness  
Men will swagger and caress,  
And to dodge the fear of snow  
Sing high and sing low.

Caroling for morning, caroling for noon,  
Stiff tasks done with a tiny tune,  
And never a note  
In timbre any bigger than the tone of a flute,  
Little sounds only coming in the throat,  
And the big sounds mute.

Thinner, rarer and more shrill,  
As silence whitens on the hill,  
Whistling in daylight to keep up nerve,  
While blue whiteness comes up the curve.

Bravado of sparse breath  
Blown straight at death,  
Voices in silences, swooping like birds,  
Voices and caroling  
Warm words. Flung at the sky's stiff stare  
Into the brittle air  
A laugh like a torch's flare. . . .

Desperate gaiety and games  
And pleasantries for comfort like wan flames,  
Will be their only way,  
For in the midst of play—  
Pause—a long sway,  
Something faltering underneath,  
The brief

Gasp of the breath, eye's blur,  
Blunder of mortal fingers, words too thick to say,  
Slight motions underneath the grey  
Faces of cloud  
And caroling, caroling, caroling loud,  
To keep the cold away.

Some will slouch,  
Lazy, brave,  
Others crouch,  
In a hidden cave,  
Hearing near and hearing far,  
Heavy steps from feet of stone,  
Tread the warping fields alone,  
Hearing far and hearing near  
The wind's hiss in earth's ear,  
Feel  
Ground fall, and ground reel,  
Brittle footsteps steal  
Up the hill and down the cliff,  
Touching, snapping, making stiff,  
While granite footsteps, grinding numb  
Up the little hollow come.

Not to give in  
Men will go on  
Trying to sin, making vague love, kissing wan  
Faces. Trying to make  
Children with women,  
Trying to wake  
Hints of old hunger, bitterly break  
Flesh that turns marble-hard, trying to take  
Life in their arms for their small comfort's sake.

Women will not move as move  
Those confident of love.  
Hurt like a torpid snake,  
Agony drags and stirs but cannot wake.

So they will pass their days,  
Fostering a child or two, giving names  
Of half-remembered music, clamor, sound;  
Over hunched shoulders peering round  
For cold that creeping comes;  
Over and over saying tropic words,  
And calling babies after jungle birds.

They will be cheered with each new child,  
And the wierd  
Pall of the sky and the wild  
Tangle of hooped moons piled  
Like rubbish in the pallid west  
Won't trouble them so much  
With what they feared,  
They'll touch  
Cautiously their children and their lovers, clutch  
Anything alive.

Not to give in  
Men will go on,  
Cold to the chin,  
Light-stepping for fear  
Feeling the thin  
Ice of the air crack under the weight  
Of feather-poised earth, and the near  
Nuzzle of snow and the wind's spear.

Smoke from fire  
And ice's smoke,  
Lunge together,  
Fight and choke,  
Plunge and throttle and fight, and all  
Blue smoke vanishes. Ashes fall.

Some will call the skimming planets, cranes  
Going south for winter, nothing more,  
And some will sow the icy fields with grains,  
Search barren pools,  
Harvest sea-weed, plant a pebble, or  
Plough snow with patient tools.

And they will never cease to look for spring,  
Climb endless hills,  
And turn from east to west and west to east,  
Imagining the least  
Shreds of far color,  
Supposing that they feel  
Warmth on their faces, following the wheel,  
Circling on its axis, search the sky  
For sign of thaw, or rain or any change,  
Looking for birds, where only dead stars fly  
And calling snows and deepening snow-falls, strange.

In tightening silence, they will search for sound,  
Beneath the smother of the sky,  
Find tangled iron, as the first men found  
Iron and more than mortal sinew in the ground.

And they will worship symbols of sure things,  
Sure things, and tangible, cut clear,  
Forgetting rust, they will keep iron near,  
And try to pour into an iron mould,  
The past's white fire perishing with cold.

And out of iron's touch upon their palms  
Will come a song,  
And they will seize stone hammers, make a clang,  
Sing as they never sang,  
Wild, assaulting, strong,  
(*Clang, cold, clang*).  
Stone on stone with iron bits  
Clamped together (*Clang, clang*),  
Iron twisted till it fits,  
Notched and jammed and bolted fast,  
Rearing heavily and slow  
One monument against snow,  
A monument to last, a tomb to hold  
Yellow pollen of all past,  
Against the cold.



Until at last comes twilight glimmer,  
Voices, faces, motions dimmer,  
Breath as low  
As the all covering snow,  
Even the evening and the morning laid  
Cheek to cheek, will fade,  
Radiance and sound made one,  
And quieted and blended into none.

*The Measure*

*Genevieve Taggard*

### WILD PLUM

They are unholy who are born  
To love wild plum at night,  
Who once have passed it on a road  
Glimmering and white.

It is as though darkness had  
Speech of silver words,  
Or as though a cloud of stars  
Perched like ghostly birds.

They are unpitied from their birth  
And homeless in men's sight,  
Who love better than the earth  
Wild plum at night.

*The New York Tribune*

*Adul Tima*

### THE DARK CUP

I

MAY

A delicate fabric of bird-song  
Floats in the air,  
The smell of wet wild earth  
Is everywhere.

Red small leaves of the maple  
Are clenched like a hand,  
Like girls at their first communion  
The pear trees stand.

Oh I must pass nothing by  
Without loving it much,  
The rain drop try with my lips,  
The grass with my touch;

For how can I be sure  
I shall see again  
The world on the first of May  
Shining after the rain?

## II

### "THE DREAMS OF MY HEART"

The dreams of my heart and my mind pass,  
Nothing stays with me long,  
But I have had from a child  
The deep solace of song;  
If that should ever leave me,  
Let me find death, and stay  
With things whose tunes are played out and forgotten,  
Like the rain of yesterday.

## III

### BELLS

At six o'clock of an autumn dusk  
With the sky in the west a rusty red,  
The bells of the mission down in the valley  
Cry out that the day is dead.

The first star shines as sharp as steel—  
Why am I suddenly so cold?  
Three bells, each with a separate sound,  
Clang in the valley, wearily tolled.

Bells in Venice, bells at sea,  
Bells in the valley, heavy and slow—  
There is no place over the crowded world  
Where I can forget that the days go.

#### IV

##### IN THE END

All that could never be said,  
All that could never be done,  
Wait for us at last  
Somewhere back of the sun.

All the heart broke to forego  
Shall be ours without pain,  
We shall take them as lightly as girls  
Pluck flowers after rain.

And when we have found them at last,  
Perhaps, after all,  
The skies will not open for us,  
Nor heaven be there at our call.

#### V

##### "A LITTLE WHILE"

A little while when I am gone  
My life will live in music after me,  
As spun foam lifted and borne on  
After the wave is lost in the full sea.

Awile these nights and days will burn  
In song, with the frailty of foam,  
Living in light before they turn  
Back to the nothingness that is their home.  
*Contemporary Verse* *Sara Teasdale*

## THE MYSTERY

Your eyes drink of me,  
Love makes them shine,  
Your eyes that lean  
So close to mine.

We have long been lovers  
We know the range  
Of each other's moods  
And how they change.

But when we look  
At each other so,  
Then we feel  
How little we know.

The spirit eludes us,  
Timid and free—  
Can I ever know you  
Or you know me?

*Everybody's Magazine*

*Sara Teasdale*

## EFFIGY OF A NUN

*(Sixteenth Century)*

Infinite gentleness, infinite irony  
Are in this face with fast-sealed eyes,  
And round this mouth that learned in loneliness  
How useless their wisdom is to the wise.

In her nun's habit carved, carefully, lovingly,  
By one who knew the ways of womenkind,  
This woman's face still keeps in its cold wistful calm,  
All of the subtle pride of her mind.

These pale curved lips of hers holding their hidden  
smile,

    Show she had weighed the world; her will was set;  
These long patrician hands clasping the crucifix  
    Once having made their choice, had no regret.

She was of those who hoard their own thoughts  
lovingly,

    Feeling them far too dear to give away,  
Content to look at life with the high insolent  
    Air of an audience watching a play.

If she was curious, if she was passionate,  
    She must have told herself that love was great,  
But that the lacking it might be as great a thing  
    If she held fast to it, challenging fate.

She who so loved herself and her own warring  
thoughts,

    Watching their humorous, tragic rebound,  
In her thick habit's fold, sleeping, sleeping,  
    Is she amused at dreams she has found?

Infinite tenderness, infinite irony,

    Hidden forever in her closed eyes,  
That must have learned too well in their long lone-  
liness

    How empty their wisdom is even to the wise.

*The Bookman*

*Sara Teasdale*

## POETAE MINORES

Nightingales and larks are found  
Not everywhere: they can't go round.

Room enough and more there is,  
Warblers, bluebirds, goldfinches.

Many a country would be dull  
Should there be a cricket-lull.

Crickets, when the larks are flown,  
Warm us with their undertone.

*The Nation*

*Albert Edmund Trombly*

## MATTER

When I was a live man,  
A few years ago,  
For all I might say,  
For all I could do,

I got no attention;  
My life was so small  
The world didn't know  
I was living at all.

Such stolid indifference  
I couldn't allow;  
I swore that I'd matter,  
Never mind how.

But after a lifetime  
Of failure and prayer,  
I broke my heart trying  
To make the world care.

And now as I lie here,  
Feeding this tree,  
I am more to the world  
Than it is to me.

*The Century Magazine*

*Louis Untermeyer*

## SALUTE TO THE TREES

Many a tree is found in the wood  
And every tree for its use is good:  
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,  
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;  
Some for shelter against the storm,  
And some to keep the hearth-stone warm;  
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,  
And some for a boat to breast the stream;—  
In the wealth of the wood since the world began  
The trees have offered their gifts to man.

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts:  
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,  
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,  
A column, an arch in the temple of God,  
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,  
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!  
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;  
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;  
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend  
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

I have camped in the whispering forest of pines,  
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;  
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm  
I have found good rest and slumber's balm.  
And now, when the morning gilds the boughs

Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,  
I open the window and make salute:  
"God bless thy branches and feed thy root!  
Thou has lived before, live after me,  
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

*Scribner's Magazine*

*Henry van Dyke*

## OF A BEAUTIFUL POEM

*(Three Voices)*

### I

Lifeblood and spirit-fire  
Went to its making:  
Surely the Maker found  
(His for the taking)  
All a kind word could show  
Of gracious living,  
And happy stars could give,  
Lavishly giving—  
Honor and easefulness,  
Wealth to buy leisure,  
Beauty of man's device,  
Nature's high pleasure,  
White moons to glorify  
Times of far roaming,  
Orchards in bloom to make  
Sweet the home-coming

### II

Lifeblood and spirit-fire  
Went to its making:  
Surely the Maker found  
Naught for free taking.  
It was a warring soul  
Flamed in such fashion,



Not from a heart at ease  
Bled this pure passion.  
Honor he served the while  
Loud tongues decried him,  
Beauty the more because  
Much was denied him;  
Pan in the darkness laid  
Paths for his roaming,  
Thorn-branch and rue were cut  
For his home-coming.

### III

Lifeblood and spirit-fire  
Went to its making:  
Who knows what planet ruled  
At its awaking?  
Plenty may starve a soul,  
Dearth feed another,  
Joy bring to one the gift  
Grief gives his brother;  
One finds a Calvary  
In Eden-places,  
One builds all beauty from  
Beauty's faint traces . . . .  
Weal-star or bale-star may  
Pilot the roaming,  
Yet will a singer's heart  
Sing at home-coming.

*Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer*  
*The North American Review*

## EVANESCENCE

Slowly I pass among the blowing flowers  
Catching my breath at their beauty as I go;  
Familiar sweetness drifts across the hours,  
Keen, lovely sweetness intimate as woe.  
Yet by tomorrow, all the roses blown  
Will be a sea of crimson on the grass,  
And the naked trees will shudder at the moan  
Of glowing winds that wake them as they pass.  
In such wise love will vanish as the night;  
Each word of joy that you have sung to me  
The years will silence with their dark delight  
And the wild soaring after ecstasy  
Will be a lyric bird that dares the sky  
Only to fall to earth when storms beat by.

*The Pagan*

*Harold Vinal*

## SONNET

I have touched hands with peace and loveliness,  
When the first breath of May crept through the trees;  
Watched lovely flowers tremble in the breeze—  
I cannot say I have been comfortless.  
Often the nights have whispered words to me;  
With wonder I have watched a new day break,  
Shaking its veils across a windy lake—  
The wind that stirred them, brought me ecstasy.

My heart can know no pain while beauty weaves  
Quaint patterns in the corridors of thought,  
Patterns of curving cloud and waving leaves;  
All the indifference that time has wrought  
Will softly pass, when I behold afar—  
The lovely beauty of an evening star.

*The Granite Monthly*

*Harold Vinal*

## I SHOULD LIKE TO LIVE IN A BALLAD WORLD

I should like to live as a ballad maid  
Who loves, is loved, and dies,  
Or bears four sons as a matron staid  
To her lord's amazed eyes.

Birth, and youth, and womanhood,  
Ripe lips and golden hair,  
Death and a lover understood,  
And a black silk shroud to wear;

And all the long years left untold  
The long hours left unsaid,  
While swift, rare moments of life unfold  
Bronze and silver and red.

I should like to live in a ballad world  
While vivid lips of song  
My leaping, lingering tale unfurled  
Of a fate six stanzas long.

*The Nation*

*Eda Lou Walton*

## INSANITY

My mind is dark with shadows of a sea  
That creeps unheard across a barren sand  
And breaks unheard in silence over me.

Yet,—smooth as any woman's breast is mine,  
My limbs sweep slenderly in line,  
My yearning arms, voluptuous and white  
Encircle night.  
He clasps me close and lays his cooling lips  
Against my throat and curves his darkling form,

His cloud-streaked hair across my bosom slips  
And down he broods in storm.  
Passion is freed, he rages in desire,  
His arms press lightning from me and I lie  
Formless and loose about him, higher, higher,  
He lashes me and drops me from the sky  
To prostrate lands,  
And there beside me stretches in the sands  
While strange dew shines against his hair  
And all hours long the paled moon creeps by  
To watch us lying there.

My mind is dark, yet smoother is my breast  
Than any other woman's,—I must rest,  
Within these waters pain may slip from me,  
My mind is dark with shadows of a sea.

*The Measure*

*Eda Lou Walton*

## GOSPEL WITH BANJO AND CHORUS

Dear ones, I have gambled, I have rolled the bones.

*It's the truth, praise God!*

Hell was open, waiting with its howls and moans.

*There you are, praise God!*

Heaven's gates were opening, up steps the Lamb,  
"Sister, aren't you sick of sin?" "Yes," I said, "I  
am."

*And it's the truth, praise God!*

Sinner, aren't you going there, joining our pro-  
cession—

Everybody holy, making loud profession?

*And there you are, praise God!*

Dear ones, I have wallowed belly-deep in sin.

*It's the truth, praise God!*

I'd looked into the puddle, devil shoved me in.

*There you are, praise God!*

Jesus came and saved me, gave me cleanly clothes:  
"Sister, rise with Jesus!" and my spirit rose.

*And it's the truth, praise God!*

Sinner, aren't you going there? All the sky rejoices,  
Everything is sounding with the heavenly voices.

*And there you are, praise God!*

Dear ones, drink's a serpent—it had me by the throat.

*It's the truth, praise God!*

Ever see a rattlesnake swallowed by a shote?

*There you are, praise God!*

Jesus came and grabbed me: "Sister, I declare!—  
Devil's in your gizzard, you can spit him out in  
prayer."

*And it's the truth, praise God!*

Brother, aren't you going there? Streets are hung  
with banners,

Cherubim and seraphim bow and show their manners.

*And there you are, praise God!*

Dear ones, I was loose—Lord, Saturday night!

*It's the truth, praise God!*

Along would come a black man, along would come a  
white.

*There you are, praise God!*

Jesus came and chased them, drove them with a whip:  
"Sister," says our Savior, "watch the devil skip!"

*And it's the truth, praise God!*

Lover, aren't you going there, risen from the lowly,  
Justified and sanctified and glorified and holy?

*And there you are, praise God!*

Dear ones, it's the truth!

*Truth of God, praise God!*

Sinner, it's the truth, it's the truth, praise God!

*Sister, it's the truth, truth of God, praise God!*

*Brother, it's the truth, it's the truth, praise God!*

*Lover, it's the truth, it's the truth, the truth!*

*Mourner, it's the truth, and there you are, praise  
God!*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Keene Wallis*

## LEGEND

I wonder where it could of went to . . .  
I know I seen it just as plain:  
A beautiful, big fairy city  
Shinin' through the rain.

Rain, it was, not snow—in winter!  
Special-order April weather  
Ticklin' at our two faces  
Pressed up close together.

Not a single soul was near us  
Standin' out there on the bow;  
When we passed another ferry  
He says, sudden, "Now!"

Then I looked where he was pointin' . . .  
I seen a magic city rise . . .  
Gleamin' windows, like when fields is  
Full o' fireflies.

Towers and palaces up in the clouds, like . . .  
Real as real, but nice and blurred.  
"Oh . . ." I starts in—but he whispers  
"Hush! Don't say a word!

"Don't look long, and don't ast questions;  
Elset you make the fairies sore . . .  
They won't let you even see it  
Never any more.

"Don't you try to ever go there . . .  
It's to dream of, not to find.  
Lovely things like that is always  
Mostly in your mind."

Somethin' made me say, "It's Jersey!"  
Somethin' mean . . . He hollers, "Hell!"  
Now you done it, sure as shootin' . . .  
Now you bust the spell!"

Sure enough, the towers and castles  
Went like lightnin' outa sight. . . .  
Nothin' there but filthy Jersey  
On a drizzly night.

*Vanity Fair*

*John V. A. Weaver*

## CLIFFS

I took my longing up a cliff,  
All alone, I looked on the sea—  
The surf, spread out like fans of lace  
Rustled a soft sound up to me,  
A gentle sound like sliding beads,  
And wind hummed over the weeds.

Long and long ago a cliff  
Lovers out of luck would leap,  
And fall to cool their hearts like stones,  
Or break like waves and fall asleep.  
The sea now is the same, I knew,  
And any cliff, I thought, would do.

I laid down my frock and frills,  
I took gold pins from my hair,  
And tip-toed to the tasselled edge,  
Whispering a prayer,  
That nothing else of me but foam  
Should remain to carry home.

I was a curve of flame in the air!  
I was a coal that scorched the sea!  
The spray went up in a steamy cloud,  
High and hissing over me,  
And my body slid out of the blue,  
Polished and clean and new.

I shook the bitterness from my eyes,  
I laughed that I was alive!  
So now I know I can dare to love  
As long as I love to dive  
And I am not the one to weep,  
While there are cliffs to leap.

*The North American Review*      *Winifred Welles*

## DIANA

I am always carving arrows  
Or polishing my bow,  
Yet why I care for hunting  
I do not seem to know.

For they are long and lonely,  
The ways of wood and hill,  
And it is wearisome to seek,  
And sorrowful to kill.

But I am always hoping,  
I shall carry home some prize,  
Like a white-feathered squirrel,  
Or a fawn with blue eyes.

*The Measure*

*Winifred Welles*



## WOMEN AND ORCHARDS

An orchard in the valley,  
An orchard on the hill,  
One has flowers yet to flaunt  
All in a lacy frill—  
One is bleak and still.

The apple trees 'were prudent  
And calm of bud and root,  
For it's the careful blossom,  
The cool, reluctant shoot,  
That come to certain fruit.

Nearer to sky the peach trees,  
Breathless, every one,  
Lifted high pink petals  
On tiptoe for a run  
Tingling to the sun—

Open-eyed and innocent,  
Their tenderness was tossed  
All in a loving impulse  
For a rose kiss and lost  
Hideously in frost.

Say what you will for beauty  
That takes all spring to tell  
How white it is—brief blossoms,  
That flamed before they fell,  
Were beautiful as well.

So some can taste fulfillment  
From a heavy valley tree,  
While some climb up a hillside  
Black with scars to be  
Comforted—like me.

*Contemporary Verse*

*Winifred Welles*

## JEALOUSY

What? Did my spotted lily startle you?  
Sorry—I never thought to warn. It's true  
You come upon it rather suddenly  
Out of that vacant, dingy hall. You see  
I've lived with it and tended it so long,  
I never seem to realize how strong  
And harsh its colors are. In this back room  
They fairly snarl and crackle through the gloom  
Well, yes, a little sickish I admit.  
I'll open up the window for a bit  
And let a gust of lilacs in—There, now,  
You watch him in the field while I tell how  
I came to find it first. . . . .

I guess you know  
How much he likes to be alone, to go  
Forever wand'ring off across the hill,  
Or mooning 'round the ruins of the mill,  
Or somewhere, anywhere it seems to be,  
So long as he can get away from me.  
But once—he was just opening the door—  
I felt I couldn't bear it any more!  
I snatched his hat and cried, "What right have you  
Always to leave me so? I'm going too!"  
And went.

There was a blurring kind of rain,  
That soaked the world up in a slow, grey stain;  
And mist like phlegm—You couldn't hear a sound  
On any side, except the one the ground  
Made, ogreishly sucking at our shoes.  
I knew that low road was the one he'd choose  
To plague me! So I led, and set a pace  
Across the marsh that fairly made him race—  
Although for all of road or roof or tree,  
We might as well have stumbled undersea.  
No wonder I stopped short and screamed out loud,  
When that thing jabbed its hot fangs through the  
cloud

Around our feet!

"It's just a flower," he said,  
"A happy, lonely lily, warm and red."

I couldn't stand the way he kept so mild,  
And spoke as if I were a fool or child.  
"Pick it!" I cried, "If red can rise in mud,  
And warmth in mist, there's hope for flesh and blood!"  
He stared beyond the fog. . . . .

"Oh let it stay,  
A wild thing fades if you take it away."  
I knew then what my man was thinking of,  
His other wife—that Gypsy—his first love—  
And growing sentimental with his past,  
As if in spite of death, she were his last.  
So I stooped down and clutched it in my hand,  
Gasping as if it were a burning brand,  
And tore it up, leaves, blossom, roots and all!  
He never said a word, but straight and tall  
Stalked slowly off, and like an oily screen,  
The grey, unrolling film slid in between.  
I waited 'til his footsteps in the mire  
Smeared over too.

I hid my flower of fire  
Beneath my coat, but even then it shone  
Enough to light the long way home alone.  
He said that it would fade. I made it thrive.  
Close to the window pane it seemed alive  
As her own face that used to hover there,  
With eyes as black as dungeons under hair  
Tawny and wild and bound with red. For hours  
She'd watch that curve of road between the flowers.  
She'd watch, but nothing came until the day  
The hearse drove up to carry her away.  
I liked my lily for awhile, but now  
It's bloated, glow'ring, terrible—Somehow  
It lived so easily, it grew too well.  
I often fear it and the bloody spell  
It seems to cast. Even the walls and floors

Are mottled with its shadow. Lock the doors  
And blind the windows but I still can see  
The flicker of its poison burn towards me.  
And then that odor—almost as if slime  
Could ooze along the air. Many a time  
Those sluggish sweetnesss uncoil and creep  
Upstairs to slink into my very sleep. . . . .  
I guess you're right—fancies like these are bad,  
And apt to make folks think you're kind of mad.  
But they're familiar ones to me, you know—  
I plucked that lily twenty years ago.

*Contemporary Verse*

*Winifred Welles*

### IMPLACABLE BEAUTY

On the wide waste the web of twilight trembling,  
Hangs low with stars and night,  
The dying day, in the worn west dissembling,  
Crowns his defeat with light.

Here by the sands and dunes my soul sinks crying,  
By beauty stabbed to death—  
"O in the dusk of the world let me too, dying,  
Mingle with these my breath!"

There is no answer. In the cold heavens shining,  
Star trembles unto star;  
The virgin moon in the clear west declining  
Hangs, like a scimitar.

*Contemporary Verse*

*John Hall Wheelock*

## THE POET TELLS OF HIS LOVE

How shall I sing of Her that is  
My life's long rapture and despair—  
Sorrow eternal, Loveliness,  
To whom each heart-beat is a prayer.

Utterly, endlessly, alone  
Possessing me, yet unpossessed—  
The dark, the drear Beloved One  
That takes the tribute of this breast.

Daemon disconsolate, in vain,  
In vain petitioned and implored,  
How many a midnight of disdain  
Darkly and dreadfully adored.

Beauty, the virgin, evermore  
Out of these arms with laughter fled—  
Vanished . . . a voice by slope and shore  
Haunting the world, Illusion dread!

Most secret Siren, on whose coast  
'Mid spray of perishing song are hurled  
All desolate lovers, all the lost  
Soul and half-poets of the world!

Through sleepless nights and lonely days  
In tears and terror served and sought—  
Light beyond light, the supreme Face  
That blinds the adoring eyes of Thought!

How long shall I sing of Her! Nay all,  
All song, all sorrow, all silence of  
This desperate heart, that is Her thrall,  
Trembles and tries to tell my love.

*Scribner's Magazine*

*John Hall Wheelock*

## THE SORROWFUL MASQUERADE

Even as to a music, stately and sad,  
The young girls' feet begin to move in a dance,  
And curiously for joy shift and advance;  
So to a mournful waltz, sombre and sweet;  
All laughing things move with delighted feet,  
So all things that draw light and laughing breath  
Move to the mournful waltz of life and death.  
Comedy is a girl dancing in time  
To the tragic pipes, sorrowful and sublime;  
And ever she laughs back, and as she skips  
Mimics the mournful music with her lips;  
Then for sheer anger at her own pretense  
Sobs violently at her own vehemence,  
And mocks her tears. But when the pipings sleep  
She needs must cover up her face and weep.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*      *John Hall Wheelock*

## PLAINT

Brief is Man's travail here and transitory  
His wrath that soon is spent,  
Brief his lament,  
Lifted in vain against the harsh decrees  
Of the high Destinies  
That move not to the measure of his woe:  
Even as snow  
On sunny meadows, as a lover's story  
Told in an April twilight long ago,  
Brief is he even as these—  
His little hour of tumult, or of glory—  
And to what end devised we may not guess,  
Considering, as we go

Toward the same shadows, bearing the same spark,  
His vanity and empty nothingness.  
Yet in the mighty Dark  
Dear is the spirit; grievously we know  
Earth has one burden more, one soul the less.

*All's Well*

*John Hall Wheelock*

## THE RETURN

In some far and lonely midnight  
I shall arise as in a dream,  
And part dark curtains on a strange room  
Where mysterious candles gleam.

I shall open an unknown book  
In that weird and wind-stirred place,  
And come upon a poem  
With a sad face.

I shall listen to my dead heart's cry  
Faint through the years that are gone,  
And I shall feel over my shoulder  
The Silence looking on.

And very softly he will touch me,  
And I shall turn toward the gloom;  
He will take my arm and quietly  
Lead me out of the room.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*      *Oscar Williams*

## THE GOLDEN FLEECE

I know that life is Jason,  
And that beauty is the witch-maiden helping him.  
I know that the soft, luminous night of stars  
Is the golden fleece he is seeking.  
I know that in the beginning  
He sowed the boulders, the teeth of dead ages,  
And the innumerable armored cities have arisen.  
I know that he has thrown among them love and  
    desire,  
And they have warred and shall war with each other  
    until the end.  
And if you doubt the least word I have said,  
Come out on the dark beach some strange summer  
    night  
And watch the huge quivering serpent of the ocean  
Still coiled around the trunk of the tree of paradise.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*      *Oscar Williams*

## CANOPUS

Up from the smooth dust of the road they turned.  
The shivery spider cables spread a net  
Across the climbing path that teased and burned  
Their faces, which the dew-sprayed leaves left wet;  
Defenseless cheeks were clawed by trespassing  
    bramble  
And vagabonding sumach. Their fingers met,  
Anchors to steady each unsteady scramble.

Their nervous feet struck stones, that toppled over  
The terraced outcrop, and, at last let loose,  
Clattered to rest against stray tufts of clover.  
Boughs broke off in their grasp, and were no use,  
And underneath the brittle twigs snapped shrill.  
At length the firmer sassafras and spruce  
Gave hand-holds as they met the steeper hill.



"We'll rest." He wiped an arm across a brow  
Fouled with the twitching spider-web, and leant  
Against a low dead stump, steadying now  
Her passage toward him, much as though he meant  
To hold the pressure till her breathless face  
Encountered his; then, suddenly continent,  
He loosed her hand. She poised in the dark place,

Her heart pounding, gasping as though distressed.  
She smoothed a dampened, restless strand of hair.  
A smile colored her echoing words: "We'll rest.  
It is steep." Then they sniffed the thinner air,  
Sharply brought closer, as the conquered rise  
Made clear that they at length had mounted where  
There were no more of censoring city eyes.

The isolation was a sudden thrust  
Cleaving them, like a whispered word of warning.  
He brushed ahead; a startled smoke of dust  
Trailed like a widening curtain. Quickly scorning  
The stiff precipitous way, she followed higher  
Through crushing shadow and jutting branch, adorn-  
ing  
This path that pointed toward an unseen fire.

Partly to dull two fires—the one that charred  
Her cheeks, the one still deeper—she called out:  
"You think we'll see it?" He was climbing hard,  
So far ahead, his answer was a shout.  
"I think we may." He waited, eyes uncertain,  
Until her sky-lit face came near, to rout  
The dark, as daybreak tears night's shadowy curtain.

He guided to the summit. Fingers tingled  
Uneasily, driven thoughts clung and caressed;  
The sharp throbs of their breathing met and mingled.  
She sank in a grass cushion on the crest,  
Content to forget far fire and its far arc.  
She settled into a tender bladed nest,  
His body lengthened upward in the dark,

Or so it seemed to her. "It's nearly ten;  
An hour, and it should clear the horizon haze,  
Squatting right above Sand Mountain. Then  
It's ours, if the cloudy August heaven plays  
No tricks." He held a tree-trunk close, instead  
Of something longed for; she leaned in a daze,  
Smoothing her knees as if it had been a head.

"A visitor," he thought aloud, "who takes  
One burning, scornful look, and never more.  
He leaves to flutter over Andean lakes,  
To halve the sky of some lost, jungled shore,  
To flame with the Southern Cross and Sirius,  
Raining hot madness on lush midnight brakes,  
Gilding chill seas, frigid, unamorous."

She pondered. "You have seen him?" "Once," he  
said,

"As I saw Mercury once, a golden bubble  
Poised just above the dawn's disheveled bed,  
For one pale glimpse." Her fingers clutched the  
stubble

Lying beneath them, clawed it from its home;  
She held her voice level with much trouble.

"What are the stars but flecks of fiery foam—"

"What are the stars but sources of that flame  
That burns and scorches in the stifling sun,  
That flares in us—" His gesturing fingers came  
Across hers suddenly, trembled, as if to run  
In panic from a long suspected danger,  
Then calmed into a hot oblivion,  
Clasping her own, knowing her hand no stranger.

The night's mysterious wings pulsed through the dark,  
The night's mysterious noises cracked and shivered,  
And where their fingers met a visible spark  
Seemed to leap forth at them, and pulsed and quivered

Throughout them both. Their thickened tongues were  
dumb,  
The pretty words of star-love undelivered,  
The pretty words that found no breath could come.

He sank into the stubble by her side,  
Leaving a blankness in the upper night;  
His lips leant in their urgency of pride  
Towards her eyes, that made the blackness bright.  
His lips spoke only to the reddened cheek,  
And settled to a long-denied delight  
Upon the goal they had not dared to seek.

There was a gasping silence on the crest,  
While the wind whined and the thin stars passed over;  
There was a gasping rapture in each breast,  
And her will bent as wind bends low the clover.  
And a flame rose to its magnificent noon,  
And a flame vanished. Each exalted lover  
Felt the mad ecstasy and the piercing tune

Of love higher than hills that brush the sky,  
Of love fiercer than suns that whiten space,  
Die in their high magnificence, yet die  
To a still radiance in the friendly place  
That seemed to promise higher ecstasy  
Forever stamped on each beloved's face,  
Telling them: "This is immortality."

Unseen, while love's proud beacon flared and swept  
Across their hearts, a sudden sullen glow  
Had lifted over the hill beyond, and crept,  
Diminishing yet brightening, in slow  
And stately curving path so high, and then  
Bent back toward the dimness, slid below  
The unlit bulk of the huge hills again.

Without a word they knew it. His face burning,  
"We can return"; but they knew, at his word,  
That there are paths that do not know returning;  
And as their downward-stumbling footsteps stirred  
The stony steep, the roadway dust, the gray  
And morning hush, each rustle made or heard  
Sang to them they had found the starrier way.

*The Nation*

*Clement Wood*

### VELVET SHOES

Let us walk in the white snow  
In a soundless space;  
With footsteps quiet and slow,  
At a tranquil pace,  
Under veils of white lace.

I shall go shod in silk,  
And you in wool,  
White as a white cow's milk,  
More beautiful  
Than the breast of a gull.

We shall walk through the still town  
In a windless peace;  
We shall step upon white down,  
Upon silver fleece,  
Upon softer than these.

We shall walk in velvet shoes:  
Wherever we go  
Silence will fall like dews  
On white silence below.  
We shall walk in the snow.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*

*Elinor Wylie*

## THE EAGLE AND THE MOLE

Avoid the reeking herd,  
Shun the polluted flock,  
Live like that stoic bird  
The eagle of the rock.

The huddled warmth of crowds  
Begets and fosters hate;  
He keeps, above the clouds,  
His cliff inviolate.

When flocks are folded warm,  
And herds to shelter run,  
He sails above the storm,  
He stares into the sun.

If in the eagle's track  
Your sinews cannot leap,  
Avoid the lathered pack,  
Turn from the steaming sheep.

If you would keep your soul  
From spotted sight or sound,  
Live like the velvet mole;  
Go burrow underground.

And there hold intercourse  
With roots of trees and stones,  
With rivers at their source,  
And disembodied bones.

*The New Republic*

*Elinor Wylie*

## BRONZE TRUMPETS AND SEA WATER

### *On Turning Latin Verse Into English Verse*

'Alembics turn to stranger things  
Strange things: but never while we live  
Shall magic turn this bronze that sings  
To singing water in a sieve.

The trumpeteers of Caesar's guard  
Salute his rigorous bastions  
With ordered bruit: the bronze is hard  
Though there is silver in the bronze.

Our mutable tongue is like the sea,  
Curled wave, and shattering thunder-fit:  
Dangle in strings of sand shall be  
Who smooths the ripples out of it!

*The New Republic*

*Elinor Wylie*

## THE TORTOISE IN ETERNITY

Within my house of patterned horn  
I sleep in such a bed  
As men may keep before they're born  
And after they are dead.

Sticks and stones may break their bones,  
And words may make them bleed:  
There is not one of them who own  
An armour to his need.

Tougher than hide or lozenged bark  
Snow-storm and thunder proof,  
And quick with sun and thick with dark  
Is this my darling roof.

Their troubled dreams of death and birth  
Pulse mother-o'-pearl to black:  
I bear the rainbow bubble Earth  
Square on my scornful back.

*The New Republic*

*Elinor Wylie*

## THE CHURCH-BELL

As I was lying in my bed  
I heard the church-bell ring;  
Before one solemn word was said  
A bird began to sing.

I heard a dog begin to bark  
And a bold crowing cock;  
The bell, between the cold and dark,  
Tolled. It was five o'clock.

The church-bell tolled, and the bird sang,  
A clear true voice he had;  
The cock crew, and the church-bell rang,  
I knew it had gone mad.

A hand reached down from the dark skies,  
It took the bell-rope thong,  
The bell cried "Look! Lift up your eyes!"  
The clapper shook to song.

The iron clapper laughed aloud,  
Like clashing wind and wave;  
The bell cried out "Be strong and proud!"  
Then, with a shout, "Be brave!"

The rumbling of the market-carts,  
The pounding of men's feet  
Were drowned in song; "Lift up your hearts!"  
The sound was loud and sweet.

Slow and slow the great bell swung,  
It hung in the steeple mute:  
And people tore its living tongue  
Out by the very root.

*The Nation*

*Elinor Wylie*



**THE YEARBOOK  
OF AMERICAN POETRY  
1921**

## INDEX OF POEMS

- ANON. GOOD KING WENCESLAUS, *The Century Magazine*, January; THE DEMPSEY AND THE CARPENTIER, *The Nation*, June 15; TORQUEMADA UP TO DATE, *The Nation*, July 20.
- a Cheavasa. MOIRKEN FOX. DEIDRE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; DISILLUSION, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; SILENCE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- ABORN, Maude. A GARDEN, *The Granite Monthly*, July.
- ADAMS, Franklin P. TO A LADY TROUBLED BY INSOMNIA, *The Bookman*, May.
- ADAMS, J. Donald. TINDER, *The Dial*, August, 1920.
- ADAMS, William C. THE STORY OF PEMIGEWASSET, *The Granite Monthly*, February.
- ADLER, Mortimer J. THE FEARLESS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- ADDISON, Medora C. MY SONGS, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921; RICHES, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921; SHIPS, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921; THE QUEST, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921.
- AIKEN, Conrad. AN OLD MAN SEES HIMSELF, *The Dial*, March, 1921; BATTERSEA BRIDGE, *The Century*, June; MIDNIGHT, *The Century*, June; THE OPEN WINDOW, *The Century*, May; THE FIGURE HEAD, *The Century*, June; THE MILESTONE, *The Measure*, March, 1921; THIRD MOVEMENT FROM "THE PILGRIMAGE OF FESTUS." HE ENTERS THE FOUST OF DEPARTED GODS, *The Measure*, May, 1921; TWILIGHT, RYE, SUSSEX, *The Century*, June.
- ALDIS, Mary. TO ONE WHO ASKES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- ALEXANDER, Hartley. AMERINDIAN AIR, *The Nation*, February 16.
- ALTROCCHI, Julia Cooley. THE DREAMERS OF DEATH, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920.

- Alwood, Lister Raymond. A RHYME OF VERS LIBRE, *The Detroit Sunday News*, January 16; INCOGNITO, *The Detroit Sunday News*, June 27; MAKER OF LITTLE SONGS, *The Detroit Sunday News*, May 22; SPRING—IN THE CITY, *The Detroit Sunday News*, April 8; THE FIRST ROBIN, *The Detroit Sunday News*, April 17.
- Atwood, Sylvia. LITTLE HOUSES, *New Numbers*, March 28.
- Allen, Hervey. CONFESSION, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921; DESPAIR, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921; THE WINGLESS VICTORY, *The New Republic*, August 18, 1920.
- Allen, Willis Boyd. THE SHRINE, *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1920.
- Alling, Kenneth Slade. BLUEJAY, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921; ESCAPES, *The Measure*, May, 1921; ON THE PASSING OF THE LAST FIRE HORSE FROM MANHATTAN ISLAND, *The New York Evening Post*; SLEEP—A FRAGMENT, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921; THE FINAL SUNSET, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, February; THREE POEMS: RAIN, *Contemporary Verse*, March.
- Anderson, Dorothy. A LITANY, *Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921.
- Anderson, Maxwell. "LOOKING OUT UPON THE WORLD, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920; NIGHT IN THE QUEEN'S GARDEN, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920; OIL-DEBRICKS AT DAWN, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920; THRALL TO DUST, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920; ST. AGNES' MORNING, *The New Republic*, March 16; EMPTYING ASHES, *The New Republic*, January 19.
- Andrews, Anabel C. ABSENT, *The Granite Monthly*, December, 1920.
- Andrews, Mary R. S. CREATION, *Scribner's Magazine*, April; HOMESICK, *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1920.
- Annett, Albert. AUTUMN, *The Granite Monthly*, November, 1920; JANUARY, *The Granite Monthly*, January.
- Armstrong, Martin. THE BUZZARDS, *The Century Magazine*, November, 1920; RHAPSODY, *The Century Magazine*, December, 1920.
- Ashwin, E. Allen. TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ANACREONTIC POEMS, *The Dial*, April.
- Auslander, Joseph. A SANDAL STRING, *The Measure*, July, 1921; DOWNPOUR, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921; LOVE AND THE GARLANDS, *The Measure*, July, 1921; THE RETURN, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921.

- Austin, Mary. UNWORTHY LOVE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; WHENCE? *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Avery, Claribel Weeks. THE BEST BELOVED, *The Granite Monthly*, May; THE GARDENER, *The Granite Monthly*, July.
- Baker, Karle Wilson. ALTERNATIVES, *The Texas Review*, April; FROM A LAKE IN THE WOODS, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921; I SHALL BE LOVED AS QUIET THINGS, *Harper's Magazine*, September, 1920; ORDERS, *The Texas Review*, April; PRISONS, *The Bookman*, May; SONG TO THE BEAT OF WINGS, *The Texas Review*, April; STREET-ENDS, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; THE CRIPPLE, *The Texas Review*, April; THE LORD SPEAKS, *The Yale Review*, October, 1920; TO ONE WHO SMILES AT MY SIMPLICITY, *The Measure*, April, 1921; WINDOW-FIRE, *The Texas Review*, April.
- Baker, Leone. SPECTRE-THEME, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Baker, Martha S. SPRING, *The Granite Monthly*, April.
- Balderston, K. C. I CLEANED MY HOUSE TODAY, *The Granite Monthly*, April; ON READING THE FIRST CHAPTER OF MR. WELLS' OUTLINE OF HISTORY, *The Granite Monthly*, June.
- Banks, Jr., Theodore H. VICTORY, *Everybody's Magazine*, March.
- Banning, Kendall. THE STRANGERS OF THE INN, *The Grinnell Review*, June.
- Barclay, Robert E. QUESTIONS, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Barkley, Frederick R. CROW'S NEST, *The Detroit Sunday News*, April 24; FIRST NIGHT EN ROUTE, *The Detroit Sunday News*, April 17.
- Barnett, Henry. OFF THE CHINA COAST, *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921.
- Barr, F. Stringfellow. L'ENVOI, *The Grinnell Review*, August, 1920.
- Barrett, Wilton Agnew. LOST RIVER, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920.
- Barrington, Pauline. INTERIM, *The Lyric West*, April; THE HILL, *The Lyric West*, April; THE HOUSE, *The Lyric West*, April; THE MIRROR, *The Lyric West*, April; WINGS, *The Lyric West*, April.
- Bates, Katharine Lee. BRIEF LIFE, *The Yale Review*, October, 1920.
- Beckhard, Arthur J. THE LIGHTS COME ON, *The Granite Monthly*, May.

- Beals, Carleton. MEXICO, *The New Republic*, August 25, 1920.
- Bellamann, Henry H. GARDENS ON THE SANTEE, *The Measure*, April, 1921; HOW QUIET WAS MY SEA, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, November, 1920; MOONLIGHT, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, November, 1920; SAND HILLS, *The Measure*, April, 1921; THE GATE, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, November, 1920; THE RETURN, *Tempo*, June; WHEN THE WORLD GOES HOME, *The North American Review*, April; WINTER BURIAL, *The North American Review*, April.
- Belloc, Hilaire. TARANTELLA, *The Century*, April.
- Benét, Laura. HUMOR, *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*.
- Benét, Stephen Vincent. AZRAEL'S BAR, *The Bookman*, February; DIFFERENCE, *The New Republic*, June 15; FLOOD TIDE, *The Yale Review*, October, 1920; JULY, *The Bookman*, July; OPERATION, *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1920.
- Benét, William Rose. ADVERSARY, *The Century*, May; "JUNKETS," IMMORTAL, *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, February 26; THE FUGITIVE, *The New Republic*, June 1.
- Benson, Stella. IF YOU WERE CARELESS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920.
- Benvenuta, O. P., Sister Mary. TO PAIN, *The Catholic World*, June.
- Bennett, Sara E. RHYTHM, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921.
- Betts, Thomas Jefferson. BALLADE OF FORGOTTEN WARS, *Scribner's Magazine*, August, 1920.
- Beuick, Marshall Don. INTERCESSION; PREOCCUPATION; WAVE SECRETS.
- Blanchard, Amy E. A DAY, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920.
- Bickley, Beulah Vick. MY STAR-FLOWER, *Tempo*, June.
- Binns, Archie. GOING HOME, *The Measure*, April, 1921.
- Bishop, John Peale. THE HUNCHBACK, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June.
- Blunden, Edmund. ALMSWOMEN, *The Century*, April.
- Bodenheim, Maxwell. EMOTIONAL MONOLOGUE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; FEMININE TALK, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; PHILOSOPHICAL DIALOGUE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; PINE TREES, *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, May 14; RATTLESNAKE MOUNTAIN FABLE, *The Yale Review*,

- October, 1920; SAPPHO ANSWERS ARISTOTLE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- Bogan, Louise. WORDS FOR DEPARTURE, *The Measure*, April, 1921.
- Bonner, Amy. POISE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; REVELATIONS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- Bornholdt, Florence Parker. FOR I WAS WED TODAY, *The Lyric West*, April; (Poem from "The Wild Heart") THE MALIBU HILLS, *The Lyric West*, April.
- Borst, Richard Warner. IN A MAIL ORDER HOUSE, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, March.
- Bowman, J. E. POET AND PILGRIM, *The Granite Monthly*, May.
- Bowen, Stirling. CARTOONS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: I. MIRABEAU, II. THEROIGNE DE MERICOURT, III. CAMILLE DESMOULINS, *The Measure*, July, 1921; CHINATOWN, *The Detroit Sunday News*, December 12, 1920; GALLERY NIGHT, *The Detroit Sunday News*, February 20; ON THE HILLTOP, *The Detroit Sunday News*, January 30; SNOW, *The Detroit Sunday News*, January 2; SPRING SONG, *The Detroit Sunday News*, August 22, 1920; THE CITY CHILDREN, *The Detroit Sunday News*, April 17; TO A GIRL OF CHINATOWN, *The Detroit Sunday News*, October 10, 1920.
- Bowman, Forrest. DISILLUSION, *The Detroit Sunday News*, January 16.
- Boyd, Marion M. INDIAN SUMMER, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920.
- Boogher, Susan M. CUMULATIVE DEATH, *Harper's Magazine*, February; FUGITIVE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920.
- Booth, Edward Townsend. TO AN AUTHENTIC PRIEST, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April; TO A NEW ENGLAND GIRL, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April.
- Bradford, Gamaliel. MY DELIGHT, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; THE COMFORTABLE GRAVE, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; WHOLESOME HELL, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920.
- Brant, Irving N. THE WILD ROSE, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, February.
- Bridges, Downham. ARGUMENT, *The Sonnet*, February; ENIGMA, *The Sonnet*, February; MANUMISSION, *The Sonnet*, February; REFUGE, *The Sonnet*, February.
- Bridgman, Amy Sherman. COLD, *Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921.
- Bronner, Jr., Leonard. INSPIRATION, *The Granite Monthly*, May.

- BROWN, Abbie Farwell. CIPHERS, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920; PIRATE TREASURE, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920.
- BROWN, Alice. APPLES, *Harper's Magazine*, February; THE EVER CHANGING, *Harper's Magazine*, July; THE ADVENTURER, *The North American Review*, January.
- Brownsell, Baker. THE WAVE, *The Dial*, December, 1920.
- Bryher, W. WILD ROSE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920.
- Bugbee, Perley R. A METEOR HEADSTONE, *The Granite Monthly*, December, 1920; THE HILLSIDE'S CHIEF, *The Granite Monthly*, May.
- Bunker, John. THE INN, *The Catholic World*, November, 1920.
- Bunner, Anne. THE SIXTY-NINTH OF THE "FRAGMENTS" OF SAPPHO, *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1920.
- Burnaby, Hugh. ON THE THAMES, *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1920.
- Burt, Maxwell Struthers. DUETTO: SUMMER, *Scribner's Magazine*, July.
- Burr, Amelia Josephine. ENOUGH FOR ME, *The Outlook*, March 16; ISLAND, *The Outlook*, July 6; THE LITTLE SON, *Scribner's Magazine*, April; THE WEDDING JOURNEY, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920; TWO SONGS, *Contemporary Verse*, January; TYPHOON, *The Bookman*, June; WARNING, *The Outlook*.
- Busch, Jr., Briton Niven. INARTICULATE, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920.
- Bynner, Witter. THE WANDERER, *The Nation*, January 12.
- Cades, Hazel Rawson. FEEL OF BRAMBLES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Cameron, Ian. A WOOD ASTER, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Cameron, Roy. DEAD, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921.
- Campbell, Constance. THE SONG OF RAIN AND THE HOMES OF THE DEAD, *The Century*, March.
- Campbell, Joseph. CHIAROSCURO, *The Measure*, July, 1921; THE CROWS, *The Freeman*, March 23; THE CURFEW, *The Freeman*, January 26.
- Carlin, Francis. AND WAS MADE WISE, *The Catholic World*, January; THE CARDINAL'S HAT, *The Catholic World*, May; THE GOOD SHEPHERDESS, *America*, December 25, 1920; THE SHEPHERD'S RETURN, *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, March 19; THE SIX WOUNDS, *The Catholic World*, March.
- Carpenter, Rhys. CARILLON, *Contemporary Verse*, April, 1921.

- Cary, Robert. POESY AND PENSE, *New Numbers*, March.
- Carrington, James B. MY LITTLE HOUSE OF DREAMS, *Scribner's Magazine*, July.
- Cassel, Miriam. SLAG, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, January.
- Caughey, Mary Lapsley. THEOCRITUS, *North American Review*, June.
- Chapman, John Jay. CLOUDS, *Scribner's Magazine*, August, 1920.
- Chappell, Jeanette. WHAT NEED TO FEAR, *Tempo*, June.
- Cheney-Nichols, Beth. SPRING, *The Century*, April.
- Christoph, Charles de Guire. HERONS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; IMPROVISATION, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; NEIGHBOR MOON, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; OLD PLACES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; PROFILE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; THOUGHT OF WOMEN, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Ciolkowska, Muriel. BACKWATER (A Children's Tale), *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; PRESENCE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; SNOW, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- Clark, Jr., B. Preston. YOUTH, *The Outlook*, September 1, 1920; TWILIGHT, *Everybody's Magazine*, June.
- Clark, Martha Haskell. IN IRISH RAIN, *Scribner's Magazine*, May; LITTLE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS, *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1920; THE CHILDREN, *The Outlook*, December 1, 1920.
- Clark, Thomas Curtis. REVELATION, *The Boston Transcript*, February 5; THE CHRISTIAN, *The Boston Transcript*, February 5; THE HAND THAT WROUGHT, *The Boston Transcript*, February 5.
- Clarkin, Lucy Gertrude. A PRAYER, *The Catholic World*, October, 1920.
- Cline, Leonard Lanson. CREPUSCULE, *The Detroit Sunday News*, December 19, 1920; SONNET (To an Unknown Lady Seen at the Theatre), *The Detroit Sunday News*, September 26, 1920; SUNSET (Onkama, Michigan), *The Detroit Sunday News*, September 5, 1920; TESTAMENT, *The Detroit Sunday News*, December 5, 1920; WAKEFULNESS, *The Detroit Sunday News*, January 30.
- Cloud, Virginia Woodward. LEAVES, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920.
- Cleghorn, Sarah N. THE SOCIALIST'S MARRIAGE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February.
- Coates, Grace Stone. THE INTRUDER, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April.



- Coates, Florence Earle. *THE VIOLIN*, *Scribner's Magazine*, February.
- Code, Grant H. *DEPARTED TRAVELERS*, *Tempo*, June; *FANCY A GARDEN*, *Tempo*, June; *GREENLIN—A BIOGRAPHY*, *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921.
- Coffin, Robert P. *DREAM FARM*, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920; *SUNDOWN*, *The Freeman*, March 2.
- Cole, M. R. *THE IMMORTAL SPARK*, *The Granite Monthly*, June.
- Coleman, Patrick. *EMPARADISED*, *The Catholic World*, November, 1920.
- Colum, Padraic. *AN INDIAN SHOWING FEATS*, *The New Republic*, October 13, 1920; *AUTUMN*, *The Dial*, June; *LABURNUMS*, *The Nation*, May 4; *MEN ON ISLANDS*, *The New Republic*, November 10, 1920; *LEGEND*, *The Dial*, October, 1920; *REMINISCENCE*, *The Yale Review*, April; *SWIFT'S PASTORAL* (A Story that Has for Its Background Saint Patrick's Purgatory), *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; *THE DEER*, *The New Republic*, November 10, 1920; *THE OLD TOY-BOOTH*, *The Measure*, May, 1921; *THE SISTER'S LULLABY*, *The Dial*, October, 1920; *THE WILD ASS*, *The Measure*, March, 1921.
- Congling, Grace Hazard. *DIARY WRITTEN ON PEONY PETALS*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920; "ISN'T IT TIME?" *The Measure*, March, 1921; *MT. TOM SUNSETS*, *BOX OF CORAL*, *HAREBELLS*, *SPRING DAY*, "WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?" *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920; *KEEPSAKE*, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920; *NOCTURNE*, *Everybody's Magazine*, March; *PRIMAVERAL*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; *THE DIFFERENT DAY*, *The Nation*, February 16; *THE FOUNTAIN*, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; *THE HERMIT THRUSH*, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; *TO HILDA OF HER ROSES*, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920.
- Conkling, Hilda. *HILL-ROADS*, *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, February 19; *NIGHT IS FORGOTTEN*, *The Nation*, February 16; "WHY DO YOU LOVE ME?" *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, February 19.
- Cook, Alice Carter. *SONNET*, *The Grinnell Review*, June; *STORM*, *The Grinnell Review*, June; *THE WILLOW IN A STORM*, *The Grinnell Review*, June.
- Cook, Harold. *LYRICS*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; *NOCTURNE*, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921.
- Cooke, Le Baron. *FANTASY*, *Tempo*, June; *LAUGHTER AND TEARS*, *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1920.

- Cooper, Belle. SONNET, TO RUDYARD KIPLING, *The Lyric West*, April.
- Corbin, Alice. BIRD SONG AND WIRE, *The Dial*, December, 1920; NEW MEXICO FOLK-SONGS (Translated and Original) CHRIST IS BORN IN BETHLEHEM (A New Mexico Nursery Rhyme), CHULA LA MANANA, COPLAS, CUNDIYO, EL COYOTITO, MADRE MARIA, MANZANITA, PETROLINO'S COMPLAINT, THE BALLAD OF MACARIO ROMERO, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920; THE ROAD, *The New Republic*, March 2; TREES AND HORSES, *The Dial*, December, 1920; TWO WAYS OF LOVE, *The Yale Review*, July.
- Cowdin, Jasper Barnett. ACHIEVEMENT, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, November, 1920.
- Cowley, Malcolm. ABOUT SEVEN O'CLOCK, *The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*, January 22.
- Cox, Eleanor Rogers. THE ASSUMPTION, *The Catholic World*, August, 1920.
- Crafton, Allen. CYCLE, *Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921; OCTOBER, *Everybody's Magazine*, October, 1920; WHAT DAWN BEAT AT THE HIDDEN DOOR OF HEAVEN? *Contemporary Verse*, January.
- Crane, Hart. BLACK TAMBOURINE, *The Double-Dealer*, June.
- Cranmer, Catharine. FAVOR, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920; UNMINDFUL, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, March.
- Crawford, Nelson Antrim. AROUND YOU MUSIC, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921.
- Creese, James. NO LYRE IS MINE, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921.
- Cros, Guy Charles. NOCTURNE, *The Dial*, September, 1920; VILLONESQUE, *The Dial*, September, 1920.
- Crotach, An. SAMHAIN, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920.
- Crowell, Jane C. ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, *The Catholic World*, September, 1920.
- Cummings, E. E. PUELLA MEA, *The Dial*, January.
- Cunningham, Nora B. WINTER, *Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921.
- Curry, Arthur R. THE JEWELER, *The Texas Review*, October, 1920.
- Cutting, Mary Stewart. TO A GREAT MAN, *Everybody's Magazine*, June.
- D., H. SIMAETHA, *Contact*; PHAEDRA REBUKES HIPPOLTA, *The Dial*, November, 1920; HELIOS, *The Dial*, November, 1920; PHAEDRA REMEMBERS CRETE, *The Dial*, November, 1920.

- D., L. ROSAMUND, ON HER PORTRAIT IN A PRIVATE GALLERY, *All's Well*, June.
- Dalton, Power. MY TORCH, *New Numbers*, March 28.
- Damon, S. Foster. A THOUGHT AFTER TAPS, *The North American Review*, October, 1920.
- Daniels, Earl. BENEATH A FLOWERING TREE, *Contemporary Verse*, April, 1921; FOR AMY LOWELL, *Contemporary Verse*, April, 1921.
- Dargan, Olive Tilford. FRANCESCA (1904-1917), *Scribner's Magazine*, August, 1920.
- Davidson, Gustav. I AM SO GREAT A LOVER, *New Numbers*, March 28; SOUVENIR, *New Numbers*, April 6.
- Davies, Mary Carolyn. A LEGEND, *New Numbers*, March 28; STRANGE FLOWERS, *Smith's Magazine*, June; THE WEAPON OF LAUGHTER, *New Numbers*, April 6; TWO-MEDICINE LAKE, *The Bookman*, April; WE TWO AND MARRIAGE, *The Century*, September, 1920.
- Davies, W. H. STRONG MOMENTS, *The New Republic*, November 10, 1920; WHERE SHE IS NOW, *The New Republic*, June 15.
- Davis, Christine Kerr. THE OULD FIDDLER, *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921; THE STAY AT HOME, *Scribner's Magazine*, January.
- Davis, Julia Johnson. "I LOVE ALL QUIET THINGS," *The Lyric*, June, 1921; THE DRYAD, *The Lyric*, April, 1921; TREASURE, *The Lyric*, May, 1921.
- Davison, Edward. A GRAVE, *The Outlook*, July 6; THE SWAN, *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*; THE SUNKEN CITY, *The Outlook*, November 10, 1920.
- Dawson, Mitchell. DINING ALONE, *The Double-Dealer*, June.
- De Acosta, Mercedes. TO VOULETTI, UNREALITY, LUMBERMAN, SOILED HANDS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Deacon, Anne. THE TRAVELLER, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920.
- de la Mare, Walter. AD INFINITUM, *The Measure*, May, 1921; KARMA, *The New Republic*, May 25; SUMMER DAWN, *The New Republic*, May 25; THE CORNER STONE, *The New Republic*, May 25; THE DREAMER, *The Measure*, May, 1921; THE SPECTRE, *The New Republic*, May 25; THE TRUTH OF THINGS, *The New Republic*, May 25; THE VOICE, *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, January 15; WHO? *The New Republic*, May 25.
- D'Emo, Leon. THE MIDDLE AGES, *The Century Magazine*, February.
- Dennen, Grace Atherton. A SONG OF THREE HARBORS, *The Lyric West*, April.

- Deutsch, Barrette. FESTIVAL, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921; FOURTH DIMENSION, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; FUGITIVE, *The Century*, June; KNOWLEDGE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; OVERTONES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; PENREB'S TOMB, *The New Republic*; REFLECTIONS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; WAYS OF LOVE, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921.
- Dickinson, Emily. A ROSE, *The Lyric*, June, 1921.
- Dismorr, Blanche. CHARLOTTE BRONTE (On Reading Her Letters to M. Héger), *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- Divine, Charles. A PLEASANT TRADE IN SPRING, *Contemporary Verse*, April, 1921; PARIS: THE SEINE AT NIGHT, *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921; A BEGGAR, *Smart Set*, December, 1920; A NEGLECTED CHURCH IN SPAIN, *Leslies*, March 19; TONIGHT YOU CAME TO ME, *Telling Tales*, April; I'D MAKE A NECKLACE FOR YOUR THROAT, *Telling Tales*, May.
- Dobson, Austin. TO A LYRIC POET, *The Century*, October, 1920.
- Dodge, Louis. DISCOVERY, *Scribner's Magazine*, March.
- Dodd, Lee Wilson. AGE AND YOUTH, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April; RIDDLE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April.
- Dolloff, Amy J. THE MESSENGER, *The Granite Monthly*, January.
- Dombey. UNITAS, *Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921.
- Dorset, E. LOYALTY, *Harper's Magazine*, February.
- Dorris, Frances. THE ORGAN, *New Numbers*, April.
- Dos Passos, John. JARDIN DES TUILERIES, *The Dial*, June; ON POETIC COMPOSITION, *The Dial*, June.
- Doughty, Leonard. CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME (Three Sonnets), *Alf's Well*, April.
- Douglas, James Lee. THE FATHER OF CREATION, *The Grinnell Review*, January; THE GORILLA MAN, *The Grinnell Review*, January; THE MOTHER OF THE PLAINS, *The Grinnell Review*, March.
- Douglas, Wm. THE DUKE, *The Measure*, May, 1921.
- Dransfield, Jane. MOONLIGHT, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; SEARCHLIGHT, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920.
- Dresbach, Glenn Ward. DESERT SHADOW SONGS, *The Measure*, May, 1921; GOODNIGHT SONG, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; MEADOW BROOK, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, April; RIVER SONGS, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*,

- July; SONGS IN THE DESERT, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; SONGS WHILE THE PRAIRIE WHISPERS, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, October, 1920; THE COLONEL'S LADY, *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1920; THE CROW'S NEST, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920; TO ONE BELOVED, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- Drinkwater, John. A LESSON TO MY GHOST, *The North American Review*, November, 1920; ABSENCE, *The Yale Review*, April; AGAINST TREASON, *The Nation*, December 29, 1920; FAIRFORD NIGHTINGALES, *Scribner's Magazine*, March; HEREAFTER, *The Yale Review*, April; PORTIA'S HOUSEKEEPING, *The Dial*, January; THE DYING PHILOSOPHER TO HIS FIDDLER, *The Century Magazine*, January; THE TOLL-GATE HOUSE, *Scribner's Magazine*, May; UNION, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; VOCATION, *Scribner's Magazine*, March.
- Driscoll, Louise. FRUIT TREES, *Tempo*, June; IMMORTALITY, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; LATE AUTUMN, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; MOON GIFT, *Tempo*, June; THE DESERT HAS ONE GOD, *The Sonnet*, December, 1920; THE SPINET, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; THREE POEMS: LUCK, *Contemporary Verse*, June.
- E., S. M. THE GIFT OF SHAMROCKS, *The Catholic World*, March.
- Earle, Betty. SPIRIT, *Tempo*, June.
- Eberle, Irmengrade. CONCEPTION *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921.
- Eddy, Lucy. RIDER OF SUN FIRE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920.
- Eddy, Ruth Bassett. IN THE COUNTRY, *The Granite Monthly*, July; UNSATISFIED, *The Granite Monthly*, February; THE DANCE, *Overland Monthly*; OUT OF COLLEGE, *Town Topics*; HER BOW, *Judge*; ON THE FENCE, *Judge*; WOOD GLIMPSES, *Kansas City Star*; THE RIVER ROAD, *Springfield Republican*; COMME IL FAUT, *Springfield Republican*; YOU ARE THE SPRING, *New York Sun*; IMPRESSIONS, *Browning's Magazine*.
- Eden, Helen Parry. THE STAR: A CAROL FOR TWELFTH NIGHT, *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, January 8.
- Edholm, Charlton L. CITY WINDOWS, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920.
- Eldridge, Paul. DON JUAN (The Butterfly's Tragedy), *New Numbers*, March 28; THE SCARECROW, *New Numbers*,

- March 28; WISDOM, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, October, 1920; THE MOUNTAINS, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, October, 1920.
- England, George Allan. "NO VALUE," *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921.
- English, Thomas Hopkins. THE WESTERN WINDOW IN PROCTOR HALL OF THE GRADUATE COLLEGE IN PRINCETON, *Scribner's Magazine*, August, 1920.
- Eskew, Garnett Laidlaw. SHIPS IN HAMPTON ROADS, *N. Y. Evening Post*, April 8; THE DAUGHTER OF THE STARS, *N. Y. Evening Post*, April 12.
- Esler, Elizabeth Barnett. THE HOLY HOUSE, *The Catholic World*, September, 1920.
- Fagin, N. Bryllion. PHILOSOPHERS ALL, *The Literary Review, The N. Y. Evening Post*, March 12.
- Fahnestock, Elizabeth Bertron. LULLABY, *The Outlook*, April 6.
- Farnsworth, Dorothy McPherson. REBELLION, *Scribner's Magazine*, May.
- Farrar, John. EGO, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921.
- Felshin, Jo. LONELY, *The Bookman*, March.
- Fennell, Charles. POE, *Tempo*, June.
- Fenton, Carroll Lane. "E BE THAN," *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April.
- Ferril, Thomas Hornsby. SPACE—AFTER SUPPER, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920; THE UNCUT PAGE, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Ficke, Arthur Davison. DON QUIXOTE, *The North American Review*, December, 1920; HOLY WRIT, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; LEAF-MOVEMENT, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April; OLD WIVES' TALES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; PERSPECTIVE OF CO-ORDINATION, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April; THE BOOK OF LU T'ANG CHU, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; THE MIDDLE YEARS, *The North American Review*, May; WORLD BEYOND WORLD, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April.
- Field, Ben. SALTON SEA, *The Lyric West*, April.
- Finley, John. THE FIRST KNIGHT OF THE HOLY CROSS, *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1920; THE WHITE ACRES IN FRANCE, *N. Y. Times Book Review*, May 29.
- Fisher, Stokely S. THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH, *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921.
- Fisher, Mahlon Leonard. BLINDED, *The Sonnet*, December, 1920; CHIEF IN MY HEART, *The Sonnet*, March-April;

- THE GARDEN-SPIDER'S WEB, *The Nation*, July 20; THE QUESTIONERS, *The Sonnet*, December, 1920.
- Flanner, Hildegarde. ALLEGIANCE, *The Bookman*, March; COMMUNION, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; PRELUDE, *The Measure*, July, 1921.
- Fletcher, John Gould. THE MOON'S ORCHESTRA, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; THE SILENCE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; THE STEVEDORES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; THE WANDERER, *The New Republic*, September 22, 1920.
- Fletcher, Louisa. MANDARIN RED, *Harper's Magazine*, May.
- Flexner, Hortense. FOREBODING, *The North American Review*, October, 1920; THE HUNT, *The Measure*, April, 1921; PURCHASE (Certain Letters Written by Lorenzo de Medici Are Sold at Auction), *Harper's Magazine*, November, 1920.
- Foster, George A. MY BABY, *The Granite Monthly*, June.
- Foster, K. K. RESURRECTION, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, March.
- Frank, Florence Kiper. ELF-CHILD, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920; SLEEP THE MOTHER, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920.
- Frazee-Bower, Helen. COLER-MOOD, *Everybody's Magazine*, August, 1920; COME HITHER, WIND! *Everybody's Magazine*, March.
- Freeman, Joseph. AFFIRMATIONS, *New Numbers*, March 28; FRIENDLINESS, *New Numbers*, April 6; I SHALL LOVE YOU, *The Liberator*; ISOLATION, *New Numbers*, April 16; JEALOUSIES, *New Numbers*, April 6; NOT ONLY ROSES, *The Nation*, July 20; RENUNCIATION, *New Numbers*, April 6; TREASON, *New Numbers*, April 6; WHITE STARS, BRIGHT STARS, *New Numbers*, April 6.
- Frost, Robert. A BROOK IN THE CITY, *The New Republic*, March 9; A HILLSIDE THAW, *The New Republic*, April 6, 1921; BLUE-BUTTERFLY DAY, *The New Republic*, March 6; THE AIM WAS SONG, *The Measure*, March, 1921; THE CENSUS TAKER, *The New Republic*, April 6, 1921; THE ONSET, *The Yale Review*, January; THE PAUPER WITCH OF GRAFTON, *The Nation*, April 13; SNOW DUST, *The Yale Review*, January; A STAR IN A STONE-BOAT, *The Yale Review*, January; MISGIVING, *The Yale Review*, January; THE NEED OF BEING VERSED IN COUNTRY THINGS, *Harper's Magazine*, December, 1920; WILD GRAPES, *Harper's Magazine*, December, 1920; FIRE AND ICE,

- Harper's Magazine*, December, 1920; *THE VALLEY'S SINGING DAY*, *Harper's Magazine*, December, 1920.
- Fujita, Jun. *A LEAF*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; *DECEMBER MOON*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; *ECHO*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; *MAY MOON*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; *NOVEMBER*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; *SPRING*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; *STORM*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; *TO ELIZABETH*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June.
- Funk, Marian Nevin. *SHE GAVE ME WATER*, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920.
- Galahad, Joseph Andrew. *THE PINES OF LEBANON*, *The North American Review*, March, 1921; *VANGUARD*, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921.
- Gammans, Harold W. *MANGUA OF HOKUSAI LIGHT BRIDGES*, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Garnett, Louise Ayres. *EARTH-SONG*, *The Outlook*, December 22, 1920; *NORAH EN DE ARK*, *The Outlook*, December 15, 1920; *SILHOUETTE*, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; *SUMMER MUSIC*, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; *THE CAPTIVE*, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; *WHITE SHADOWS*, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920.
- Garrison, Theodosia. *NOVEMBER*, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920; *THE GRANDCHILD*, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920.
- Gaw, Ethellean Tyson. *A BARNEGAT LOVE-SONG*, *Scribner's Magazine*, August, 1920.
- Geddes, Virgil. *IN MEMORIAM*, *Tempo*, June; *RODIN'S THINKER*, *Tempo*, June; *TO F. C.*, *Tempo*, June.
- George, Legare. *BREAKERS*, *The Dial*, October, 1920.
- Gessler, Clifford Franklin. *BLUE DRUMS*, *New Numbers*, March 28; *CHICAGO*, *The Grinnell Review*, February; *EXORCISM*, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, April; *EYES*, *New Numbers*, March 28; *INTERLUDE*, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, January; *LOOP MORNING*, *The Grinnell Review*, December, 1920; *NEVERTHELESS*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; *PRAYER*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; *YOUR HORSES*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; *SPRING LONGINGS*, *The Grinnell Review*, August, 1920; *SHOLTO STREET*, *The Grinnell Review*, December, 1920; *VAN BUREN STREET CAR*, *The Grinnell Review*, December, 1920; *TWO SONNETS OF MEMORIES*, *The Grinnell Review*, January.
- Giffin, Clare. *A SONG AT LEAVE-TAKING*, *Scribner's Magazine*, January.



- Gifford, Fannie Stearns. *APOLOGY, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March; *DEATH IN THE SUN, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March; *THE PUPIL TO HIS MASTER, The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*, March 12, 1921.
- Gilbert, Morris. *THE BOULGHAR DAGH, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June.
- Gilchrist, Marie Emille. *AFTER MUSIC, The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, September, 1920.
- Gile, Blanche F. *LITTLE THINGS, To-Day's Housewife*, May.
- Giltinan, Caroline. *INTERPRETED, The Boston Transcript*; *MAGDALEN, The Catholic World*, March; *RECEPTION, Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; *THE CALL, The Catholic World*, May; *THE VISITOR, The Catholic World*, August, 1920; *TRIUMPH, Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920.
- Ginsburg, Louis. *NOCTURNE, Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Glasgow, Julia. *ESTHER, The American Hebrew*, March 18.
- Glaenzer, Richard Butler. *THE REAL PACHYDERM, The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, November, 1920; *TREES, The Red Cross Magazine*, October, 1920.
- Going, Charles Buxton. *SPRING-SONG OF A SHUT-IN, Everybody's Magazine*, April; *THE FIGUREHEAD, Everybody's Magazine*, October, 1920.
- Golding, Louis. *NUMBERS, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July.
- Goodman, Blanche. *FROM THE JOURNAL OF CHO-SHI-CHUN, Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921.
- Gordon-Roby, Maude. *A SONG OF SPRING, The Granite Monthly*, May; *ETERNITY HATH NO AGE, The Granite Monthly*, March.
- Gordon, Elizabeth Hope. *PIPES OF PAN, The Granite Monthly*, June.
- Gore, Russell. *WHERE MUSIC STEALS UPON YOU, The Detroit Sunday News*, June 5.
- Gould, Wallace. *DIVERSION, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920; *POSTLUDE, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920; *THE LAST TABLEAU, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920; *THE PILGRIMAGE, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920.
- Guiterman, Arthur. *SEX, The Nation*, May 4.
- Gummere, Richard Mott. *YOUTH RESILIENT, Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921.
- Guyol, Louise Patterson. *STAR-FLOWERS, The Granite Monthly*, February.
- Gwathmey, Margaret Cabell. *LIVING, The Lyric*, July, 1921; *MY HEART AND I, The Lyric*, April, 1921; *OMISSION, The Lyric*, June, 1921.

- Gray, Agnes Kendrick. A BALLAD OF SHAWN THE RHYMER, *Contemporary Verse*, June; AFTER WHISTLER, *The Measure*, June, 1921.
- Greenhood, David. THANKS FOR A SEASON, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; THE WORKER, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920.
- Griffith, William. ON USING THE SUN AND MOON, *All's Well*, February; ORIGINS, *The Double-Dealer*, June.
- Grudsky, Leo. FAMILY PORTRAIT, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920; IN THE MIRROR, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920; MELODRAMA, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920.
- Hagedorn, Hermann. THE MAN WHO SANG, *The Outlook*, April 12, 1921.
- Hall, Amanda Benjamin. IDYL, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920; NOCTURNE, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920; ROMANCE, *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1920; THE CANARY, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920; TO A WAYFARER, *Contemporary Verse*, July, 1921; TO ONE WHO PASSED (H. I. L.), *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920.
- Hall, Carolyn. FRITZ KREISLER, *The Measure*, June, 1921; PRESAGE, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, October, 1920; NEW ROSES, *The Bookman*, June; RAIN-SOUNDS, *New York Evening Post*, May 14.
- Hall, Hazel. A BOY WENT BY, *The Century*, October, 1920; COWARDICE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; CROSS STITCH, *New Numbers*, April 6; FILET CROCHET, *New Numbers*, March 28; FLASH, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; HEAVY THREADS, *New Numbers*, March 28; INSTRUCTION, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; LATE SEWING, *New Numbers*, March 28; LONELINESS, *Contemporary Verse*, January; RIPPING, *New Numbers*, April 6; RUNNING STITCHES, *New Numbers*, April 6; SANDS, *The Measure*, March, 1921; STAIRWAYS, *Contemporary Verse*, January; SUNLIGHT THROUGH A WINDOW, *Contemporary Verse*, January; THE GRAY VEIL, *Contemporary Verse*, January; THREE POEMS, *Contemporary Verse*, July; THREE SONGS FOR SEWING, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; TO A DOOR, *Contemporary Verse*, January; YOUR CAMISOLE, *New Numbers*, April 6; YOUTH, *The Dial*, September, 1920.

- Hallam, Robert. GUIDES, *The Granite Monthly*, June.
- Hardin, Charlotte. RAGPICKER, *The Detroit Sunday News*, February 20; THE DOUBLE TAKING, *The Detroit Sunday News*, July 24; THE RUSTLING FOREST, *The Detroit Sunday News*, February 27.
- Hartley, Marsden. CANTICLE FOR OCTOBER, *Contact*; THE CRUCIFIXING OF NOEL, *The Dial*, April.
- Harvey, Shirley. CAMILLA SINGS, *The Granite Monthly*, March.
- Haste, Gwendolen. NAMES, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, January.
- Hatton, Annie S. NEW HAMPSHIRE, *The Granite Monthly*, July.
- Head, Jerome. "THAT I DO LOVE YOU," *The Measure*, April, 1921.
- Heller, Samuel. A ROBIN, *The Lyric*, April, 1921.
- Helton, Roy. MAY JONES TAKES THE AIR (The Nation's Prize Poem), *The Nation*, February 9.
- Henderson, Daniel. A TEST FOR POETS, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920; A TRAINMAN, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920; DALLIANCE, *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1920; SONGS FROM GENESIS: I. JACOB WRESTLES WITH AN ANGEL, II. JUBAL, *Contemporary Verse*, July; NIGHT PICTURE, *The Bookman*, February; PILGRIM MOTHERS, *The Outlook*, September 15, 1920; REPENTANCE, *The Bookman*, March; THE SCULPTOR (A Chaplain Speaks), *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1920.
- Henderson, Rose. NESTS, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921; TEWA CORN DANCE, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, December, 1920; THE DREAM, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921; THE SUN GOD, *Everybody's Magazine*, June.
- Henry, Thomas Millard. ODE TO PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, *The Negro World*, January 1.
- Hepburn, E. MacAlister. ONE KISS, *New Numbers*, March 28.
- Hersey, Marie Louise. THE WEAKER SEX, *The Boston Transcript*, May 7; TO ROBINSON CRUSOE, *Smith's Magazine*, June.
- Heyward, Du Bose. GAMESTERS ALL, *Contemporary Verse*, April.
- Hickey, Emily. IMMACULATE, ORA PRO NOBIS, *The Catholic World*, January.
- Hill, Frank Ernest. BORASAN, *The Measure*, June, 1921; UPPER AIR, *The New Republic*, November 10, 1920;

- THE ABIDING MOMENT, *The Measure*, March, 1921;  
THE EARTH WILL STAY THE SAME, *The Nation*, June 29.
- Hillman, Gordon Malherbe. FOG, *The Christian Science Monitor*, May 21; MEMPHIS, *Contemporary Verse*, April, 1921; MONTREAL, *Motion Picture Classic*, May; SAN FRANCISCO, *Contemporary Verse*, April, 1921; TEA SHIPS, *Adventure*, September 3, 1920; THE FIRST COMMAND, *The Open Road*, February; THE FISH PATROL, *The Christian Science Monitor*, March 26; SEA TURN, *The Christian Science Monitor*, June 7; THE SHIP TURNS HOME, *Adventure*, April 3; THE TRAMP, *The Open Road*, October, 1920; THE WILD GESE, FROM THE CHINESE OF CHUN YU SENG, *Contemporary Verse*, April, 1921; TYPHOON, *Adventure*, March 3; YELLOWHEAD PASS, *The Christian Science Monitor*, January 13.
- Hillyer, Robert. A LETTER, *Harper's Magazine*, June; DISILLUSION, *The Measure*, April, 1921; FOG, *The Measure*, April, 1921; FLOWER-MARKET, COPENHAGEN, *The Outlook*, February 22; INTERLUDE, *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921.
- Hoffman, C. Gouverneur. CLOUDS, *Scribner's Magazine*, June.
- Holbrook, Wear. IN WHICH A POET SLIPS THE BLUE ENVELOPE TO HIS LADY LOVE, *The Writer's Monthly*, April; MINOR POETS, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Holley, Horace. THE FOOL, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February.
- Hollis, Barbara. DESTINY, *The Granite Monthly*, July; HOME BUILDERS, *The Granite Monthly*, June.
- Holmes, Charles Nevers. AFTER THE SNOW STORM, *The Granite Monthly*, February.
- Horton, Dabney. THE WINGED SOUL, *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1920.
- Hough, Mary E. APRIL, *The Granite Monthly*, April; DAY-TIME, *The Granite Monthly*, June.
- Howe, M. A. De Wolfe. THE MUSIC GARDEN, *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1920.
- Hoyt, Helen Underwood. MOUNTAIN-MORNING, *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1920; TO "A SHROPSHIRE LAD," *The Measure*, June, 1921.
- Hoyt, Morton. SEX LEBRIS, *The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*, March 12.
- Huckfield, Leyland. CERAMICS, *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921; LAST LOAD HOME, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, March; OIL OF MAN (English

- Folk-Lore), *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, March; RIDING WEST, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, January; SPELL OF THE RIVER, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, January; THE LAND OF PLUMS, *Contemporary Verse*, April; TO A PARAKEET, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, February.
- Hudson, Hoyt H. IN THE CITY, *The Grinnell Review*, June.
- Hueffer, Ford Madox. A HOUSE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March.
- Hughes, Richard. THE SINGING FURIES (To M. B.), *The Dial*, June.
- Hume, Isabel. THE CURIOUS EYES, *The North American Review*, February.
- Huntington, Julia Weld. OFF THE HIGHWAY, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- Hutchinson, Hazel C. ADORATION, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- Hussey, Jennie E. THE HARBINGER OF SPRING, *The Granite Monthly*, April.
- Hyatt, Jr., Jack. SIDEWALK SPECTRES, *Tempo*, June.
- I. M. LINES ON WATT'S "HOPE" IN THE TATE GALLERY, *The Catholic World*, January.
- Jackson, Winifred Virginia. A LAD O' SIXTY-ONE, *Sunday Post Magazine*, February 27; BABY BLUEBIRD, *The Brownies' Book*, July; BOBBY'S WISHES, *Brownies' Book*, December, 1920; BROWN LEAVES, *The Crisis*, July, 1920; DORA OF AURORA, *The Boston Post*, December 12, 1920; DRIFTWOOD AND FIRE, *The National Magazine*, February; EYES, *The Conservative*, June; FINALITY, *The Conservative*, June; LONELINESS, *The Crisis*, February; THE BONNET, *The National Magazine*, March; THE COBBLER IN THE MOON, *The Conservative*, June; THE HOWL-WIND, *The Brownie's Book*, December, 1920; THE LAST HOUR, *Sunday Post Magazine*; THE PURCHASE, *The Conservative*, June; THE TRICKY TUNE, *The Conservative*, June; VALUES, *The Crisis*, November, 1920; WAITING FOR BETTY, *Sunday Post Magazine*, March 20, 1921; WHEN THE WOODS CALL, *Sunday Post Magazine*, December 12, 1920; A DEAFNESS, *The Conservative*, June; HOOFIN' IT, *The Conservative*, June.
- James, Luther. THE VIOLIN, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Janson, Ellen. CHINESE NIGHT SONG, *The Measure*, April, 1921; JAPANESE NIGHT SONG, *The Measure*, April, 1921; "SHADOWY—UNDER MY WINDOW," *The Measure*, April, 1921.

- Jenkins, Oliver. AN OLD COLONIAL HOUSE, *The Pagan Magazine*, April; DREAM-PICTURES, *The Motion Picture Magazine*, April; GIRL ETCHINGS, *The Pagan Magazine*, April; LOVE AUTUMNAL, *Tempo*, June; POPPY-TIME IN THE ARCTIC, *The Open Road*, September, 1920; REGRET, *The Boston Transcript*, November 18, 1920.
- Jennings, Leslie Nelson. CONCLUSION, *The Sonnet*, September-October, 1920; EIDOLON, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March; SALUTE! W. M. R., *All's Well*, June.
- Jesson, Frederick Shea. A CERTAIN GIRL, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920; EARTH-SONG, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920; THE ARCHER, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920.
- Johnson, James Weldon. THE CREATION (A Negro Sermon), *The Freeman*, December 1, 1920.
- Johnson, Josephine. BLACK, BLACK THE NIGHT, *The Lyric*, July, 1921; HER GARDEN, *The Lyric*, June, 1921; LIFE, *The Lyric*, May, 1921.
- Johnston, William. FANTASY, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, December, 1920.
- Johnstone, Julian E. JEHOVAH! *The Catholic World*, December, 1920.
- Jones, Howard Mumford. ARTEMIS, *The Freeman*, February 9; IMPERFECT TRIBUTE, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; METAPHYSICS, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; ROMANCE, *The Freeman*, April 6; SOLITARY, *All's Well*, May.
- Jones, Ruth Lambert. MEASURE, *Everybody's Magazine*, August, 1920.
- Jones, Jr., Thomas S. JERUSALEM, *The Boston Transcript*, March 26; NIGHT IN THE GARDEN, *The Boston Transcript*, April 2; THE VIGIL: LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY, *The Boston Transcript*, March 12.
- Josephson, Matthew. THE LAST LADY, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- Kemp, Harry. THE FIDDLER, *The Century*, September, 1920.
- Kemper, S. H. THE CONVALESCENT, *Harper's Magazine*, September, 1920.
- Kenyon, Bernice Lesbia. A SONG IN SEPTEMBER, *The Granite Monthly*, January; ART, *Munsey's Magazine*, March; AUTUMN, *The Sonnet*, September-October, 1920; AWAKENING, *The Christian Science Monitor*, May 4; GREEN TWILIGHT, *The Christian Science Monitor*, March 31; IN A CONSERVATORY, *The New Republic*, March 2; NEW RAIMENT, *Contemporary Verse*, May 21; NIGHT SAILING, *The Outlook*, July 20; SNOW-TRAIL, *The Granite Monthly*, January.

- Kenyon, Theda. A GARGOYLE IN FLANDERS, *The North American Review*, September, 1920.
- Kilmer, Aline. CHARMIAN'S SONG, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; FOR ALL LADIES OF SHALLOTT, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; THE GIFT, *The Outlook*, June 22; THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; THE STIRRUP CUP, *The Lyric*, July; TO SAPPHO, ABOUT HER APPLE, *The Lyric*, June; TRIBUTE, *Scribner's Magazine*, March.
- King, Jr., James Gore. THE HARVARD 1920 CLASS POEM, *The Outlook*, August 4, 1920.
- Kling, Joseph. QUASI ADAGIO, *Tempo*, June.
- Kreymborg, Alfred. BOOMERANG, *The Nation*, February 16; LITTLE EGO, *The Measure*, March, 1921; MONOCLES, *The Dial*, June; PEOPLE READ BOOKS, *The Bookman*, February; TURTLES, *The Dial*, June.
- Kuder, Blanche Bane. GOD LOVED A GARDEN, *The Outlook*, August 11, 1920.
- L., D. K. VACHEL LINDSAY, *The Detroit Sunday News*, January 28.
- Ladd, Virginia B. A FEBRUARY AFTERNOON, *The Granite Monthly*, February.
- Lahey, C. S. C., Thomas A. THE HARP THAT ONCE THRU TARA'S HALLS, *The Catholic World*, February.
- Laird, William. A LIST OF LYRICS, *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1920; NEW LOVE, *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1920; OH, WHEN I DIE, *Contemporary Verse*, August 20.
- Lampson, Frederick Locker. SOME UNPUBLISHED SKETCHES AND POEMS, *Scribner's Magazine*, April.
- Laramore, Vivian Yeiser. JUNE JOY, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1920; LITTLE LEAVES, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921.
- Larsson, R. Ellsworth. COMMUNION, *Tempo*, June.
- Lawless, Margaret H. THE MIGHTY RULER, *St. Anthony's Messenger*, October, 1920; THE OTHER NINE, *St. Anthony's Messenger*, November, 1920; OUR DEAD, *C. L. of C. Index*, November, 1920; LATE ROSES, *Rosary Magazine*, November, 1920; SONG OF THE FROST, *St. Anthony's Messenger*, January; FAITH'S OFFERING, *The Magnificat*, June.
- Lawrence, D. H. POMEGRANITE, *The Dial*, March, 1921; THE APOSTOLIC BEASTS, *The Dial*, April; THE MOSQUITO, *The Bookman*, July.
- Leamy, Edmund. DAISY FIELDS, *Everybody's Magazine*, June; THE DREAM DESTROYED, *Everybody's Magazine*, April.

- Lear, Althine Scholess. OPPORTUNITY, *The Granite Monthly*, June.
- Le Cron, Helen Cowles. THINGS, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Lee, Harry. MARTYRDOM, *The Catholic World*, November, 1920; THE LETTER-CARRIER, *The Outlook*, June 1; THE SHRINE, *The Catholic World*, May; THE SOURCE, *The Catholic World*, August, 1920; WINDS FROM HEAVEN, *The Outlook*, March 16.
- Le Gallienne, Hesper. MATINAL, *Harper's Magazine*, August, 1920.
- Le Gallienne, Richard. A LOVER'S WARNING, *Harper's Magazine*, June; ANIMA MUNDI, *Harper's Magazine*, March; LOVE'S ARITHMETIC, *Harper's Magazine*, February.
- Leitch, Mary Sinton. REMEMBRANCE, *The Lyric*, April, 1921; WAITING, *The Lyric*, July, 1921; THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE, *The Lyric*, June, 1921.
- Lemont, Jessie. NOTRE DAME CHAPELLE, *The Catholic World*, June; SPORT OF THE GODS, *The Measure*, July, 1921.
- LeNoir, Phil. DOWN ON THE OL' BAR-G, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920; OL' DYNAMITE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920; THE PUNCHER POET, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920.
- Leonard, Clair T. FINIS, *The Granite Monthly*, January; MEMOIRIES, *The Granite Monthly*, March.
- Leonard, O. H. THE THUNDER STORM, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Leonard, William Ellery. EX PONTO, *Tempo*, June; THE LYNCHING BEE, *The Nation*, December 29, 1920.
- Letts, W. M. THE CHILDREN'S GHOSTS, *The Yale Review*, October, 1920.
- Levinson, Ronald, and Malcolm Cowley. WELLS' SPRINGS OF HISTORY: THE MAKING OF OUR WORLD; THE BEGINNINGS OF LIFE; THE ANCIENT EAST; HELLENIC CULTURE; THE GARRULOUS AGE; THE MORAL VALUE OF ROME; SIDELIGHTS ON THE DARK AGES; THE RENAISSANCE; FIRST GLIMPSES OF A WELLSIAN CIVILIZATION; BULLETINS ON THE PERIOD FROM LUTHER TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION; ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; IRELAND FROM 500 B. C. TO THE PRESENT DAY; A CELEBRATION OF MODERN TIMES; MODERN MAN FORGETS HIMSELF; THE CATASTROPHE OF 1914; A SONG OF THE WORLD THAT IS TO BE; EPILOGUE, *The Literary Review, The N. Y. Evening Post*, March 19.
- Lewis, Charlton M. PYGMALION, *The Yale Review*, July.



- Lockwood, Harriette L. ARGUING WITH PEGASUS, *The Writer's Monthly*, March.
- Long, Haniel. PITTSBURG: A CLEAR DAY, *Tempo*, June; PROUD CITIES, *Tempo*, June; THE MASKEE, *Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921; THE NEW MOON, *Tempo*, June.
- Longley, Snow. MID-ATLANTIC, *The Lyric West*, April; IN SPRING, *The Lyric West*, April.
- Loucks, Allan P. IN THE CITY OF THE SILVER LOTUS, *The Detroit Sunday News*, September 19, 1920.
- Low, Benjamin R. C. AFTER A TRIP FROM ALBANY BY NIGHT BOAT, *Scribner's Magazine*, August, 1920; THE TOO HIGH, *Harper's Magazine*, June.
- Lowell, Amy. A DIMENSION, *The Bookman*, April; AFTER-GLOW, *The Bookman*, April; BASKET DANCE, *The Dial*, September, 1920; MANY SWANS, SUN MYTH OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS, *The North American Review*, August, 1920; MORNING SONG, WITH DRUMS, *The New Republic*, October 6, 1920; PRAYER FOR LIGHTNING, *The Dial*, September, 1920; PRAYER FOR A PROFUSION OF SUNFLOWERS, *The Dial*, September, 1920; THE DAY THAT WAS THAT DAY, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920; TWENTY-FOUR HOKKU ON A MODERN THEME, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; WOMEN'S HARVEST SONG, *The Dial*, September, 1920; WOMEN'S SONG OF THE CORN, *The Dial*, September, 1920.
- Lowrey, Perrin Holmes. AUTUMN TWILIGHT, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; GOLDEN ROD, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920.
- Loy, Mina. MEXICAN DESERT, *The Dial*, June.
- Lummis, Charles F. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK, *The Lyric West*, April.
- MacDonald, Jessie. A PRAYER, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March.
- MacDougall, Allan Ross. BOUNCING BELINDA, *The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*, January 22.
- MacIntyre, Carlyle Fern. THE INFORMING SPIRIT, *The Nation*, April 27.
- MacMahan, Anne D. A WHAT NOT, *The Writer's Monthly*, February.
- McAlmon, Robert. FORM DESTRUCTIONIST: SCULPTOR, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; SURF OF THE DEAD SEA, *Contact*; TODAY'S MUSIC, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; WHITE MALES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920.

- McCarthy, John Russell. A MAN WALKING, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920; MARCH, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921.
- McClellan, Walter. THE EEL-SPEAKER, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920; TOLSTI'S GOOD-BYE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- McClure, John. LE BOUNE CHANSON, *The Century*, August, 1920; WITH ALL THEIR VESSELS, *The Double-Dealer*, June.
- McCluskey, Katherine Wisner. A FOLLOWER, *Contemporary Verse*, July; A SECRET, *Contemporary Verse*, July; "FOWL THAT MAY FLY ABOVE THE EARTH," *Contemporary Verse*, July, 1921; HOME-COMING, *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1920; THE BIRD AND THE BROOK, *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1920.
- McCormick, Virginia. A BAUDELAIRE, *The Lyric*, July, 1921; FOR BEAUTY DOES NOT DIE, *The Lyric*, June, 1921; DAYS OF HAPPINESS, *The Lyric*, May, 1921; MEADOWS AT NIGHT, *The Lyric*, May, 1921; PERFECTION, *The Lyric*, April, 1921.
- McCreary, Frederick R. OLD AGE, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920; THE FOREMAN, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- McGaffey, Ernest. BALLADE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, *The Lyric West*, April; MOLLY BY THE SHORE, *The Lyric West*, April.
- McKenny, Margaret. ARCTIC MEMORY, *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921; ARCTIC SUMMER, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921; ICE, *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921.
- McMullen, Mary F. A QUINCE TREE IN BLOOM, *The Lyric*, May, 1921.
- McVickar, Dorothy. HEAPHY HERSELF, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- Mann, Stella Lucia. LAUDATIONS TO ANDY, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- March, J. M. AUTUMN PROPHECY, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920.
- Markham, Edwin. A SONG TO A TREE, *The Bookman*, July.
- Markham, Lucia Clark. "BEAUTY FOR ASHES," *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921; SONGS FOR A LITTLE GIRL IN HER GARDEN: I. MORNING SONG; II. THE HONEY-SUCKLE HEDGE, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921.
- Marks, Jeannette. AGAIN? *The North American Review*, April; DRAGON, *The Bookman*, May; DUST AND DREAMS, *The North American Review*, February.
- Marquis, Neeta. MARCH SONG, *The Lyric West*, April; TO THE SOUTH, *The Lyric West*, April.

- Masters, Edgar Lee. KEATS TO FANNY BRAWNE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Matson, Mabel Cornelia. CHRISTMAS WREATHS, *The Granite Monthly*, December, 1920; THERE IS A HOUSE UPON A HILL, *The Granite Monthly*, February.
- Mathers, E. Powys (trans.). FIVE AFGHAN LOVE SONGS, *The Dial*, October, 1920.
- Matthews, Emily W. MY LITTLE LOVE, *The Granite Monthly*, January; NATURE, *The Granite Monthly*, April.
- Mavity, Nancy Batt. A FRAGMENT FROM SAPPHO, *Contemporary Verse*, May; IN THE GARDEN, *Contemporary Verse*, May; "IN WHOSE SERVICE IS PERFECT FREEDOM," *Contemporary Verse*, May; LOST LANGUAGE, *Contemporary Verse*, May; THE HOME-MAKER, *The Century*, April.
- Maynard, Theodore. INSCRIPTION TO MY MOTHER, *Harper's Magazine*, February; PEACE AND JUSTICE, *The Outlook*, May 18; SONNET, *The Outlook*, November 3, 1920; TO DAME PAULA, O. S. B., *The Catholic World*, January.
- Meeker, Marjorie. DANCER, *All's Well*, May; PHOTOGRAPH OF YOU, *All's Well*, May; PORTRAIT BY RENAISSANCE, *All's Well*, May; THE WATERS, *The North American Review*, April.
- Meredith, Floyd. SHADOWS, *Tempo*, June.
- Merrell, Lloyd Frank. THE INFANT LOVE, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, March.
- Merten, Jack. CHILDREN AT PLAY, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920.
- Metzger, Ruth. MOONLIGHT PHANTASY, *The Granite Monthly*, January.
- Michelson, Max. THE HAUNTED HAT-SHOP, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February.
- Millay, Edna St. Vincent. LAMENT, *The Century*, March; PASSER MORTUUS EST, *The Century*, March; SONNET, *The Century*, March; TO A POET THAT DIED YOUNG, *The New Republic*.
- Miller, J. Corson. A BRIDE OF CHRIST, *The Catholic World*, October, 1920; ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *The Buffalo Enquirer*, February 12; ARCHITECTURE, *The Ave Maria*, April 30; ASPIRATION, *The Catholic World*, March; CONQUERORS: IN MEMORY OF JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT, *The Magnificat*, September, 1920; DUSK, *The Rosary Magazine*, April; EPHEMERAE, *The Forum*, February; EVENING, *The Boston Transcript*, April 27; HARVEST-MOON, *The Boston Transcript*, January 26; LET ME BE REMEMBERED! *Contemporary Verse*, April; MATER

- AMATA, *The Ave Maria*, February 12; PANORAMA, *The Boston Transcript*, February 9; THE CRUCIFIED, *The Ave Maria*, March 19; THE GREAT TREES OF CALIFORNIA, *The Forum*, October, 1920; THE HOME-LANE, *Shadowland*, February; THE KNIGHT-ERRANT, *America*, June 11; THE LOVER SPEAKS, *Shadowland*, February; TWILIGHT, *The Magnificat*, August, 1920; VALUES, *The Rosary Magazine*, February; THE RACING PIGEON, *The Racing Pigeon*, April.
- Miller, Nellie Bourget. TRUANCY, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, October, 1920.
- Mishkin, Olga. A DANCE, *The Century*, May.
- Mitchell, Ruth Comfort. GAYDIANG, *The Lyric West*, April.
- Mitchell, Stewart. A CHARACTER, *The Dial*, August, 1920; A PICTURE, *The Dial*, August, 1920; LORRAINE, *The Dial*, August, 1920; POSTSCRIPT, *The Dial*, August, 1920.
- Mixer, Florence Kilpatrick. A COUNTRY FUNERAL, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, November, 1920; SEPTEMBER, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, July; THE BRIDGE, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, July; THE MARRIAGE OF THE SPRUCE, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, July; THE OLDER WISDOM, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, July; TO A YOUNG GIRL, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, July; WINTER LANDSCAPE, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, July.
- Monro, Harold. OFFICERS' MESS (1916), *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; UNKNOWN COUNTRY, *The Dial*, March, 1921.
- Morand, Paul. ECHANTILLON, *The Dial*, September, 1920; NICE, *The Dial*, September, 1920.
- Moreland, John Richard. ADMIRATION, *The Lyric*, June, 1921; CHANGELESS, *The Lyric*, June, 1921; GENRE, *The Lyric*, July, 1921; LOSS, *The Lyric*, April, 1921; LOVE'S TELLING, *The Lyric*, May, 1921; THE FAITHFUL MESSENGER, *The Lyric*, April, 1921; "THE PRIEST IS COME AND THE TAPERS BURN," *The Lyric*, May, 1921.
- Morley, Christopher. KEATS, *The Bookman*, February; THE TAVERN OF THE FOOLS, *The New York Evening Post*, February 19, 1921; PRELIMINARY INSTRUCTIONS FOR A FUNERAL SERVICE: BEING A POEM IN FOUR STANZAS, *N. Y. Evening Post*, July 30.
- Morris, John. O LENTE, LENTE, CURRITE NOCTIS EQUI, *The Measure*, June, 1921.
- Morton, David. ATTENDANTS, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920; THE TOWN (Morristown, N. J.), I. DEDICATION, II. THE DEAD, III. TRANSFORMATION, IV.

- THE TOWNSMAN, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; DISCOVERY, *The Measure*, March, 1921; FEVER, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; SONNET: FUGITIVES, *The Century Magazine*, February, 1921; IN AN OLD STREET, *The Bookman*, May; JEWELS, *Everybody's Magazine*, October, 1920; SONNET: MOONS KNOW NO TIME, *The Century Magazine*, February, 1921; ONE DAY IN SUMMER, *Everybody's Magazine*, June; RUINS, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; SAFE, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920; SPRING, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; THE SCHOOL BOY READS HIS ILIAD, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; VISITATION, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; ACQUAINTANCE, *The Nation*, March 30.
- Murray, Amy. "SO STILL, SO SORROWFUL," *The Measure*, March, 1921; "AGAINST THE MOUNTAIN," *The Measure*, March, 1921; LOOKING EAST AT SUNRISE, *The Measure*, June, 1921.
- Murray, Thomas J. VILLANELLE, *The Granite Monthly*, May.
- Murphy, Charles R. TO THOSE WHO DESPAIR BRAVELY, *Contemporary Verse*, April; THE CORN-FIELD, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; AUTUMN IN THE VALLEY, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920; THE DIVINE FOREST, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920.
- Nathan, Robert. BELLS, *Everybody's Magazine*, December, 1920; MEMORY, *The Century Magazine*, December, 1920.
- Newman, Helen L. THE ANGEL OF THE HIDDEN PLACE, *The Granite Monthly*, July.
- Nicholl, Louise Townsend. AUSTERITY, *The Measure*, March, 1921; BEAUTY, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; DECISION, *The Measure*, June, 1921; WAVES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- Norman, Hilda Laura. THE BLIND, *The Grinnell Review*, February; THE UNTRIED, *The Grinnell Review*, June.
- Norris, Geoffrey. COMPOSITION No. XIV, *New Numbers*, April 6; COMPOSITION No. XIX, *New Numbers*, March 28.
- Norris, William A. O CHANGING ONE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July.
- North, Jessica Nelson. A PRAYER RUG, *The Grinnell Review*, September, 1920.
- Norton, Grace Fallow. IRISH BLOOD, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921; IRON HAD I, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921.
- Novak, Ruthele. INARTICULATE (To L. D. M.), *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921.

- Norwood, Robert. PHILIP TO CHRIST, *Contemporary Verse*, July, 1921.
- Noyes, Alfred. SEA DISTANCES, *Harper's Magazine*, October, 1920.
- O'Brien, Edward J. EXIT, *The Century*, March.
- Oliver, Wade. PRESAGE, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921; REQUIEM, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; VIGIL, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; WHEN I CONSIDER, *Contemporary Verse*, June; WITCH OF THE WOOD, *Contemporary Verse*, June; WOOD-FIRE, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921.
- Orcutt, Grace Stuart. I WANT TO SING, *The Granite Monthly*, April.
- O'Connell, Martin T. THE BLIND MAN, *The Catholic World*, October, 1920.
- O'Connor, Arnel. A SAINT'S PORTRAIT, *The Catholic World*, April.
- O'Connor, Norreys Jepson. AT A TIME OF PROMISE, *Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921.
- O'Neil, George. THREE POEMS: LEAVE TAKING, *Contemporary Verse*, March; NIGHT TAKES THE WINTER FOREST, *The Measure*, March, 1921; REMINDERS, *The Bookman*, May; SOUTH WIND, *The Measure*, March, 1921; THE CLARION OF SPRING, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921; THE DESERTED HOUR, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921.
- O'Neill, Mary J. ALL IN ALL, *The Sonnet*, July-August, 1920; CORK, *The Sonnet*, March-April; COWARDICE, *The Sonnet*, March-April; LAMENT, *The Sonnet*, July-August, 1920; LOVERS, *The Sonnet*, July-August, 1920; OUTLASTING, *The Sonnet*, September-October, 1920; PARADOX, *The Sonnet*, July-August, 1920; SUB FERULA, *The Sonnet*, March-April.
- O'Riordan, Conal. MY LITTLE BOY'S NEW YEAR PRAYER, *All's Well*, February.
- O'Seasnain, Brian Padraic. ALONE, *The Catholic World*, July.
- Parker, Helen Adams. EARLY MORNING, *The Granite Monthly*, November, 1920; RAIN IN APRIL, *The Granite Monthly*, April.
- Patterson, Antoinette de Coursey. IN A MOONLIT GARDEN, *Contemporary Verse*, June; THE SIESTA (FROM the French of Jose-Maria de Heredia), *Contemporary Verse*, June.
- Penman, Harriet Clay. OLD WIVES, *Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920.

- Percy, William Alexander. A BRITTANY LOVE SONG, *The Bookman*, May; A PRAYER ANSWERED, *The Double-Dealer*, June; A TRUE SPORT, *The Double-Dealer*, June; COURAGE, *Contemporary Verse*, February; EXCHANGE, *New Numbers*, March 28; IN THE DELTA, *The North American Review*, March; THREE SPIRITUALS: HIS PEACE, HYMN OF THE MAGDALENE, THE HOLY WOMEN, *Contemporary Verse*, July; ONE WAY TO BE POPULAR, *The Double-Dealer*, June; TEMPERAMENTAL, *The Double-Dealer*, June; SONG, *The Pagan*, June-July, 1921.
- Peters, Harold S. BEASTS, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Peterson, Frederick. THREE WISE MEN OF THE EAST, *The Nation*, June 1.
- Peyton, John R. C. THREE RIDERS, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921.
- Phares, Earle. FAMILIARITY, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Phillips, Charles. THE SILVER MAPLE, *The Catholic World*, September, 1920.
- Phillipotts, Eden. THE PUDDLE, *Scribner's Magazine*, September, 1920.
- Pinckney, Josephine. IN THE BARN, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; STRANGE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; SWAMP LILIES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; THE OUTCAST, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July.
- Pinder, Frances Dickenson. I AM THE SEA'S, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921; MAGIC CASEMENTS, *The New Republic*, August 11, 1920; THE SECRET, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921.
- Piper, Edwin Ford. HOME, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March; IN THE POTATO FIELD, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, April; MARCH WIND, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March; THE DEBT, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March; WHISPERING OFTEN, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March.
- Piper, Margaret Rebecca. SPRING IS ON HER WAY, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921.
- Poole, Fanny Runnells. AT PEACE BENEATH BLUE SKIES, *The Granite Monthly*, July; FROM THE TRAIL, *The Granite Monthly*, July; THE MORNING COMETH, *The Granite Monthly*, December, 1920.
- Poore, Dudley. THEY RIDE THROUGH THE OLIVE GARDEN, *The Dial*, October, 1920.

- Porter, Anna. FAR NIENTE, *The Lyric West*, April; HAUNT, *The Lyric West*, April; THE VOICE, *The Lyric West*, April.
- Potts, John H. Lowden. MOLOKAI, *The Catholic World*, June.
- Pound, Ezra. ODE POUR L'ELECTION DE SON SEPULCHRE, *The Dial*, September, 1920; YEUX GLANQUES, *The Dial*, September, 1920.
- Pratt, Harry Noyes. THE STARS, *New Numbers*, April 6.
- Pray, Frances Mary. ALONE, *The Granite Monthly*, November, 1920.
- Provost, Marie Louise. BUT NOT THE SEA! *Scribner's Magazine*, August, 1920.
- Pulsifer, Harold Trowbridge. "I ACCEPT," *The Outlook*, June 1, 1921.
- Purdy, Charles McMorris. DREAMS, *The Bookman*, June.
- Putnam, F. S. HIS RENDEZVOUS, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920; PRESAGE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Quirk, S. J., Charles J. THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CAROL, *The Catholic World*, December, 1920; THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, *The Catholic World*, April; THE PRESENTATION, *The Catholic World*, February.
- Ravenel, Beatrice. THE GYPSY, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; THE OLD MAN, *The Measure*, May, 1921.
- Raymund, Bernard. BLACKBIRD, *The Measure*, July, 1921; DRAMA, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, March; FLUTES AND STRINGS, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920; LISTENER, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; THE DARK POOL, *Contemporary Verse*, June, 1921; THE TOWER, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, March; WANDERER, *The New Republic*, June 29; WATERGATES, *New Numbers*, March 28.
- Redman, Ben Ray. MAGIC, *Harper's Magazine*, November, 1920.
- Reed, Edward Bliss. THE SHEPHERDS' FIELD, *The Yale Review*, January.
- Reely, Mary Katherine. RESURGENCE, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, April; THE TRAIN PASSES, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, April.
- Reese, Lizette Woodworth. A ROSE, *The Lyric*, June, 1921; APRIL WEATHER, *The Lyric*, April, 1921.
- Rice, Cale Young. THE GREAT SEDUCER, *The Century Magazine*, December, 1920.



- Rice, Ruth Mason. *TRAILING ARBUTUS, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- Rich, H. Thompson. *SONG, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April.
- Ridge, Lola. *CACTUS SEED, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920; *CHILD AND WIND, The Bookman*, March; *INCOGNITO (To Padraic Colum), The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*, January 22; *THE AILANTHUS TREE, The Measure*, April, 1921; *THE DREAM, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920; *ALTITUDE, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920; *AFTER STORM, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920; *WILD DUCK, I-II., Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920.
- Riggs, Katharine. *MOCKERY, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920.
- Rittenhouse, Jessie B. *THE HAUNTED HEART, Harper's Magazine*, October, 1920; *THE RADIANT LASS, The Lyric*, July, 1921.
- Ritter, Margaret Tod. *SONNET TO A PLOUGH-WOMAN OF NORWAY, Contemporary Verse*, January.
- Roberts, Elizabeth Madox. *A CHILD ASLEEP, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *CRESCENT MOON, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *MY HEART, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *STRANGE TREE, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *THE CORNFIELD, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *THE PILASTER, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *THE STAR, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *WATER NOISES, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July.
- Roberts, Mary Eleanor. *LIFE THE LION TAMER, Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921; *MIRAGE, Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921.
- Robinson, Edwin Arlington. *JOB THE REJECTED, The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*, January 22; *MANY ARE CALLED, The New Republic*, November 3, 1920; *MODERNITIES, The Dial*, May; *MONADNOCK, THROUGH THE TREES, The Outlook*, January 5, 1921; *RECALLED, The Bookman*, April; *THE LONG RACE, The New Republic*, September 29, 1920; *THE TREE IN PAMELA'S GARDEN, The New Republic*, November 24, 1920; *VAIN GRATUITIES, The New Republic*; *BEN TROVATO, The Nation*, January 26; *LOST ANCHORS*, February 12.
- Roe, Robert J. *A WALK AT EVENING IN THE DESERT, DAWN AT SEA, THE LOOKOUT, RECUPERATED, SPRING SONG, SUNRISE ON CAJON, THE ALBATROSS, THOUGHTS, Contemporary Verse*, April, 1921; *IMMORTALITY, INCUBUS, Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920.

- Rogers, Jessica. HOME, *Everybody's Magazine*, October, 1920.
- Rollins, Leighton. HIS THOUGHTS SHALL NEVER DIE, *The Granite Monthly*, November, 1920; PRESENCE, *The Granite Monthly*, March; UNBORN STARS, *The Granite Monthly*, July; THE AVIATOR, *The Grinnell Review*, January; THOUGHTS ON THE COLORS OF NIGHT, *The Granite Monthly*, May.
- Root, E. Merrill. A VISITOR, *New Numbers*, March 28; CRANBERRY MARSHES, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920.
- Rorty, James. PRELUDE: WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN (THE Nation's Prize Poem), *The Nation*, February 9; THE DAY: JULY 2, *The Nation*, July 27; CALIFORNIA DISSONANCE, *The Freeman*, February 16.
- Rosenbaum, Benjamin. GLIMPSES OF HER, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; GONE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; IN A PUBLIC LIBRARY, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, July; MY PURPLE GOWN FROM TYRE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; SEEKING LOVE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Rosenthal, A. A. FANTASY, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- Rosenthal, David. THE DAYS, *The Nation*, March 2; TRUANT-LEAVES, *The New Republic*, August 4, 1920; WARNING, *The Measure*, April, 1921; YDONI SINGS TO HIS PEOPLE, *The New Republic*, November 3, 1920.
- Rossiter, Ida B. LIFE, *The Granite Monthly*, January; THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, *The Granite Monthly*, March.
- Runbeck, Margie-Lee. EVANESCENCE, *Tempo*, June; NON-CHALANCE, *The Granite Monthly*, May.
- Ryan, Kathryn White. DEATH, *The Measure*, April, 1921; TO A CHILD, *The Catholic World*, May; WOMAN OF MISTS, IRELAND, *The Catholic World*, July.
- Sabel, Marx G. A FABLE, *The Bookman*, February; DOWN A HILL, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921; JEREMIAH, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; NO GOOD THING, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; THE STRANGE LOAD, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; WITHDRAWAL, *The Double-Dealer*, June.
- Sackville, Margaret. EPITAPHS, *Alf's Well*, April.
- Sanborn, Pitts. AFTER A FOOL'S BANQUET, *The Measure*, May, 1921; JEANNE DE BORDEAUX, *The Measure*, May, 1921; TWO SONNETS, *The Measure*, May, 1921; TRISTAN OF MORRIHAN, *The Measure*, March, 1921.

- Sandburg, Carl. BLACK HORIZONS, *The New Republic*; HIKER AT MIDNIGHT, *The Bookman*, March; JAILBIRDS, *The New Republic*, March 9; THE DINOSAUR BONES, *The New Republic*, April 20; UNINTENTIONAL PAINT, *The New Republic*, April 20.
- Sanders, Emmy Veronica. ADELAIDE CRAPSEY, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; BEGGARS, *The Measure*, May, 1921; HILLTOP DUET, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; THE FISHERMAN, *The Double-Dealer*, June.
- Santmyer, Helen. FOR OLD BELIEFS, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, April.
- Sapir, Edward. A GIRL, *The Measure*, June, 1921; OVERLOOKED, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; SHE SITS VACANT-EYED, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May; THE OLD TOWN, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- Sarett, Lew. THE BOX OF GOD, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April.
- Sassoon, Siegfried. SCIENTIFIC RAPTURE, *The New Republic*, April 6; FINN FANTASIA, *The Bookman*, June; "THE CASE FOR THE MINERS," *The Nation*, May 18.
- Saul, George Brandon. "AS THE VIOLETS CAME," *Contemporary Verse*, May; DAWN: A DEAD GIRL ON THE BEACH, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; I LOVE THE MOUNTAINS, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; OF AN INVALID STRICKEN IN YOUTH, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921; THE STRANGER'S SONG, *The Measure*, May, 1921.
- Saunders, Whitelaw. AN OLD SPINNET, *All's Well*, April; THE MASQUERADE, *The Grinnell Review*, January; THE MATINÉE: A RONDEAU, *Contemporary Verse*, April, 1921.
- Scanlan, J. A. ST. CATHARINE, *The Catholic World*, April.
- Scarborough, Dorothy. THE PAWN SHOP, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920.
- Schauffler, Robert Haven. POET TO READER, *Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921.
- Schneider, Isidor. A HYMN FOR THE LYNCHERS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; A MEMORY, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; ADVICE TO MAXWELL BODENHEIM, *The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*, January 22; THE HEROES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- Scollard, Clinton. A GREEK SONG, *Scribner's Magazine*, April; AN INTIMATE OF NIGHT, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; PASTORAL, *Harper's Magazine*,

- September, 1920; *THE GREAT EVENT*, *Harper's Magazine*, January; *WHITE SAILS*, *The Lyric*, May, 1921.
- Scott, Evelyn. *AIR FOR G STRINGS*, *The Dial*, September, 1920; *ASCENSION: AUTUMN DUSK IN CENTRAL PARK*, *The Dial*, September, 1920; *SPRING SONG*, *The Dial*, September, 1920.
- Scott, Harold P. "RIGHT ROYAL"—A REVIEW, *The Detroit Sunday News*, January 9.
- Seiffert, Marjorie Allen. *AS YOU ARE NOW*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *CUBIST PORTRAIT*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *DINGY STREET*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *DREAM-KISS*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *INTERIOR*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *NOCTURNE*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *PORTRAIT OF A LADY*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *SHADOW*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *THE SHOP*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; *TWO WOMEN*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July.
- Seitz, Mildred. *THE WANTON*, *Harper's Magazine*, June.
- Selleck, Lillian E. *THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION*, *The Catholic World*, December, 1920.
- Seymour, George Steele. *STEVENSON PORTRAITS*, *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921.
- Shallcross, Eleanor C. *CHIVALRY*, *The Catholic World*, April.
- Shanks, Edward. *THE ROCK POOL*, *The Century Magazine*, November, 1920.
- Shaw, Frances. *RAIN*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; *UNFAILING*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February.
- Sheehan, Murray. *THE AFTER-PATH*, *All's Well*, June; *THE WIND*, *All's Well*, February.
- Shepard, Alice M. *THE ROAD TO JERICHO*, *The Granite Monthly*, April; *TREES IN AUTUMN*, *The Granite Monthly*, October, 1920.
- Sherman, L. Adelaide. *IN VIOLET TIME*, *The Granite Monthly*, April.
- Sherry, Laura. *A WOODSMAN*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; *BOHEMIAN TOWN*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; *JEAN JOSEPH ROLETTE*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; *LOUIS DES CHIENS*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; *ON OUR FARM*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; *THE HUNTER*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; *MY TOWN*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.

- Siegrist, Mary. **THE CHOICE**, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920.
- Sitwell, Osbert. **DEAD MAN'S WOOD**, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; **MRS. FREUDENTHAL CONSULTS THE WITCH OF ENDOR**, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; **MALGRÉ LIN**, *The Dial*, December, 1920.
- Skinner, Constance Lindsay. **STARS**, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Smith, Dorothy W. **TAM O'SHANTERS**, *The Granite Monthly*, February.
- Smith, Hilda W. **MID ORCHARDS**, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Smith, Lewis Worthington. **FIRES IN THE URN**, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920.
- Smith, Marion Couthouy. **TO A FRIEND IN THE WOODS**, *The Outlook*, September 3, 1920.
- Snow, Royall. **THE STREET SINGER**, *Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921.
- South, Ira. **VIEW-POINTS**, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920.
- Spates, Anna Elisabeth. **I DREAM**, *New York Sun*, January 6.
- Speyer, Leonora. **THE PET**, *The Bookman*, April; **THE TEAR-BOTTLE**, *Contemporary Verse*, March; **THERAPY**, *The Measure*, July, 1921; **TO A LITTLE XIIITH CENTURY FIGURE OF THE CRUCIFIED CHRIST: THE CROSS MISSING**, *The Sonnet*, September-October, 1920; **TWO ON A HILL**, *Contemporary Verse*, November, 1920; **VICTORY**, *The Nation*, March 30; **MARY MAGDALENE**, *The Nation*, May 25; **MEASURE ME, SKY**, *The Measure*.
- Speight, E. E. **THE ADVENTURERS**, *Harper's Magazine*, August, 1920.
- Spire, Andre. **DAGMARA**, *The Dial*, March, 1921; **MIDI**, *The Dial*, March, 1921.
- Stafford, Wendell Phillips. **SOWER AND REAPER**, *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1920.
- Stait, Virginia. **WEIGHTS AND MEASURES**, *Contemporary Verse*, March; **APPOINTMENT**, *American Magazine*, May.
- Starbuck, Victor. **THE FREEHOLDER**, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920.
- Stark, Dare. **UNDER ALDERS**, *The Measure*, April, 1921.
- Steiner, Richard Morrow. **BLACK BELT AT NIGHT**, *The Grinnell Review*, March.
- Stephens, Mary Vinson. **"WHEN WE SHALL PART,"** *The Measure*, April, 1921.

- Sterling, George. GOOD AND EVIL, *The Sonnet*, December, 1920; MIRAGE, *The Nation*, April 18.
- Stern, Caroline. THE LOCUST, *The Congregationalist*, January; THE ELM, *The Congregationalist*, January.
- Stern, Elaine. VALENTINE, *The Granite Monthly*, April.
- Stevens, Wallace. CORTEGE FOR ROSENBLOOM, *The Measure*, March, 1921; LULU GAY, *Contact*.
- Stevenson, Alec B. THE FIRST WHITETHROAT, *Contemporary Verse*, April, 1921.
- Stewart, H. W. GUM-TREES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920; SUPPLEMENTS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920.
- Stillson, Thelma. FREIGHT-CARS, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920; GARDEN SONG, *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1920.
- Stockett, M. Letitia. PEGASUS, *Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921; THE FALLOW FIELDS, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921.
- Stoddard, Anne. TO M. D., *The Century*, August, 1920.
- Stone, Eliot Kays. WHEN THE MASTER PAINTS HIS PICTURES IN THE DESERTS OF THE WEST, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920.
- Stork, Charles Wharton. MIDWAY, *The Freeman*, March 2; TO JOSEPH SEVERN: FOR THE CENTENARY OF KEAT'S DEATH, 23 FEBRUARY, 1921, *The Freeman*, February 23; FRODING'S GRAVE, *The Scandinavian Review*.
- Strobel, Marion. ANODYNE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; HIGH DIVE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; I GIVE SMILES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; KINDNESS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; LITTLE THINGS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; MARRIAGE-CAPRICE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; MISERERE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; WITHOUT WORDS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February.
- Suckow, Ruth. BEAUTY, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; GRAMPA SCHULER, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; PRAYER AT TIMBER-LINE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; THE ODD ONES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June.
- Symons, Arthur. BODY'S BLOOD, *The Double-Dealer*, June.
- Taggard, Genevieve. BOYS AND GIRLS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; DEDICATION, *The Measure*, June, 1921; ENDLESS CIRCLE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; DROUT, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; FOUND, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February;

- ICE AGE, *The Measure*, March, 1921; LOST, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; MARRIED, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; MOONRISE MOCKERY, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; SATURDAY AFTERNOON, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; SEA-CHANGE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; TROPICAL GIRL TO HER GARDEN, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; ZENITH, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February.
- Tagore, Rabindranath. THREE SPECIMENS REPRODUCING THE METRES OF THE ORIGINALS, *The Measure*, June, 1921.
- Taylor, Marian Warner. BIRTH THROUGH DEATH, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921.
- Teasdale, Sara. (The Dark Cup), "A LITTLE WHILE," *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; (The Dark Cup), BELLS, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; EFFIGY OF A NUN, *The Bookman*, May; (The Dark Cup), IN THE END, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; (The Dark Cup), MAY, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; THE CONFLICT, *Everybody's Magazine*, September, 1920; (The Dark Cup), "THE DREAMS OF MY HEART," *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; THE MYSTERY, *Everybody's Magazine*, September, 1920.
- Thomas, Edith M. INTIMATE STRANGER, *Harper's Magazine*, July; "TELL ME YOUR DREAM," *Harper's Magazine*, January.
- Thomson, P. H. "ONCE UPON A TIME," *The Grinnell Review*, August, 1920.
- Thone, Frank E. A. AN OLD SPINET, *The Grinnell Review*, September, 1920; SAMARITANA (To One Who Befriended Francis Thompson), *The Grinnell Review*, September, 1920; WANING, *The Grinnell Review*, September, 1920.
- Thorp, N. Howard. "‘LIGHT, STRANGER,’ LIGHT," *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920; OLD HANK, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920; OLD PAINT, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920; SKY-HIGH, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920; THE LITTLE COW-GIRL, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920; PECOS TOM, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920; WHAT'S BECOME OF THE PUNCHERS? *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920; WOMEN OUTLAWS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920;
- Tietjens, Eunice. (Trans.), SPRING, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920; TO NIJINSKI, *The Measure*, June, 1921; (Trans.), THE RED FISH, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920.

- Tima, Adul. WILD PLUM, *The New York Tribune*.
- Tinckom-Fernandez, W. G. THE BROKEN IDOL, *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, April 9.
- Towne, Charles Hanson. IN THE WORLD'S CATHEDRAL, *The Century*, October, 1920; TIDES, *Harper's Magazine*, September, 1920.
- Trapnell, Edna Valentine. THE SPHINX, *Everybody's Magazine*, September, 1920.
- Troth, John T. BALLAD OF THE "STEVE GIRARD," *Contemporary Verse*, April, 1921.
- Troy, Daniel W. IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE, *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921.
- True, Alida Cogswell. "SHAKER MEETING," *The Granite Monthly*, March.
- Tunstall, Virginia Lyne. ALONE, *The Lyric*, July, 1921; IMMORTALITY, *The Lyric*, May, 1921; QUESTING, *The Lyric*, April, 1921; WINDS OF SPRING, *The Lyric*, June, 1921.
- Turbyfill, Mark. REPLETION, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; THINGS NOT SEEN, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; THE INTANGIBLE SYMPHONY, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; THE POWER OF NOTHING, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; THE SEA STORM, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June.
- Twitchell, Anna Spencer. A LATE SPRING, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921; I KNOW, *Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921; LOST SOUL, *New Republic*, September 1, 1920; QUATRAIN, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; RAIN, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February; SONG, *Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921; UNFAILING, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February.
- Underwood, John Curtis. CHEMISTRY, *Everybody's Magazine*, April.
- Untermeyer, Louis. BOY AND TADPOLES, *The Century*, October, 1920; CHILD DANCERS, *The New Republic*, June 15; D. H. LAWRENCE, *The New Republic*, August 11, 1920; MATTER, *The Century Magazine*, December, 1920.
- Van Dyke, Henry. CANDELABRA, *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1920; MALGRÉ, *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1920; PROMISE-TIME, *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1920; SALUTE TO THE TREES, *Scribner's Magazine*, May; THE RED BRIDGE AT NIKKO, *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1920; THE REPOSE OF NARA, *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1920; THE SPIRIT OF JAPAN, *Scribner's*



- Magazine*, October, 1920; *WILD AZALEAS*, *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1920.
- Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Schuyler. OF A BEAUTIFUL POEM (Three Voices), *The North American Review*, June.
- Van Slyke, Berenice K. FOR A LITTLE TIME, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920.
- Vildrac, Charles. A FRIENDSHIP (Trans. by Witter Bynner), *The Dial*, May; THE ONE SONG (Trans. by Witter Bynner), *The Dial*, May.
- Vinal, Harold. APRIL, *Tempo*, June; ALIEN, *The Granite Monthly*, January; AT NIGHT, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; BURIED, *The Grinnell Review*, May; DEPARTURE, *The Grinnell Review*, May; EVANESCENCE, *The Pagan*, November-December, 1920; FORGOTTEN, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June; GLIMPSES, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; INVOCATION, *Tempo*, June; MEMORIES, *New Numbers*, March 28; MISER, *The Pagan Magazine*, February; MY OWN, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; PAUSE, *The Granite Monthly*, March; PITY, *The Grinnell Review*, May; SEA LONGING, *Contemporary Verse*, June; SONG, *The Springfield Republican*, August 25, 1920; SONNET, *The Granite Monthly*, May; SONNET, *Town Topics*, January; TALISMAN, *New Numbers*, April 6; TEMPO, *New Numbers*, April 6; TO NOVEMBER, *The Springfield Republican*, November 1, 1920; UNBOUND, *Saucy Stories*, July; VERA FOKINA AS SALOME, *The Pagan Magazine*, May.
- Wallace, Grace. THE ACCOUNT, *The Lyric West*, April; VISITORS, *The Lyric West*, April.
- Walleser, Joseph. BETRAYED, *The Grinnell Review*, February; THE THREE WITCHES, *The Grinnell Review*, August, 1920.
- Wallingford, L. A. A PRESENT-DAY SAINT, *The Catholic World*, July.
- Wallis, Keene. GOSPEL WITH BANJO AND CHORUS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920; POET ON A FLAT CAR, *The Measure*, May, 1921.
- Walton, Eda Lou. FINALITY, *The Measure*, April, 1921; FOR MOTHER ON HER BIRTHDAY, *The Texas Review*, April; HANDS, *The Texas Review*, October, 1920; I, WHO LOVE BEAUTY, *The Texas Review*, April; INTO THE STILLNESS OF YOUR GRIEF, *The Texas Review*, October, 1920; INSANITY, *The Measure*, April, 1921; LOVE, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921; NAVAHO POEMS, *The Measure*, June, 1921; PATTERNS, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921; PINK PETALS, *The Texas Review*, Octo-

- ber, 1920; REFLECTIONS OF A PARALYTIC, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921; SHE WHO WAS I, *The Texas Review*, April; SUITE FOR IOLA, *The Texas Review*, October, 1920; THE GOAL, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921; THEY HAVE BUILT THEM MANY HOUSES, *The Texas Review*, October, 1920; UNDER AN UMBRELLA, *The Texas Review*, October, 1920; WARNING, *The Texas Review*, April; I SHOULD LIKE TO LIVE IN A BALLAD WORLD, *The Nation*, April 27.
- Warburg, James Paul. FAME, *The Century*, September, 1920; THE DARK STAR, *The Century Magazine*, January; THE STILL FLAME, *The Century Magazine*, January.
- Ware, Richard D. JOHN SAYS HE'S DEAD, *The Granite Monthly*, March.
- Warren, G. O. "I REACHED UP FOR YOUR HEART," *The Dial*, March, 1921.
- Warvelle, Effie Bangs. THE WIND, *Contemporary Verse*, January.
- Waterbury, Florence. MATHEMATICS, *Scribner's Magazine*, July.
- Watson, Virginia. THE PINE TREE, *Harper's Magazine*, June.
- Wattles, Willard. AND THE TWO CHRISTS ANSWER, *Contemporary Verse*, July.
- Weimar, Edward William. A SONNET, *The Outlook*, October 27, 1920.
- Welles, Winifred. CLIFFS, *The North American Review*, January; DIANA, *The Measure*, March, 1921; JEALOUSY, *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1920; REVELATION, *The Measure*, May, 1921; THE DRIFTWOOD HARP, *The North American Review*, September, 1920; WOMEN AND ORCHARDS, *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1920; WORSHIP, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Wheeler, Mary H. CANTERBURY BELLS, *The Granite Monthly*, January; THE MINUTES, *The Granite Monthly*, November, 1920.
- Wheelock, John Hall. Three Poems, *Contemporary Verse*, April; MIRROR, *All's Well*, May; PLAINT, *All's Well*, March; THE POET TELLS OF HIS LOVE, *Scribner's Magazine*, August, 1920; THE SORROWFUL MASQUERADE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Whicher, George Meason. WYCH-HAZEL, *The Grinnell Review*, August, 1920.
- Whitcomb, G. Faunce. FRAGMENT, *The Granite Monthly*, January; TO DAWN, *The Granite Monthly*, March.

- Whiteside, Mary Brent. **NEW POETS**, *New Numbers*, March 28; **OLD TREES**, *Harper's Magazine*, August, 1920; **THE ANCIENT SECRET**, *Harper's Magazine*, March.
- Whitford, Robert Calvin. **LAMENT FOR MIDKIFF**, *The Knox Alumnus*, April-May.
- Whitmarsh, Esther A. **LIFE EVERLASTING**, *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- Whiton, Juliet. **MY BOOKS**, *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1920.
- Whitsett, George F. **HE CAME TO ME**, *All's Well*, May; **ITS SLAVE**, *All's Well*, May; **SONG OF LIFE**, *All's Well*, April; **STEEL MILL AT NIGHT**, *All's Well*, February; **THE MOON**, *All's Well*, March; **THE SEVEN O'CLOCK SYMPHONY**, *All's Well*, February.
- Widdemer, Margaret. **THE PIGEON HOUSE**, *Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921; **THE BREAKING**, *The Bookman*, February.
- Wiggin, Dorothy Pettit. **HALF-GIFTS**, *Contemporary Verse*, May, 1921.
- Wilbur, Harriette. **THE POSTMAN—A PANTOUM**, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Wiley, Harley R. **MY HORSE**, *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1920.
- Willard, Pierrepont. **ALONG THE BAYOUS**, *The Lyric West*, April.
- Wilkinson, Marguerite. **THE SOMERSET FARMER**, *The North American Review*, March.
- Williams, Claire. **THE PROOF**, *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.
- Williams, Oscar. **A CRYING**, *The Grinnell Review*, June; **BECAUSE**, *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, July; **CHIARASCUIROS**, *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920; **CLOUDS**, *The Grinnell Review*, March; **COBWEBS**, *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, July; **FAILURE**, *The Midland*, *A Magazine of the Middle West*, March; **FROST NOCTURNE**, *The Grinnell Review*, February; **FROST NOCTURNE**, *Contemporary Verse*, February, 1921; **GREY**, *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, July; **HOW MANY?** *The Midland*, *A Magazine of the Middle West*, January; **IF ONE SHOULD ASK**, *The Grinnell Review*, May; **MAN**, *The Midland*, *A Magazine of the Middle West*, January; **MOOD**, *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920; **MOTES**, *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, July; **MY GREATNESS**, *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920; **NEVER**, *The Grinnell Review*, May; **O MY LOVE**, *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920; **ON DEATH**, *The Grinnell Review*, January; **ONLY THE HOPE, THE DESIRE**, *The Grinnell Review*,

MAY; RAINS, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; REVENGE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920; SNOW NOCTURNE, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West*, March; SONG, *The Grinnell Review*, May; THE BUBBLE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; THE BUBBLE, *The Grinnell Review*, February; THE CORN, *Pictorial Review*, April; THE DARKNESS, *The Grinnell Review*, February; THE EARTH, *The Grinnell Review*, June; THE GOLDEN FLEECE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; THE OCEAN, *The Grinnell Review*, February; THE OLD MAN, *Everybody's Magazine*, September, 1920; THE OLD PERPLEXITY, *The Nation*, July 27; THE RETURN, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; THE TRAVELER, *The Grinnell Review*, May; THE SKY, *The Grinnell Review*, May; THE SUBWAY IS LIT, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July; TO ONE UNKNOWN, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920; WHEN AT LAST, *The Grinnell Review*, February; A GOODNIGHT, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.

Williams, William Carlos. A GOODNIGHT, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January; BLIZZARD, *The Dial*, August, 1920; PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR, *Contact*; PORTRAIT OF A LADY, *The Dial*, August, 1920; SPRING STORM, *The Dial*, August, 1920; THE DESOLATE FIELD, *The Dial*, August, 1920; TO WAKEN AN OLD LADY, *The Dial*, August, 1920; WILLOW POEM, *The Dial*, August, 1920. Williamson, Estella M. THE VIOLINCELLO, *The Lyric West*, April.

Wilson, Albert Frederick. WOODROW WILSON, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920.

Wilson, Jr., Edmund. G. H. Q., JANUARY, 1919, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920; NOT HERE, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920.

Wilson, John French. CANDLES UNTIL THE DAWN: I. FAREWELL TO THE OLD SONGS; II. WE MEAN TO KEEP; III. A PRAYER; IV. LEST THESE THINGS PERISH; V. CLOUDS WITHOUT WATER; VI. NOT FROM THE HILLS; VII. DEAD WATERS, *Contemporary Verse*, July, 1921.

Wilson, Stanley Kidder. WHAT POET CAN BE SURE? *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920; WHERE DO YOU READ MY LETTERS? *Contemporary Verse*, August, 1920.

Winters, Yvor. BALLAD, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; BALLAD OF MEN, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; HAWK'S EYES, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; DEATH GOES BEFORE ME, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; SONG FOR A SMALL BOY WHO HERDS GOATS,

- Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; *THE FAR VOICE, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; *THE IMMOBILE WIND, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; *THE PRIESTHOOD, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; *THE WALKER, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; *TWO SONGS OF ADVENT, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920; *WHERE MY SIGHT GOES, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920.
- Wintrowe, Norine. *ROSE JAR, The Grinnell Review*, June.
- Wood, Clement. *THE MAN BENEATH THE SKY, Contemporary Verse*, July, 1921; *CANOPUS, The Nation*, June 22.
- Woodberry, Laura G. *SNOWFLAKES, Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921; *THE MARSH, Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921.
- Woodhull, W. S. *THE DILETTANTE, Contemporary Verse*, January, 1921.
- Woods, Bertha Gerneaux. *THE FOSTER CHILD, New York Sun*, January 6.
- Woods, Edna Hamilton. *THREE POEMS, Contemporary Verse*, March, 1921.
- Wolf, Robert L. *HIS HOUSE, The Measure*, March, 1921.
- Wolfe, Ian M. *WILD APPLES, Contemporary Verse*, October, 1920.
- Wolfe, Walter B. *AU SOLEIL, The Granite Monthly*, March; *CAESURA, The Granite Monthly*, May.
- Wylie, Elinor. *ATAVISM, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April; *AUGUST, The New Republic*, August 25, 1920; *BRONZE TRUMPETS AND SEA WATER, The New Republic*, April 27, 1921; *"FIRE AND SLEET AND CANDLE-LIGHT, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April; *MAD-MAN'S SONG, The Century Magazine*, October, 1920; *SEA-BLUE EYES, The Century Magazine*, June; *SILVER FILAGREE, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April; *THE EAGLE AND THE MOLE, The New Republic*, April 13; *THE FAIRY GOLDSMITH, The Century Magazine*, August, 1920; *THE LOST PATH, The Century Magazine*, November, 1920; *THE TORTOISE IN ETERNITY, The New Republic*, April 13, 1921; *VELVET SHOES, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April.
- Wynne, Annette. *IF A DREAM SHOULD BREAK, Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920.
- Yeats, John Butler. *AUTUMN, The Measure*, July, 1921.
- Yeats, William Butler. *MICHAEL ROBERTS AND THE DANCER, The Dial*, November, 1920; *EASTER, 1916, The Dial*, November, 1920; *UNDER SATURN, The Dial*, November,

1920; THE ROSE TREE, *The Dial*, November, 1920; ON A POLITICAL PRISONER, *The Dial*, November, 1920; TOWARDS BREAK OF DAY, *The Dial*, November, 1920; DEMON AND BEAST, *The Dial*, November, 1920; A MEDIATION IN TIME OF WAR, *The Dial*, 1920; THE SECOND COMING, *The Dial*, November, 1920; ALL SOUL'S NIGHT, *The New Republic*, March 9.  
 Yoffie, Leah Rachel. FAITH, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920; A CRY OF THE FOREIGN-BORN, *Contemporary Verse*, September, 1920.

## ARTICLES AND REVIEWS OF POETS AND POETRY PUBLISHED DURING 1920-1921

- Anonymous. A Romantic Poet: Leygues: The "A Delightful Minister of France." *Current Opinion*, December, 1920.
- American Poets (L. Untermeyer's "A Miscellany of American Poetry"). *New York Times Book Review*, December 5, 1920.
- Baudelaire as a Poet in Search of Unattainable Beauty. *Current Opinion*, May.
- Dante as the Poet of the Supernatural. *Current Opinion*, April.
- From Lancelot to Steeplechasing (E. A. Robinson, John Masefield). *The Outlook*, January 12.
- Goethe Pointing the Way to a New Germany. *Current Opinion*, June.
- Marjorie and Hilda, Child Poets of Two Centuries. *New York Times Book Review*, January 30.
- Poe Letters and Manuscripts Found in a Pillow-Case. *Current Opinion*, June.
- Tagore Wants a Western Music Master for India. *Current Opinion*, February.
- The Collected Poems of Walter de la Mare. *The Outlook*, July 18.
- Two Victorians at Close Range (Oscar Wilde, W. B. Yeats). *New York Times Book Review*, May 29.
- Vachel Lindsay, A B C Artist. *New York Times Book Review*, July 17.
- Walt Whitman as an Old-Fashioned Conservative. *Current Opinion*, March.
- Abbott, Lyman. John G. Whittier, Mystic. *The Outlook*, January 19, 1921.
- Acheson, Arthur. Trailing the Dark Lady of the Sonnets. *New York Times Book Review*, March 20.
- Adams, Elmer C. Vivid Word-Painting in Amy Lowell's "Legends." *The Detroit Sunday News*, July 24.

- Aiken, Conrad. A Poet of the Actual. *The Freeman*, April 6.
- Colourism in Poetry. *The Freeman*, July 6.
- The Scientific Critic (T. S. Eliot's "The Sacred Wood"). *The Freeman*, March 2.
- The Short Story as Poetry. *The Freeman*, May 11.
- Aldington, Richard. Flint and Rodker. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- The Art of Poetry. *The Dial*, August, 1920.
- The Disciples of Gertrude Stein. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- The Poet and Modern Life. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- The Poetry of the Sitwells. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920.
- Allen, M. A., Hugh Anthony. Thomas Walsh: His Spanish Fantasies. *The Catholic World*, May.
- Anderson, Maxwell. An Open Letter to Writers of Verse. *The Measure*, April, 1921.
- Conrad Aiken and the Minor Mode. *The Measure*, May, 1921.
- Looking Back at Synge. *The Measure*, June, 1921.
- Thunder in the Index. *The Measure*, March, 1921.
- Armstrong, Martin. The Poetry of George Meredith. *The North American Review*, March.
- Atkinson, J. Brooks. Walt Whitman's Democracy. *The Freeman*, April 13.
- Austin, Mary. Songs of the American Indian. *Harper's Magazine*, June.
- Bazalgette, Leon. Comrades at the Crossroads (French Poetry of Today). *The Freeman*, July 27.
- Benét, William Rose. A Genuine Artist (Lola Ridge). *The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*, January 22.
- A Plethora of Poets. *The Bookman*, February.
- An Irish Melodist. *The Literary Review, The N. Y. Evening Post*, May 21.
- Gordon Bottomley's Art. *The Literary Review, The N. Y. Evening Post*, February 19.
- John Keats: 1821-1921. *The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*, February 26.
- Birch-Bartlett, Helen. Koral Crisaille (W. C. Williams's "Kora in Hell: Improvisations"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March.
- Blum, W. C. An American Letter (On Contemporary Poets). *The Dial*, May.
- Bodenheim, Maxwell. Tendencies in Modern Poetry and Prose. *The North American Review*, April.



- Bowen, Stirling. Conrad Aiken's "Punch" Analytic Study of Man (Punch: The Immortal Liar). *The Detroit Sunday News*, May 22.
- David Morton's Poems Sonorous and Serene. *The Detroit Sunday News*, April 24.
- Edgar Lee Masters' Blank Verse Novel (Domesday Book). *The Detroit Sunday News*, May 22.
- Rabindranath Tagore, Restful Philosopher. *The Detroit Sunday News*, June 19.
- Braithwaite, William Stanley. A Call to the National Conscience: William Ellery Leonard. *Boston Transcript*, December 18, 1920.
- A Miscellany of American Poetry. *Boston Transcript*, October 2, 1920.
- A National Epic of America's Soul: Edgar Lee Masters. *Boston Transcript*, December 4, 1920.
- A Poet from The Midlands: John G. Neihardt. *Boston Transcript*.
- A Poet-Lawyer Comes from Virginia: Charles Wells Russell. *Boston Transcript*, June 8.
- A Rising Young English Poet: Charlotte Mew. *Boston Transcript*, May 18.
- A Roving Poet of Unchartered Ways: Harry Kemp. *Boston Transcript*, September 1, 1920.
- A Youthful Poet of Rich Experience: Stewart Mitchell. *Boston Transcript*, April 23.
- Aurelia and Other Poems: Robert Nichols. *Boston Transcript*.
- John Freeman. *Boston Transcript*, May 4.
- John Myers O'Hara's Latest Collection of Verse. *Boston Transcript*, May 11.
- Little Drops of Spiritual Acid: Gamaliel Bradford. *Boston Transcript*.
- Lutanists of February: Dolf Wyllarde, Amory Hare, Dorian Hope and Mrs. Slosson. *Boston Transcript*.
- Lutanists of March: Hugh Money-Coutts, Ameen Rihani and Laura Blackburn. *Boston Transcript*.
- Lutanists of Midsummer: Lord Gorell and Gerald Crow. *Boston Transcript*.
- Poets of the Present Hour: Studies of Contemporary Poets. By Mary C. Sturgeon. *Boston Transcript*, October 13, 1920.
- Poverty Was this Poet's Portion: John Clare. *Boston Transcript*, May 21.
- Professor Bliss Perry Studies Poetry. *Boston Transcript*, October 30, 1920.
- Sara Teasdale, the Poet of Beauty. *Boston Transcript*, September 25, 1920.

- Spring in New Hampshire: Claude McKay. *Boston Transcript*, May 25.
- The Angry Voice of a Poetic Rebel: Carl Sandburg. *Boston Transcript*, October 16, 1920.
- The Growth of an American Poet: Viola C. White. *Boston Transcript*, May 7.
- The Idea of Coventry Patmore. *Boston Transcript*, June 4.
- The Life and Letters of Toru Dutt. *Boston Transcript*, June 15.
- The Life and Work of Father Tabb. *Boston Transcript*, June 29.
- The Little Wings: Vivienne Dayrell. *Boston Transcript*.
- The Lutanists of November. *Boston Transcript*, November 3, 1920.
- The Poetic Advance of David Morton. *Boston Transcript*, April 27.
- The Poetic Goal of Leonora Speyer. *Boston Transcript*, March 26.
- The Poetry of James Oppenheim. *Boston Transcript*, May 28.
- The Story of Madison Cawein. *Boston Transcript*, July 30.
- The Tempest of Paul Verlaine. *Boston Transcript*, July 20.
- The Vagaries of a Poet: Louis Untermeyer. *Boston Transcript*.
- The Verse of Kendall Banning. *Boston Transcript*, June 22.
- William Rose Benet's Poetic Flights. *Boston Transcript*, October 23, 1920.
- Brégy, Litt.D., Katherine. Louise Imogen Guiney. *The Catholic World*, January.
- Brooke, Tudor. The Furness Shakespeare. *The Yale Review*, April.
- Brown, Alice. An American Poet: Louise Imogen Guiney. *The North American Review*, April.
- C., C. S. Modern British Poetry (Ed. by Louis Untermeyer). *New Republic*, September 8, 1920.
- C., M. Georgians and Post-Georgians (Wheels 1919, Fourth Cycle, Ed. by Edith Sitswell). *The New Republic*, September 15, 1920.
- Canby, Henry Seidel. A Book of Judgment: "Domesday Book," By Edgar Lee Masters. *The Literary Review*, *The N. Y. Evening Post*, December 18, 1920.
- Cassidy, James F. St. Columkille, Patriot and Poet. *The Catholic World*, April.

- Catel, Jean. A Paris Letter. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920.
- Carnevali, Emanuel. Crucible (Lola Ridge's "Sun-up"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March.
- Nectar and Syrup (W. de la Mare's "Collected Poems"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April.
- Our Great Carl Sandburg. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February.
- The Democracy of Genius. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Three Poets of Three Nations (Cammaerts, Kostas Palamas, von Heidenstam). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- Caroll, Latrobe. Willa Sibert Cather. *The Bookman*, May.
- Chamberlin, Joseph Edgar. Twenty Years of the Omar Khayyam Club, *The Boston Transcript*, April 2.
- Chapin, Henry. A Pastoral Poet (Edmund Blunden). *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, January 15.
- Clark, Thomas Curtis. More Tokens of Chicago's Literary Primacy. *The Christian Century*, January 27.
- Chew, Samuel C. Keats After a Hundred Years. *The New Republic*, March 9.
- Clarke, W. E. Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa. *The Yale Review*, January.
- Click, L. L. Meredith's Comic Muse. *The Texas Review*, October, 1920.
- Cline, Leonard Lanson. Essay on Wine-Loving Poets of Old Persia. *The Detroit Sunday News*, March 18.
- Neither Aspires To Be White House Laureate (W. E. Leonard's "The Lynching Bee"). *The Detroit Sunday News*, January 16.
- Coblentz, Stanton A. The Poetical War. *The Texas Review*, April.
- Code, Grant H. South American Poetry. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920.
- Colum, Padraic. Francis Carlin's *The Cairn of Stars*. *The Measure*, July, 1921.
- Persian Poetry (Early Persian Poetry: by A. V. Williams Jackson). *The New Republic*, March 16.
- Poetry and Publicity. *The Measure*, May, 1921.
- The Poetry of Conrad Aiken. *The Freeman*, April 13.
- Three Young Poets. *The Measure*, April, 1921.
- Cournos, John. New Russian Poetry. *The Freeman*, May 18.
- Cowley, Malcolm. The Tools of Poetry (R. Hillyer). *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, January 29.
- These Things Are Banal (John Gould Fletcher, Conrad Aiken). *The Dial*, June.

- Crawford, Nelson Antrim. A Prize-Winning Poem (Clement Wood's "Jehovah"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920.
- New War Poets. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920.
- Teacher-Poets. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April.
- Craven, Thomas Jewell. Poetry and Professors (B. Perry, J. Erskine). *The Dial*, March.
- Dell, Floyd. Old Love and New Poetry or Vice Versa. *The Bookman*, March.
- Deutsch, Babette. Orchestral Poetry (Conrad Aiken). *The Dial*, March.
- Oriental Lyrics. *The Literary Review, The N. Y. Evening Post*, March 19.
- Poets and Prefaces (D. H. Lawrence, F. S. Flint, Louis Untermeyer, Arthur Symons). *The Dial*, January.
- Dounce, Harry Esty. "In American" Poems by J. V. A Weaver. *The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*, February 26.
- Downing, Margaret B. The Lyric-Politico. *The Catholic World*, August, 1920.
- Drinkwater, John. An Unknown Poet. *The Yale Review*, January.
- Dwight, S. J., Walter. Children's Poetry. *America*, December 25, 1920.
- Edgett, Edwin Francis. In Sussex with Rudyard Kipling. *Boston Transcript*, May 7.
- The John Keats Memorial Volume. *Boston Transcript*, May 14.
- Egan, Maurice Francis. When Whitman Was an Editor. *New York Times Book Review*, January 2.
- Eliot, T. S. The Possibility of a Poetic Drama. *The Dial*, November, 1920.
- Ervine, St. John. Literary Taste in America. *The New Republic*, October 6, 1920.
- Finger, Charles J. What Is the Shakespeare Problem? *Alf's Well*, April.
- Firkins, O. W. What Happened to Hamlet? A New Phase of an Old View. *The North American Review*, September, 1920.
- Fletcher, John Gould. A French View of Poe. *The Yale Review*, January.
- A Question of Attitude (Walter de la Mare). *The Freeman*, January 26.

- De La Mare's Collected Poems. *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, January 15.
- John Masefield: A Study. *The North American Review*, September, 1920.
- Mr. Masefield's Way ("Right Royal"). *The Freeman*, March 9.
- Respectable Poetry. *The Freeman*, July 20.
- Scattered Gleams (Helen Dircks' "Passenger"). *The Freeman*, March 16.
- That Neighborly Feeling (W. W. Gibson's "Neighbors"). *The Freeman*, February 23.
- The Great War Poet (Wilfrid Owen). *The Freeman*, June 1.
- The Plays of Stephen Phillips. *The Freeman*, July 13.
- The Work of J. C. Squire. *The Freeman*, December 1, 1920.
- Walt Whitman's Beginnings. *The Freeman*, May 4.
- Foerster, Norman. Whitman and the Cult of Confusion. *The North American Review*, June.
- Freer, Agnes Lee. French Poets in English. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- Fujita, Jun. Waley on the "Uta" (Japanese Poetry). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920.
- Gerould, Gordon Hall. "Old English Ballads. 1553-1625 Chiefly from Manuscripts." *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, January 8.
- Gilchrist, Helen Ives. An Authentic Poet (T. P. Cameron Wilson). *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, February 26.
- Goldberg, Isaac. An Unconventional Tribute to Dante, *The Boston Transcript*. A Chilean Poet (M. Magallanes Moure).
- Gorman, Herbert S. Enter the Junkman (R. Le Gallienne's "The Junkman, and Other Poems"). *N. Y. Times Book Review*, October 10, 1920.
- Mr. Huxley's "Leda." *New York Times Book Review*, September 19, 1920.
- Destiny's Hooded Face. (Avon's Harvest. By Edwin Arlington Robinson). *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, April 2.
- Guiney, Louise Imogen. My Literary Career. *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, January 15.
- Hack, R. K. Horatian Satire. *The Freeman*, February 9.
- Hall, Amanda Benjamin. Leonora Speyer's Art. *The Literary Review*, *The N. Y. Evening Post*, May 21.

- Hall, Carolyn. David Morton's "Ships in Harbor." *The Measure*, July, 1921.
- From Another Point of View. *The Measure*, June, 1921.
- Hammond, Josephine. Amy Lowell and the Pretorian Cohorts. *The Personalist*, October, 1920.
- Henderson, Alice Corbin. Mr. Lomax's Second Anthology (Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920.
- "Tall Timber and a Loon" (Lew Sarett's "Many, Many Moons"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920.
- The Folk Poetry of These States. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, August, 1920.
- The Old Adam (L. Untermeyer's "The New Adam"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Two English Poets (J. C. Squire, Edward Shanks). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920.
- Who Writes Folk-Songs? (L. Pound's "Poetic Origins and The Ballad"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July.
- Herold, A. Ferdinand. The Centenary of Baudelaire. *The Freeman*, July 27.
- Hill, Frank Ernest. "Edna St. Vincent Millay." *The Measure*, March, 1921.
- The Age of Candor, *The Measure*, June, 1921.
- Holloway, Emory. Walt Whitman's Love Affairs. *The Dial*, November, 1920.
- Howard, Sidney. Flowers that Bloom in the Spring (A Bouquet of Younger Writers). *The Bookman*, April.
- Jordan, Charlotte Brewster. The Keats Centenary. *N. Y. Times Book Review*, February 20.
- Kelsey, C. K. Nobel Prize for 1920 Goes to Carl Spitteler. *The Detroit Sunday News*, January 2.
- Kent, O. S. C., W. H. A Living Irish Literature. *The Catholic World*, June.
- Krutch, Joseph Wood. A Living Corpse (M. van Doren's "The Poetry of John Dryden"). *The Literary Review*, *N. Y. Evening Post*, January 8.
- Lamb, D. Kenneth. Two Anthologies of French Verse. *The Detroit Sunday News*, June 27.
- Le Gallienne, Richard. John Keats, "Regular Fellow." *New York Times Book Review*, July 31.
- Poets Who Live Near the Rose (Kendall Banning, Edmund Blunden, James Oppenheim, Marie Tudor). *N. Y. Times Book Review*, March 20.

- Some Common Sense for Poets. *The Writer's Monthly*, January.
- Lee, H. O. Foundations of Greek Tragedy. *The Freeman*, April 18.
- Leo, Brother. The Centenary of John Keats. *The Catholic World*, January.
- Lewisohn, Ludwig. Goethe and Ourselves (P. Hume Brown's "Life of Goethe"). *The Nation*, June 29.
- The Progress of Poetry: France. *The Nation*, February 9.
- The Progress of Poetry: Germany. *The Nation*, April 18.
- Lief, Alfred. How to Write a Triolet. *The Bookman*, June.
- Lindsay, Vachel. Aramel Boone and the Young American Poets of Russian Blood. *The Dial*, May.
- Littell, Phillip. Rossetti (in Books and Things). *The New Republic*, June 15.
- Littlefield, Walter. An American Tribute in this Year's Dante Centenary. *N. Y. Times Book Review*, February 18.
- Lohman, J. P. Songs from Prison Cells. *N. Y. Times Book Review*, September 12, 1920.
- Love, Ray. The Song Poem Fake. *The Writer's Monthly*, August, 1920.
- Lovecraft, Howard P. Winifred Virginia Jackson: A "Different" Poetess. *The United Amateur*, March.
- Lowell, Amy. Louis Untermeyer: Critic, Parodist, Poet. *N. Y. Times Book Review*, October 10, 1920.
- Poetry and Propaganda (C. Sandburg's "Smoke and Steel"). *N. Y. Times Book Review*, October 29, 1920.
- The Poems of the Month—Selected by. *The Bookman*, July.
- Lynch, J. Bernard. The Girl Who Ran Away (Winifred Virginia Jackson). *The National Magazine*, September, 1920.
- M. D. Sunrise and Red Earth (Lola Ridge's "Sun up," Alice Corbin's "Red Earth: Poems of New Mexico"). *The Nation*, February 9.
- Mann, Dorothea L. The Fifteenth of Mr. Braithwaite's Annual Anthologies. *Boston Transcript*, December 18, 1920.
- The Growth of a Poet (C. R. Robinson). *The Boston Transcript*.
- Percy Mackaye's Poem of Cape Ann. *The Boston Transcript*, August 10.
- McAlmon, Robert. Concerning "Kora in Hell." *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April.

- McCourtie, William B. The Rhythmic Structure of Verse. *The Writer's Monthly*, August, November, 1920, February, June.
- Marks, Jeannette. Disaster and Poetry: A Study of James Thomson (B. V.). *The North American Review*, July, 1920.
- Mason, Lawrence. John Masefield ("Enslaved"). *The New Republic*, August 18, 1920.
- Matthews, Brander. Dryden a Belated Elizabethan. *N. Y. Times Book Review*, February 27.
- Poe in a Cloud of Commentators. *N. Y. Times Book Review*, March 18.
- Maxwell, John M. Sir George Somers, None Other than the "Faire Friend" of the Procreation Sonnets of William Shakespeare. *All's Well*, May.
- Who Juggled the Hamlet Letters and Why? A Challenge to the World of Shakespearana in General and a Pleasant Inquiry Addressed to the House of Cecil, England, in Particular. *All's Well*, June.
- Maynard, Theodore. Ballad of the Cross. *The Literary Review*, *The N. Y. Evening Post*, May 14.
- Lascelles Abercrombie, *The Catholic World*, April.
- Ralph Hodgson. *The Catholic World*, September, 1920.
- Milne, J. R. "Spirit" Voice Dictates Poetry. *Boston Sunday Post*, January 30.
- Mitchell, Stewart. Edwin Arlington Robinson (The Three Taverns). *The Dial*, May.
- "Spirits from the Vasty Deep" (Wordsworth, M. Bodenheim). *The Dial*, December, 1920.
- Monroe, Harriet. A Census Spiritual (E. L. Masters' "Domesday Book"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July.
- A Laurelled Poem (Neihardt's "The Song of Three Friends"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920.
- A Score of First Books. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February.
- A Word About Keats. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June.
- Camouflage (Masefield's "Reynard the Fox," and "Enslaved"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- Drinkwater on Abercrombie. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April.
- Frugality and Depreciation. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- Here in Cass Street. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July.
- In Texas and New Mexico. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, September, 1920.



- Notes and Queries from Mr. Lindsay. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February.
- "Others" Again. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920.
- Recent Anthologies. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- Southern Shrines. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- The Christmas Clock. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, December, 1920.
- The Death of "B. L. T." *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- The P. S. A. Prizes and Ours. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, November, 1920.
- Their Wide Range. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March.
- Two Poets Who Have Died. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- What Are They Doing? *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Moore, Marianne. A Metropolitan Hermit (Poems, Stewart Mitchell). *The Dial*, June.
- Jacopone Da Todi. *The Dial*, January.
- The Sacred Word (By T. S. Elliot). *The Dial*, March.
- Morley, Christopher. The Rudeness of Poets. *The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*, January 15.
- Mott, Frank Luther. Neihardt and His Epic Cycle. *The Grinnell Review*, November, 1920.
- Moynihlan, F. The Poet of the Supernatural: Dante. *The Catholic World*, February.
- Murray, Gilbert. An Essay in the Theory of Poetry. *The Yale Review*, April.
- Murry, John Middleton. The Sacred Wood (T. S. Elliot). *The New Republic*, April 13, 1921.
- Neilson, William Allan. "King John: A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare" (H. H. Furness). *The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*.
- Nichols, Beverley. The Poets of Oxford. *The Outlook*, April 13.
- Nicholl, Louise Townsend. Leonora Speyer's "A Canopic Jar." *The Measure*, July, 1921.
- Robinson's New Book. *The Measure*, June, 1921.
- Norris, Orlando O. Removes Ballad from Its Romantic Setting. *The Detroit Sunday News*, May 8.
- Obata, Shigeyoshi. Thirty Thousand Poets from Japan. *The Bookman*, March.
- O'Connor, Norreys Jephson. The Latest Poetry of Amy Lowell. *Boston Transcript*, May 21.

- Page, Frederick. Coventry Patmore: Points of View. *The Catholic World*, June.
- Parker, Clara M. The New Poetry and the Conservative Magazine. *The Texas Review*, October, 1920.
- Parsons, Geoffrey. Not a Parnassian (W. R. Benét's "Moons of Grandeur"). *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*, January 8.
- Parsons, Kitty. Pleasure and Pain of Modern Poetry. *New Numbers*, April 6.
- Passos, John Dos. A Catalan Poet (Joan Maragall). *The Freeman*, February 2.
- Phelps, William Lyon. An Estimate of Maeterlinck. *The North American Review*, January.
- Bringing Goethe Back (P. Hume Brown's "Life of Goethe"). *N. Y. Times Book Review*, July 31.
- Edmond Rostand. *The Yale Review*, April.
- Phillips, Brian. Shakespeare Carved from His Mulberry Tree. *Boston Transcript*.
- Phoutrides, Aristides E. Literature Abroad: Among the Poets of Athens. *The Literary Review*, *The N. Y. Evening Post*, May 14.
- Piccoli, Raffaello. On the Centenary of Dante. *The Freeman*, July 20.
- Pierce, Frederick E. A Century of English Literature (Oliver Elton's "Survey of English Literature, 1780-1880"), *The Yale Review*, July.
- Pound, Ezra. Thames Morasses. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March.
- Powys, Llewelyn. The Poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay. *The Double-Dealer*, June.
- Preston, Keith. Pot Shots on Parnassus. *The Bookman*, February.
- Redman, Ben Ray. Arthur Hugh Clough. *N. Y. Times Book Review*, October 3, 1920.
- Reed, Edward Bliss. Anthologists and Poets. *The Yale Review*, October, 1920.
- Ridge, Lola. "Heavens and Earth" (Stephen V. Benét). *The Literary Review*, N. Y. *Evening Post*.
- Evelyn Scott ("Precipitations"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March.
- Rimband, Arthur. Illuminations. *The Dial*, August, 1920.
- Rittenhouse, Jessie B. The Charm of Louise Imogen Guiney. *The Bookman*, February.
- Rolland, Romain. Shakespeare, the Truth-teller (Trans. by Helena Van Brugh de Kay). *The Dial*, August, 1920.
- Rosenfeld, Paul. Carl Sandburg. *The Bookman*, July.

- Rourke, Constance Mayfield. The Disintegration of a Poet (Christina Rossetti). *The Freeman*, July 27.
- Sanborn, Alvan. France's New Ambassador to Japan. His Connection with the N. R. F. (Paul Claudel). *The Boston Transcript*, April 6.
- Sandburg, Carl. From New Mexico (A. Corbin's "Red Earth: Poems of New Mexico"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June.
- Scheltema, J. F. Juliet's Tomb. *The Texas Review*, October, 1920.
- Schneider, Isidor. Gregorian Elizabethan (Odin Gregory's "Caius Gracchus"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, March.
- One Poet. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, April.
- "The Cleverest Young Poet in England." *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Scott, Evelyn. Argentine Drama. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1920.
- Scott, Harold P. Beautiful Poetry, But What's It All About? (Stewart Mitchell's "Poems"). *The Detroit Sunday News*, June 12.
- Bellows' Lyrics Have Simplicity and Humor. *The Detroit Sunday News*, June 5.
- Vachel Lindsay's Satiric Prophecy in Lyric Prose. *The Detroit Sunday News*, March 13.
- Shepard, Odell. Lord Dunsany—Myth-Maker. *Scribner's Magazine*, May.
- The Paradox of Thoreau. *Scribner's Magazine*, September, 1920.
- Sherry, Laura. Little Theatre Rhythms. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July.
- Pastels (H. Long's "Poems"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- Sinclair, May. What Is Poetry? *The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*, January 8.
- Smith, Preserved. Early Tudor Poetry (J. M. Berdan). *The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*.
- Starnes, D. T. Repeated Themes and Situations in Shakespeare's Comedies. *The Texas Review*, April.
- Snow, Royall. Marriage with the East (Japanese Poetry). *The New Republic*, June 29.
- Stork, Charles Wharton. The Robert Burns of Sweden (Gustaf Fröding). *The Freeman*, January 26.
- Strobel, Marion. Through a Mist Darkly (C. Aiken's "The House of Dust"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Tagore, Sir Rabindranath. The Poet's Religion. *The Century*, June.

- Thompson, James Westfall. Shakespeare and Puritanism. *The North American Review*, August, 1920.
- Tiejens, Eunice. A Singer (Sara Teasdale). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, February.
- Mr. Aiken's Bow to Punch (C. Aiken's "Punch: The Immortal Liar"). *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June.
- The Sub-Conscious Cliché. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, June.
- Thomas, Roger. New Volume of Verse by "Michael Strange." *The Detroit Sunday News*, May 8.
- Turner, J. E. What is Poetry? *The Personalist*, January.
- Untermeyer, Louis. Hilda and the Unconscious. *The Dial*, August, 1920.
- The Contemplative Quarry. *The New Republic*, April 27, 1921.
- The Music of the Unconscious (Conrad Aiken's "The House of Dust"). *The New Republic*, March 2.
- The Poems of the Month—Selected by—*The Bookman*, March.
- The Poems of the Month—Selected by—*The Bookman*, April.
- Van Doren, Carl. In a Style of Steel (Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Avon's Harvest"). *The Nation*, April 20.
- Van Doren, Mark. Concerning Poetry. *The Nation*, February 9.
- Effects in Verse. *The Nation*, January 19.
- England's Critical Compass. *The Nation*, May 4.
- Fashions (L. W. Reese's "Spicewood," M. Strange's "Resurrecting Life," L. Speyer's "A Canopic Jar"). *The Nation*, May 11.
- In Defence of Long Poems. *The Measure*, April, 1921.
- John Keats: 1821-1921. *The Nation*, February 23.
- Poetic Space and Time (John Gould Fletcher's "Breakers and Granite"). *The Nation*, April 13.
- Sapphics (Sara Teasdale's "Flame and Shadow," and Evelyn Scott's "Precipitations"). *The Nation*, January 5.
- The Progress of Poetry: England. *The Nation*, June 22.
- Village Verse. *The Nation*, March 30.
- War and Peace (Wilfrid Owen's "Poems," Edmund Blunden's "The Waggoner"). *The Nation*, May 25.
- Voices of the Living Poets. *Current Opinion*, December, 1920, January, February, March, April, May, June, July.
- Wagstaff, Blanche Shoemaker. "Star-Points" by Mrs. Waldo Richards. *The Literary Review, The N. Y. Evening Post*, May 21.

- Waterhouse, F. A. The Literary Fortunes of Kipling. *The Yale Review*, July.
- Weaver, J. V. A. Elfin and Child (Kreymborg's "Blood of Things," Rola Ridge's "Sun-Up"). *The Bookman*, May.
- Weeks, Al. Little Girl Is a True Poet (Hilda Conkling). *The Detroit Sunday News*, September 5.
- White, Lee A. Walter de la Mare—Fanciful Masterpiece. *The Detroit Sunday News*, January 9.
- White, Michael. The Poetry of Winifred Virginia Jackson. *The Hub Club Quill*, June.
- Wilbur, Harriette. The Poetry of the Petrel. *The Catholic World*, February.
- The Quaking Aspen Tree. *The Catholic World*, August, 1920.
- Wilkinson, Marguerite. Imagist Pictures of America (John Gould Fletcher's "Breakers and Granite"). *N. Y. Times Book Review*, March 18.
- "Last of the White Magicians" (Walter de la Mare). *N. Y. Times Book Review*, December 19, 1920.
- Mirrors of the Renaissance (Benét's "Moons of Grandeur"). *The Bookman*, April.
- Of Poets Great in Their Day. *N. Y. Times Book Review*, August 3, 1920.
- The Poems of the Month—Selected by—*The Bookman*, May.
- The Poems of the Month—Selected by—*The Bookman*, June.
- Williams, Blanche Cotton. Maxwell Struthers Burt. *The Bookman*, March.
- Williams, Oscar. The Silver Stallions. *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, July.
- Williams, Stanley T. Rossetti's Damozels: Blessed and Otherwise. *The Texas Review*, April.
- Wilson, Arthur. Sandburg: A Psychiatric Curiosity. *The Dial*, January.
- Wood, Clement. A Woman's Burden (Leonora Speyer's "A Canopic Jar"). *The Bookman*, July.
- The Ready Red Lyre. *The Literary Review, The N. Y. Evening Post*, May 14.
- The Village Miltons. *The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post*, February 19.
- Wright, Herbert F. Martial: The Modern Epigrammatist. *The Catholic World*, June.
- Wyatt, Edith Franklin. Conversational Poetry. *The Yale Review*, October, 1920.
- Yewdale, Merton S. Edgar Allen Poe, Pathologically. *The North American Review*, November, 1920.

## VOLUMES OF POEMS PUBLISHED DURING 1920-1921

- A Hundred Voices and Other Poems* from the Second Part of *Life Immovable*. By Kostas Palamas. Translated with an Introduction and Notes by Aristides E. Phourides. Harvard University Press.
- A Miscellany of American Poetry*. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
- A Physician's Anthology of English and American Poetry*. Selected and Arranged by Casey A. Wood and Fielding H. Garrison. Oxford University Press.
- Agamemnon*. After the Greek of Æschylus. By Locke Ellis. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
- Aiken, Conrad. *Punch: The Immortal Liar. Documents in His History*. Alfred A. Knopf.
- The House of Dust*. The Four Seas Co.
- Aldington, Richard. *Medallions in Clay*. Alfred A. Knopf.
- American and British Verse*. From *The Yale Review*, with a Foreword by John Gould Fletcher. Yale University Press.
- Andrews, Marietta Minnigrode. *Out of the Dust*. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Atwood, William Franklin. *The Plymouth Pilgrims, and Two Other Short Poems*. Privately Printed.
- Bangs, John Kendrick. *The Cherry Way. A Bit of Verse for Everday*. Harper and Bros.
- Banks, Jr., Theodore H. *Wild Geese*. Yale University Press.
- Barney, Natalie Clifford. *Poems and Poemes*. George H. Doran Co.
- Beckett, Grace. (Editor). *Songs of Joy*. Oxford University Press.
- Bellamann, Henry. *A Music Teacher's Note Book*. The New York Poetry Book Shop.
- Benét, Stephen Vincent. *Heavens and Earth*. Henry Holt and Co.

- Benét, William Rose. *Moons of Grandeur*. George H. Doran Co.
- Betts, Craven Langstroth. *The Two Captains. At Longwood, at Trafalgar*. New York: Alfred Allen Watts Co.
- Blok, Alexander. *The Twelve*. Translated from the Russian by Babette Deutsch. B. W. Huebsch.
- Blunden, Edmund. *The Waggoner*. Alfred A. Knopf.
- Bodenheim, Maxwell. *Advice*. Alfred A. Knopf.
- Bottomley, Gordon. *King Lear's Wife; The Crier by Night; The Riding to Lithend; Midsummer Eve; Laodice and Danae*. Plays. Small, Maynard and Co.
- Boyle, Darl MacLeod. *Where Lilith Dances*. Yale University Press.
- Boyle, Mary E. *Drum-Na-Keil. The Ridge of the Burial Place*. London: Eneas MacKay.
- Bradford, Gamaliel. *A Prophet of Joy*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Shadow Verse*. Yale University Press.
- Braithwaite, William Stanley. *Anthology of Magazine Verse, and Yearbook of American Poetry*. Small, Maynard and Co.
- Bridges, Elizabeth. *Sonnets from Hafez, and Other Verses*. Oxford University Press.
- Bridges, Robert. *October and Other Poems*. With Occasional Verses on the War. Alfred A. Knopf.
- Brown, Abbie Farwell. *Heart of New England*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Buddies*. A Sequel to Yanks: A Book of Verse. Originally Published in *The Stars and Stripes*. Washington: Eastern Supply Co.
- Burke, Thomas. *The Song Book of Quong Lee of Limehouse*. Henry Holt and Co.
- Butler, William Mill. *Democracy, and Other Poems*. Richard G. Badger.
- Call, F. O. *Acanthus and Wild Grape*. Toronto: McClaland and Stewart.
- Carpenter, Rhys. *The Plainsman, and Other Poems*. Oxford University Press.
- Caxton, Herbert Hugh. *Percinette*. With an Introduction by Frederic J. Farnell. Providence, R. I.: The Premier Publishing Co., Inc.
- Chandler, Olive. *The Imp of Mischief, and Other Verses for Children*. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Chapman, Arthur. *Cactus Centre*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Chase, Henrietta M. *Poems*. Boston: Nathan Sawyer and Son, Inc.

*Chips of Jade.* Being Chinese Proverbs with more Folk-Sayings from Hindustan and Other Oriental Countries. Rhymed in English by Arthur Guiterman. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Chubb, Thomas Caldecot. *The White God and Other Poems.* Yale University Press.

Claudel, Paul. *The City.* A Play. Translated by John Strong Newberry. Yale University Press.

Cobden-Sanderson, T. J. *Wordsworth.* An Anthology. Alfred A. Knopf.

Crabb, William Darwin. *Poems of the Golden West.* San Francisco: Harr Wagner Publishing Co.

Cross, Zora. *The Lilt of Life.* Sydney, Australia: Angus and Robertson, Ltd.

Curran, Edwin. *New Poems.* The Four Seas Co.

Curran, Edward. *The Second Poems.* Zanesville, Ohio: Published by the Author.

Dayrell, Vivienne (Vivienne Dayrell-Browning). *The Little Wings.* With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Basil Blackwell.

de la Mare, Walter. *Collected Poems.* 1901-1918. Two Volumes. Henry Holt and Co.

de Witt, S. A. *Riding the Storm.* New York: The Academy Press.

Dircks, Helen. *Passenger.* With an Introduction by Frank Swinnerton. George H. Doran Co.

Dodge, Philip Henry. *The Voice of Kagon Fall, and Other Words in Verse and Song.* Tokyo: Maruzen Co., Ltd.

"Dombey." *The Song of Life and Other Poems.* The Stratford Co.

Doyle, E. A. *War Pieces.* Winchester, Ohio: The School Journal.

Drayton, Michael. *Nymphida, The Court of Fayrie.* Basil Blackwell.

Dresbach, Glenn Ward. *Morning, Noon and Night.* The Four Seas Co.

du Bois, George. *Silvania, and Other Poems.* The Stratford Co.

*English Madrigal Verse.* 1588-1632. Edited from the Original Songbooks by E. H. Fellowes. Oxford University Press.

Eno, Henry Lane. *Indian Summer.* Duffield and Co.

Everett, Leolyn Louise. *The Hills of Arcetri.* John Lane Co.

Flanner, Hildegarde. *This Morning.* Frank Shay.



- Fleming, Sara Lee Brown. *Clouds and Sunshine*. The Cornhill Co.
- Fletcher, John Gould. *Breakers and Granite*. The Macmillan Co.
- Flexner, Hortense. *Clouds and Cobblestones*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Forbes, Helen Emily. *The Saga of the Seventh Division*. John Lane Co.
- France, Anatole. *The Bride of Corinth, and Other Poems and Plays*. Translated by Wilfrid Jackson and Emilie Jackson. John Lane Co.
- Fraiser, Scottie McKenzie. *Fagots of Fancy*. Wheeling, W. Va.: Progressive Publishers.
- Freeman, John. *Poems Old and New*. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
- Frothingham, Robert (Editor). *Songs of Dogs*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Songs of Horses*. An Anthology. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Fyleman, Rose. *Fairies and Chimneys*. George H. Doran Co.
- Garland, Marie Tudor. *The Marriage Feast*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Garrison, Theodosia. *As the Larks Rise*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Gates, Ellen M. Huntington. *The Marble House, and Other Poems*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Gibran, Kahlil. *The Forerunner. His Parables and Poems*. Alfred A. Knopf.
- Gibson, Wilfred Wilson. *Neighbors*. The Macmillan Co.
- Gibbs, A. Hamilton. *Blue Bottles*. B. W. Huebsch.
- Gilmore, Mary. *The Passionate Heart*. Sydney, Australia: Angus and Robertson, Ltd.
- Ginsberg, Louis. *The Attic of the Past, and Other Lyrics*. Small, Maynard and Co.
- Glaenger, Richard Butler. *Literary Snapshots. Impressions of Contemporary Authors*. Brentano's.
- Goldring, Douglas. *Streets and Other Verses*. Thomas Seltzer.
- Goodhue, E. S. *On the Reserve, and Other Poems*. Molokai, Hawaii: You Bet Publishing Co.
- Under the Silver Moon*. Molokai, Hawaii: You Bet Publishing Co.
- Grautham, A. E. *The Wisdom of Akhnaton*. John Lane Co.
- Gregory, Odin. *Caius Gracchus. A Tragedy*. With an Introduction by Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright.

- Hare, Amory. *Tossed Coins*. John Lane Co.
- Hardin, Charlotte. *From a Flat House-Top*. The Four Seas Co.
- Hewitt, Arthur Wentworth. *Harp of the North*. Boston: C. H. Simonds Co.
- Hewlett, Maurice. *Flowers in the Grass*. (Wiltshire Plain-song). E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Hillyer, Robert. *Alchemy*. A Symphonic Poem. With Decorations by Beatrice Stevens. Brentano's.
- Hitch, Alfred. *Poems and Essays*. Stockton, Cal.: Published by the Author.
- Hobart, George V. *Idle Moments in Florida*. George H. Doran Co.
- Holmes, Edmond. *The Creed of My Heart, and Other Poems*. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Hope, Dorian. *Pearls and Pomegranates*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Hult, Gottfried. *Outbound*. The Stratford Co.
- Huxley, Aldus. *Leda*. George H. Doran Co.
- Icarian Flights*. Translations of Some of the Odes of Horace. By Francis Outts and Walter Herries Pollock. John Lane Co.
- Inman, Arthur Crew. *Red Autumn*. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Jesse, F. Tennyson. *The Happy Bride*. George H. Doran Co.
- Johnson, Roy Ivan. *The Fourth Watch*. The Cornhill Co.
- Jones, Herbert. *The Blue Ship*. John Lane Co.
- King, James Jamison. *Soul*. Printed at the Knickerbocker Press for the Author.
- Kitchin, C. H. B. *Winged Victory*. Basil Blackwell.
- Kueffner, Louise Mallinckrodt. *Moods of Manhattan*. New York: The Modernist Press.
- Knibbs, Henry Herbert. *Songs of the Trail*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Kriloff's Fables*. Translated from the Russian into the Original Metres. By C. Fillingham Coxwell. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Labaree, Mary Fleming. *Persian Pictures*. Fleming H. Revell Co.
- Lankin, Nina B. *The Gifts We Bring. A Christmas Pageant for Boys and Girls and for Grown-Ups*. T. S. Denison and Co.

- Le Gallienne, Richard. *The Junk-Man, and Other Poems*. Doubleday, Page and Co.
- Leavenworth, Annie Grim. *Wild Geese and Other Poems*. James T. White and Co.
- Leonard, Mary Hall. *My Lady of the Searchlight*. The Four Seas Co.
- Leonard, William Ellery. *The Lynching Bee, and Other Poems*. B. W. Huesbsch.
- Leslie, Noel. *The Cult of Content*. The Four Seas Co.
- Lee, Harry. *High Company. Sketches of Courage and Comradeship*. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- Long, Haniel. *Poems*. Moffat, Yard and Co.
- Long, Lindley Grant. *Farmer Hiram on the World's War*. Dayton, Ohio: Christian Publishing Association.
- Low, Benjamin R. C. *Broken Music*. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Lowell, Amy. *Legends*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Macauley, Rose. *Three Days*. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Macdonald, Raymond. *Poems of the English Race*. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- MacKaye, Percy. *The Pilgrim and the Book*. American Bible Society.
- Macnicol, Nicol. *Psalms of Maratha Saints*. One Hundred and Eight Hymns Translated from the Marathi. Oxford University Press.
- Marquis, Don. *The Old Soak, and Hail and Fairwell*. Doubleday, Page and Co.
- Masefield, John. *Reynard the Fox*. Illustrated by Carton Moorepark. The Macmillan Co.
- Maynard, Theodore. *The Last Knight, and Other Poems*. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- (Editor). *A Tankard of Ale*. An Anthology of Drinking Songs. Robert N. McBride and Co.
- McCleary, Cornelia Walter. *The Celestial Circus*. The Cornhill Co.
- McCormick, Virginia Taylor. *Star-Dust and Gardens*. Norwood: The Plimpton Press.
- Merivale, Philips. *The Wind Over the Water*. The Four Seas Co.
- Mertins, Gustave Frederick. *The Twilight Soul*. Montgomery, Ala.: The Paragon Press.
- Merrick, George E. *Songs of the Wind on a Southern Shore, and Other Poems of Florida*. The Four Seas Co.
- Mew, Charlotte. *Saturday Market*. The Macmillan Co.
- Millay, Edna St. Vincent. *A Few Figs from Thistles*. Frank Shay.
- Mitchell, Stewart. *Poems*. Duffield and Co.

- Modern Czech Poetry.* Selected Texts with Translations and an Introduction by P. Selver. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Montague, James J. *More Truth Than Poetry.* With a Preface by Irvin S. Cobb. George H. Doran Co.
- Morgan, Edward. *Rock and Rye.* Privately Printed.
- Morley, Christopher. *Hide and Seek.* George H. Doran Co.
- Morse, William Inglis. *The Lady Latour.* Toronto: The Ryerson Press.
- Morton, David. *Ships in Harbor.* G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Murray, Eleanor Vinton. *The Inferno of Dante.* Boston: Privately Printed.
- Myers, Frederic W. H. *Collected Poems with Autobiographical and Critical Fragments.* Edited by his wife, Eveleen Myers. The Macmillan Co.
- Neihardt, John G. *Two Mothers.* The Macmillan Co.
- Nevinson, Henry W. *Lines of Life.* Boni and Liveright.
- Nichols, Robert. *Aurelia, and Other Poems.* E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Noguchi, Yone. *Japanese Hokkus.* The Four Seas Co.
- Seen and Unseen, or Monologues of a Homeless Snail.* New York: Orientalia.
- Noyes, Alfred. *Sherwood, or Robin Hood and the Three Kings.* (Acting Edition). Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- The Elfin Artist, and Other Poems.* Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- Collected Poems.* Volume III. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- Olcott, Frances Jenkins. *Story-Telling Ballads. Selected and Arranged for Story-Telling and Reading Aloud.* Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Oppenheim, James. *Songs for the New Age* (New Edition). Alfred A. Knopf.
- The Mystic Warrior.* Alfred A. Knopf.
- Oxford Poetry* 1917-1919. Basil Blackwell.
- Oxford Poetry* 1920. Edited by V. M. B., C. H. B. K., A. P. Basil Blackwell.
- Parfenoff, Stephen S. *Inside the Great Conflict.* Epoch of the World's War, Politics and Love. The Stratford Co.
- Parish, Emma Kenyon. *The Golden Island.* James T. White Co.
- Parrott, Retta. *Library Windows.* Harr Publishing Co.
- Phillips, Stephen. *Collected Plays.* The Macmillan Co.
- Poems.* By John Clare. Chiefly from Manuscript. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Powell, Charles (Editor). *The Poets of the Nursery.* With an Introduction by John Drinkwater. John Lane Co.

Quest, Edgar A. *When Day Is Done*. The Reilly and Lee Co.

Rackham, Arthur (Illustrator). *Some British Ballads*. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Reed, William Lord. *An American Nobility*. The Stratford Co.

Reese, Lizette Woodworth. *Spicewood*. The Norman Remington Co.

Rice, Cecil Arthur Spring. *Poems*. Longsman, Green and Co.

Richardson, James Edward. *The Summer-Garden*. Philadelphia: Published by the Author.

Richards, Mrs. Waldo (Editor). *Star-Points*. Songs of Joy, Faith, and Promise from the Present-Day Poets. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Ridge, Lola. *Sun-Up, and Other Poems*. B. W. Huebsch.

Rien, E. V. *The Tryst, and Other Poems*. Oxford University Press.

Rihani, Ameen. *A Chant of Mystics*. James T. White Co.

Rives, Amelie (Princess Troubetzkoy). *As the Wind Blew*. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Robinson, Charles Mulford. *The City Sleeps*. The Cornhill Co.

Robinson, Corinne Roosevelt, *The Poems of*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Robinson, Edwin Arlington. *Avon's Harvest*. The Macmillan Co.

*The Three Taverns*. The Macmillan Co.

Robinson, Edwin Meade. (*Ted Robinson*). Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

Sackville, Lady Margaret. *Selected Poems*. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Sandburg, Carl. *Smoke and Steel*. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

*Sappho*. Memoir, Text, Selected Renderings and a Literal Translation. By Henry Thornton Wharton. With Paraphrases in Verse by Anna Bunner. Brentano's.

Schauffer, Robert Haven. *The White Comrade, and Other Poems*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Schlesinger, Frederick Schenck. *Whittlings of a Dreamer*. James T. White Co.

Scott, Coral Frances. *Life's Overtones*. The Stratford Co.

Scott, Evelyn. *Precipitations*. Nicholas L. Brown.

*Selections from A. C. Swinburne*. Edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise. George H. Doran Co.

- Shakespeare's Sonnets.* Basil Blackwell.
- Shay, Frank. *Iron Men and Wooden Ships.* Chanties Collected by F. S. Frank Shay.
- Slosson, May Preston. *From a Quiet Garden.* Brentano's.
- Smith, C. Fox. *Ships and Folks.* Elkin Mathews.
- Speyer, Leonora. *A Canopic Jar.* E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Sterling, Ada. *Mary, Queen of Scots. A Drama in Verse.* Oxford University Press.
- Stetson, Augusta E. *Poems.* G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Stork, Charles Wharton. *Contemporary Verse Anthology.* Favorite Poems Selected from the Magazine of Contemporary Verse, 1916-1920. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Strange, Michael. *Resurrecting Life.* Alfred A. Knopf.
- Strode, Muriel. *A Soul's Faring.* Boni and Liveright.
- Squire, J. C. *The Birds, and Other Poems.* George H. Doran Co.
- Symons, Arthur. *Lesbia and Other Poems.* E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Symons, Arthur. *Cesare Borgia, Iseult of Brittany, The Toy Cart.* Brentano's.
- The Agamemnon of Æschylus.* Translated into English Rhyming Verse with Explanatory Notes by Gilbert Murray. Oxford University Press.
- The Book of Fairy Poetry.* Edited by Dora Owen. Illustrated by Warwick Goble. Longmans, Green and Co.
- The Courtship of Miles Standish.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With an Introduction by Ernest W. Longfellow, and with Pictures by N. C. Wyeth. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.* The Italian Text with a Translation in English Blank Verse. By Courtney Langdon. Harvard University Press.
- The Garden of Bright Waters.* One Hundred and Twenty Asiatic Love Poems. Translated by Edward Powys Mathers. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- The John Keats Memorial Volume.* Issued by the Keats House Committee, Hampstead.
- The Poems of Henry van Dyke.* Charles Scribner's Sons.
- The Poems of Robert Burns.* Edited by James L. Hughes. George H. Doran Co.
- The Poetical Works of John Keats.* Edited with an Introduction and Textual Notes by H. Buxton Forman. Oxford University Press.
- The Secret Rose Garden of Sa's Ud Din Mahmud Shabistari.* Rendered from the Persian with an Introduction by Florence Lederer. E. P. Dutton and Co.

- The Song of Roland.* Done into English, in the Original Metre by Charles Scott Moncrieff. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton, and a Note on Technique by George Saintsbury. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- The Sphinx.* By Oscar Wilde. Illustrated and Decorated by Alastair. John Lane Co.
- The Vision, or Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by Henry Francis Cary. Oxford University Press.
- Thayer, Gerald H. *The Seven Parsons and the Small Ignorodon. In Inverted Legend.* G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Thornley, Thomas. *Verses from Fen and Fell.* G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Untermeyer, Louis. *The New Adam.* Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
- Vernède, R. E. *War Poems, and Other Verses.* With an Introductory Note by Edmund Gosse. George H. Doran Co.
- Waley, Arthur. *Japanese Poetry. The "Uta."* Oxford University Press.
- Walsh, Thomas (Editor). *Hispanic Anthology.* Poems Translated from the Spanish by English and American Poets. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Walters, L. D'O. (Editor). *An Anthology of Recent Poetry.* With an Introduction by Harold Monroe. Dodd, Mead and Co.
- Webber, James Plaisted. *Verses for a Little Maid.* Boston: Hanson Hart Webster.
- Wells, Carolyn. *The Book of Humorous Verse.* George H. Doran Co.
- West, Henry Litchfield (Editor). *Lyrics of the Links.* The Macmillan Co.
- Ware, Richard D. *Politics Regained.* With Introductory Remarks by John Milton. Amherst, N. H.: Amherst Publishing Co.
- Wilson, Carolyn Crosby. *Fir Trees and Fireflies.* G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Wilson, Joseph R. *"The Santa Fe Trail," and Other Poems.* Philadelphia: International Printing Co.
- Wilson, T. P. Cameron. *Waste Paper Philosophy.* To which has been added *Magpies in Picardy, and Other Poems.* With an Introduction by Robert Norwood. George H. Doran Co.
- Wyllarde, Dolf. *The Magdelene and Other Verses.* John Lane Co.
- Yeats, William Butler. *Selected Poems.* The Macmillan Co.

## A SELECT LIST OF BOOKS ABOUT POETS AND POETRY

- Abet, Adam. *Social Conscience, Homocracy versus Monocracy in Story, Verse and Essay*. Co-operative Publishing Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
- Aldrich, Mrs. Thomas Bailey. *Crowding Memories*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Anthology of Modern Slavonic Literature*. In Prose and Verse. Translated by P. Selver, with an Introduction and Literary Notes. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Ariosto, Shakespeare and Corneille*. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslee. Henry Holt and Co.
- Bailey, John. *Poetry and Commonplace*. Oxford University Press.
- Beers, Henry A. *The Connecticut Wits, and Other Essays*. Yale University Press.
- Berdan, John M. *Early Tudor Poetry. 1485-1547*. The Macmillan Co
- Blore, G. H. *Victorian Worthies*. Sixteen Biographies. Oxford University Press.
- Bridges, Robert. *Milton's Prosody*. With a Chapter on Accentual Verse. Oxford University Press.
- Britian's Tribute to Dante in Literature and Art*. A Chronological Record of 540 Years (c. 1380-1920). By Paget Townbee. Oxford University Press.
- Brooks, Charles S. *Hints to Pilgrims*. With Pictures by Florence Minard. Yale University Press.
- Brooke, Stopford A. *Naturalism in English Poetry*. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Brown, P. Hume. *Life of Goethe*. 2 Vols. Henry Holt and Co.
- Brown, Rollo Walter. *The Writer's Art. By Those Who Have Practised It*. Harvard University Press.
- Browne, Edward G. *A History of Persian Literature. Under Tartar Dominion, A. D., 1265-1502*. The Macmillan Co.



- Burchardt, C. B. *Norwegian Life and Literature. English Accounts and Views Especially in the 19th Century.* Humphrey Milford.
- Burdett, Osbert. *The Idea of Coventry Patmore.* Oxford University Press.
- Carritt, E. F. *The Theory of Beauty.* The Macmillan Co.
- Collins, Joseph. *Idling in Italy. Studies in Literature and Life.* Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Cook, A. K. *A Commentary Upon Browning's "The Ring and the Book."* Oxford University Press.
- Courthope, W. J. 1842-1917. Oxford University Press.
- Crothers, Samuel McChord. *Ralph Waldo Emerson. How to Know Him.* The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
- Culver, Henry S. *The Emerald Isle.* In Poetry and Picture. The Christopher Publishing House.
- Cruikshank, A. H. *Philip Massinger.* Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- Dantis Alagherii Epistolae.* The Letters of Dante, Amended Text. With Introduction, Notes, and Indices and Appendix on the Cursus by Paget Toynbee. Oxford University Press.
- Das, Harihar. *Life and Letters of Torn Dutt.* With a Foreword by Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher. Oxford University Press.
- de Madariaga, Salvador. *Shelley and Calderon, and Other Essays on English and Spanish Poetry.* E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Ellis, S. M. *George Meredith. His Life and Friends in Relation to His Work.* Dodd, Mead and Co.
- Elliot, T. S. *The Sacred Wood. Essays on Poetry and Criticism.* Alfred A. Knopf.
- Elton, Oliver. *A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1880.* 4 Vols. The Macmillan Co.
- Erskine, John. *The Kinds of Poetry and Other Essays.* Duffield and Co.
- Farnell, Ida. *Spanish Prose and Poetry.* With Translated Specimens. Oxford University Press.
- Emerson, Oliver Farrar. *John Dryden and a British Academy.* Oxford University Press.
- Finch, M. B., and E. Allison Peers. *The Origins of French Romanticism.* E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Fitzmaurice-Kelly, James. *Fray Luis de Leon (Spanish Poet).* Oxford University Press.

- Glasier, J. Bruce. *William Morris and Early Days of the Socialist Movement*. With a Preface by May Morris. Longmans, Green and Co.  
 Goodell, Thomas Dwight. *Athenian Tragedy*. Yale University Press.  
 Greenwood, Sir George. *Shakspeare's Handwriting*. John Lane Co.  
*Shakespeare's Law*. Edwin Valentine Mitchell, Hartford, Conn.  
 Hackett, Francis (Editor and Contributor). *On American Books*. B. W. Huebsch.  
 Harper, George McLean. *Wordsworth's French Daughter. The Story of Her Birth, with the Certificates of Her Baptism and Marriage*. Princeton University Press.  
 Herford, C. H. *The Normality of Shakespeare. Illustrated in His Treatment of Love and Marriage*. Oxford University Press.  
 Hind, C. Lewis. *Authors and I*. John Lane Co.  
 Hopkins, R. Thurston. *Kipling's Sussex*. D. Appleton and Co.  
 Hubbard, Frank G. *The First Quarto Edition of Shakespeare's Hamlet*. Edited with Introduction and Notes. University of Wisconsin.  
 Hull, A. Eaglefield. *Cyril Scott, Composer, Poet and Philosopher*. E. P. Dutton and Co.  
 Huneker, James Gibbons. *Steeplejack*. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Keppel, Francis. *Built in Jerusalem's Wall*. Oxford University Press.  
 Ker, William Paton. *The Art of Poetry*. Oxford University Press.  
 la Prade, Ruth. *Debs and the Poets*. With an Introduction by Upton Sinclair. Published by Upton Sinclair.  
 Lee, Vernon. *Satan, the Waster*. A Philosophic War Trilogy, with Notes and Introduction. John Lane Co.  
*Limericks*. Arranged and Illustrated by Florence Herrick Gardiner. J. B. Lippincott Co.  
 Lynd, Robert. *The Art of Letters*. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Mais, S. P. B. *Books and Their Writers*. Dodd, Mead and Co.  
 Mallock, W. H. *Memoirs of Life and Literature*. Harper and Bros.  
 Murray, J. Middleton. *Aspects of Literature*. Alfred A. Knopf.

- Newkirk, Garrett. *Lincoln Life Sketches*. In Verse and Prose. Duffield and Co.
- Norwood, Gilbert. *Greek Tragedy*. John W. Luce and Co.
- Odell, George C. D. *Shakespeare*. From Betterton to Irving. 2 Vols. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Olivero, Frederico. *Studies in Modern Poetry*. Oxford University Press.
- Parker, De Witt H. *The Principles of Aesthetics*. Silver, Burdette and Co.
- Perry, Bliss. *A Study of Poetry*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Pound, Louise. *Poetic Origins and the Ballad*. The Macmillan Co.
- Pritchard, Myron T., and Mary White Orlington. *The Upward Path. A Collection of Stories and Poems by Colored Authors*. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
- Rothert, Otto A. *The Story of a Poet: Madison Cawein. His Intimate Life as Revealed by His Letters and Hitherto Unpublished Material*. John P. Morton Co.
- Smith, C. Alphonso. *Edgar Allen Poe. How to Know Him*. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
- Smith, Jean Pauline. *The Aesthetic Nature of Tennyson*. James T. White and Co.
- Smith, Lewis Worthington, and Esse V. Hathaway. *The Sky-Line in English Literature*. D. Appleton and Co.
- Songs of Two Savoyards*. Words and Music by W. S. Gilbert. Music by Arthur Sullivan. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Squire, J. C. *Life and Letters*. Essays. George H. Doran Co.
- Sturgeon, Mary C. *Studies of Contemporary Poets*. Dodd, Mead and Co.
- Summers, Walter Coventry. *The Silver Age of Latin Literature*. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- Symons, Arthur. *Charles Baudelaire. A Study*. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Tabb, Jennie Masters. *Father Tabb. His Life and Work. A Memorial by His Niece*. Introduction by Dr. Charles Alphonso Smith. The Stratford Co.
- Taylor, Henry Osborn. *Thought and Expression in the Sixteenth Century*. 2 Vols. The Macmillan Co.
- The Atlantic Year Book*. Being a Collection of Quotations from *The Atlantic Monthly*. Compiled by Teresa S.

- Fitzpatrick and Elizabeth M. Watts. *The Atlantic Monthly Press.*
- The Cambridge History of American Literature.* Vols. 3 and 4. Edited by William Peterfield Trent, John Erskine, Stuart P. Sherman and Carl van Doren. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by Charles Eliot Norton (New Edition). Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Thorndike, Ashley H. *Literature in a Changing Age.* The Macmillan Co.
- Toynbee, A. J. *The Tragedy of Greece.* Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.
- van Doren, Mark. *The Poetry of John Dryden.* Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
- Wendell, Barrett. *The Traditions of European Literature. From Homer to Dante.* Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Williams, William Carlos. *Kora in Hell: Improvisations.* The Four Seas Co.
- Wright, C. H. C. *French Classicism.* Harvard University Press.
- Wuppermann, Carlos. *The Deeper Faith.* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	<i>Page</i>
A delicate fabric of bird-song.	
SARA TEASDALE . . . . .	177
A fibre of rain on a window-pane.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	72
After the song the love, and after the love the play.	
ERNEST BENCHIMOL . . . . .	21
Alembics turn to stranger things.	
ELINOR WYLIE . . . . .	206 ✓
A little while when I am gone.	
SARA TEASDALE . . . . .	179
All crying, "We will go with you, O Wind."	
ROBERT FROST . . . . .	50
All that could never be said.	
SARA TEASDALE . . . . .	179
All that we know of April is her way.	
DAVID MORTON . . . . .	120
And God stepped out on space.	
JAMES WELDON JOHNSON . . . . .	98
An orchard in the valley.	
WINIFRED WELLES . . . . .	193
As I was lying in my bed.	
ELINOR WYLIE . . . . .	207 ✓
Ask me nothing now, my dear.	
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR . . . . .	24
As when trees were shrouded in December.	
MARTIN ARMSTRONG . . . . .	10
A six o'clock of an autumn dusk.	
SARA TEASDALE . . . . .	178
Avoid the reeking herd.	
ELINOR WYLIE . . . . .	205 ✓
Beauty streamed into my hand.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	68
Before there was in Egypt any sound.	
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON . . . . .	136
Between the dawn and the sun's rising.	
MAXWELL ANDERSON . . . . .	8

	<i>Page</i>
Boys and girls, come out to play.	
GENEVIEVE TAGGARD . . . . .	167
Brief as the creaming waves that break and run.	
KATHERINE LEE BATES . . . . .	18
Brief is Man's travail here and transitory.	
JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK . . . . .	198
Cobbler, cease your stitching.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON . . . . .	85
Curious you should not see my feet are weary.	
MARY ALDIS . . . . .	6
Day is the heart's red field.	
LEONORA SPEYER . . . . .	162
Dear ones, I have gambled, I have rolled the bones.	
KEENE WALLIS . . . . .	188
Death devours all lovely things.	
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY . . . . .	114
Deep-bosomed, stalwart-limbed, superbly made.	
MARGARET TOD RITTER . . . . .	132
Dere's some wa't says dat de Lawd wuz out.	
LOUISE AYRES GARNETT . . . . .	57
"Desperate, my men are our straits.	
ARTHUR C. INMAN . . . . .	82
Discomfort sweeps my quiet, as a wind.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	73
Door, you stand in your darkened frame.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	68
Do you share the present dread.	
MAXWELL BODENHEIM . . . . .	11
Earth will you be kind to her?	
HENRY BELLAMANN . . . . .	18
Enough has been said about roses.	
GRACE HAZARD CONKLING . . . . .	26
Even as to a music, stately and sad.	
JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK . . . . .	198
Fanny! If in your arms my soul could slip.	
EDGAR LEE MASTERS . . . . .	113
Frieze of warm bronze that glides with cat-like move- ments.	
JOHN GOULD FLETCHER . . . . .	48
God said to the Puritan.	
KARLE WILSON BAKER . . . . .	17
Good morning, madam, in your sleepy brown hair.	
MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT . . . . .	158
Grampa Schuler, when he was young.	
RUTH SUCKOW . . . . .	167
Grey clouds, with sudden lakes of blue.	
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES . . . . .	101

	<i>Page</i>
Happened that the moon was up before I went to bed.	
KATHERINE RIGGS . . . . .	181
He built the house to show his neighbors.	
AMY LOWELL . . . . .	105
He never spoke a civil word.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON . . . . .	89
High, pale, imperial places of slow cloud.	
FRANK ERNEST HILL . . . . .	77
Hope gnawed at my heart like a hungry rat.	
LEONORA SPETER . . . . .	161
How goes it in your star-lit world.	
SCUDDER MIDDLETON . . . . .	114
How shall I keep April.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	67
How shall I sing of her that is.	
JOHN HALL WHEELOCK . . . . .	197
I am always carving arrows.	
WINIFRED WELLES . . . . .	192
I am less of myself and more of the sun.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	74
I climb them step by step.	
JEANNETTE MARKS . . . . .	112
I could never be properly dead.	
KENNETH SLADE ALLING . . . . .	8
If praying to the saints could comfort.	
GAMALIEL BRADFORD . . . . .	24
I grasped a thread of silver; it cut me to the bone.	
AMY LOWELL . . . . .	111
I have a dream.	
LOLA RIDGE . . . . .	127
I have not forgotten yet.	
HILDEGARDE FLANNER . . . . .	47
I have seen Mary at the cross.	
WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY . . . . .	126
I have spoken with the dead.	
HILDEGARDE FLANNER . . . . .	46
I have touched hands with peace and loveliness.	
HAROLD VINAL . . . . .	186
I knew of an honest cleanly inn where men much profit had.	
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY . . . . .	117
I know that life is Jason.	
OSCAR WILLIAMS . . . . .	200
I like best those crotchety ones.	
RUTH SUCKOW . . . . .	166
Inasmuch as I love you.	
CLIFFORD FRANKLIN GESSLER . . . . .	60

	<i>Page</i>
I never knew how words were vain.	
KENNETH SLADE ALLING . . . . .	7
Infinite gentleness, infinite irony.	
SARA TEASDALE . . . . .	180
In some far and lonely midnight.	
OSCAR WILLIAMS . . . . .	199
In the desert near Khotan.	
FRANK ERNEST HILL . . . . .	75
Into a brown wood flew a brown bird.	
WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY . . . . .	125
I plunge at the rearing hours.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	71
I remember the cleared streets, the strange suspense.	
KENNETH SLADE ALLING . . . . .	7
I saw a hunchback climb over a hill.	
JOHN PEALE BISHOP . . . . .	22
I see so clearly now my similar years.	
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY . . . . .	116
I shall go in the wind.	
EDWARD J. O'BRIEN . . . . .	121
I shall go out as all men go.	
HAROLD TROBRIDGE PULSIFER . . . . .	126
I should like to live as a ballad maid.	
EDA LOU WALTON . . . . .	187
I think that Mary Magdalene.	
LEONORA SPEYER . . . . .	163
I took my longing up a cliff.	
WINIFRED WELLES . . . . .	191
I've a pocketful of emptiness for you, my Dear.	
AMY LOWELL . . . . .	111
I've towered above the hilt of my spade.	
DAVID GREENHOOD . . . . .	63
I went a-riding, a-riding.	
AMY LOWELL . . . . .	107
I wisht dat I wuz Norah a-sailin' in de Arc.	
LOUISE AYERS GARNETT . . . . .	54
I wonder.	
LOLA RIDGE . . . . .	129
I wonder where it could of went to.	
JOHN V. A. WEAVER . . . . .	190
Keen as the breath of frozen fjords.	
BARRETTE DEUTSCH . . . . .	39
Let us walk in the white snow.	
ELINOR WYLIE . . . . .	204
Lifeblood and spirit-fire.	
MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER . . . . .	184



	<i>Page</i>
Life flings weariness over me.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	69
Like a dry fish flung inland far from shore.	
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON . . . . .	135
Love us, Lord, but not too much.	
JESSIE MACDONALD . . . . .	112
Many a tree is found in the wood.	
HENRY VAN DYKE . . . . .	183
Measure me, sky.	
LEONORA SPEYER . . . . .	164
Minstrel, what have you to do.	
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY . . . . .	115
My days are like sands; colorless.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	65
My hands that guide a needle.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	72
My heart is beating up and down.	
ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS . . . . .	133
My house is filled with ghosts.	
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS . . . . .	15
My mind is dark with shadows of a sea.	
EDA LOU WALTON . . . . .	187
My only love is a sailor lad.	
WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY . . . . .	125
Never tell me that not one star of all.	
ROBERT FROST . . . . .	52
Never was there a man much uglier.	
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON . . . . .	135
Nightingales and larks are found.	
ALBERT EDMOND TROMBLY . . . . .	182
Noiselessly the planets will blow by.	
GENEVIEVE TAGGARD . . . . .	171
Not of war, nor of tears did he build his song.	
MARY LAPSLEY CAUGHEY . . . . .	26
Now I am life's victim.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	66
Now I know why ivy.	
CAROLINE GILTINAN . . . . .	61
Now the wry Rosenbloom is dead.	
WALLACE STEVENS . . . . .	164
Now there is no confusion in our love.	
BABETTE DEUTSCH . . . . .	38
O broken bird.	
LEW SARETT . . . . .	142
Old Vagabond Wind.	
EMMY VERONICA SANDERS . . . . .	140

	<i>Page</i>
Once, on a gold May morning.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON . . . . .	97
On the wide waste the web of twilight trembling.	
JOHN HALL WHEELOCK . . . . .	196
Open your eyes.	
HILDEGARDE FLANNER . . . . .	43
O thou elemental.	
CLIFFORD FRANKLIN GESSLER . . . . .	59
Pork an'.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON . . . . .	95
Radiant notes.	
LOLA RIDGE . . . . .	128
Rossetti walked his sorrow to a field.	
BABETTE DEUTSCH . . . . .	37
Shadowy under my window.	
ELLEN JANSON . . . . .	98
She will bear him children with straight backs and sturdy limbs.	
HAZEL RAWSON CADES . . . . .	25
Slowly I pass along the blowing flowers.	
HAROLD VINAL . . . . .	186
So long as there is April.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	66
Some love may come like a call to wars.	
GEORGE BRANDON SAUL . . . . .	155
Sometimes when I am alone.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	70
So to be loved and listened to and touched.	
MARIE LOUISE HERSEY . . . . .	78
So you visited Salem?	
H. C. GAUSS . . . . .	58
Sweet of the dawn is she.	
OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN . . . . .	30
Swift and a broken rock.	
H. D. . . . .	29
That bird in the maple next my eaves.	
BENJAMIN R. C. LOW . . . . .	104
The dreams of my heart and my mind pass.	
SARA TEASDALE . . . . .	178
The farm was lonely, set so far.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON . . . . .	88
The house had gone to bring again.	
ROBERT FROST . . . . .	51
The leaves blow like ghosts through the blur of lamp- light.	
MAXWELL ANDERSON . . . . .	9

	<i>Page</i>
The Lord Apollo, who has never died.	
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON . . . . .	134
The moon has cast a spell upon my garden.	
ANTOINETTE DE COURSEY PATTERSON . . . . .	122
The moonlit hill.	
MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT . . . . .	157
The morning comes riding to our market place.	
DAVID ROSENTHAL . . . . .	138
The pine trees patiently unstitch.	
MAXWELL BODENHEIM . . . . .	13
The poet names his burial-stead.	
WILLIAM LAIRD . . . . .	103
There is a peewee bird that cries.	
JAMES RORTY . . . . .	136
There is a silence which I carry about with me always.	
JOHN GOULD FLETCHER . . . . .	47
There is a way.	
LEONORA SPEYER . . . . .	158
The river boat had loitered down its way.	
DU BOSE HEYWARD . . . . .	79
The river country's wide and flat.	
WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY . . . . .	123
The shadow of a heron's wing is on the water.	
ELLEN JANSEN . . . . .	98
The shop is red and crimson. Under the forge.	
MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT . . . . .	155
The sounding battles leave him nodding still.	
DAVID MORTON . . . . .	120
The sun, in wanton pride.	
JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY . . . . .	122
The trivial, the small.	
CLINTON SCOLLARD . . . . .	141
The world is spread with rough grained silk.	
HENRY BELLAMANN . . . . .	19
They are unholy who are born.	
ADUL TIMA . . . . .	177
They shall come in and chat, their purses hid.	
HORTENSE FLEXNER . . . . .	49
Thick and stormy was the night.	
GAMALIEL BRADFORD . . . . .	23
Think of the world you know.	
H. D. . . . .	27
This mezzo-tint of mist and smoke blue air.	
AGNES KENDRICK GRAY . . . . .	62
Through the window-pane I see your face.	
MERCEDES DE ACOSTA . . . . .	36

	<i>Page</i>
To think to know the country and not know.	
ROBERT FROST . . . . .	49
Two faint shadows of women were ascending.	
MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT . . . . .	156
Up from the smooth dust of the road they turned.	
CLEMENT WOOD . . . . .	200
"Upon these stones Time broke his teeth," you said.	
BARBETTE DEUTSCH . . . . .	38
Up the old hill to the old house again.	
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON . . . . .	184
Up through the mud and gravel Beauty climbs.	
ABBIE HUSTON EVANS . . . . .	41
Wall-mountains rimmed around the sky.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON . . . . .	92
Was there a wind?	
LOLA RIDGE . . . . .	130
We shall not shiver as we vainly try.	
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR . . . . .	25
We who loved Keats will never long forget.	
CHARLES WHARTON STORK . . . . .	166
What? Did my spotted lily startle you?	
WINIFRED WELLES . . . . .	194
What has become of "Junckets"? I know well.	
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT . . . . .	19
When blue dust thickens in the air.	
AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL . . . . .	64
When I am playing by myself.	
ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS . . . . .	182
When I awake.	
ERNEST BENSHIMOL . . . . .	21
When I was a live man.	
LOUIS UNTERMAYER . . . . .	182
When life is very lonely.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON . . . . .	92
When sometimes, on a moony night, I've passed.	
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY . . . . .	116
Where is your cross, poor homeless One? I see.	
LEONORA SPEYER . . . . .	162
Whistle under the water.	
AMY LOWELL . . . . .	109
Who would fear death when there is April?	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	67
Why do I think of stairways.	
HAZEL HALL . . . . .	69
Wind blows upon them salt-edged from the ocean.	
ABBIE HUSTON EVANS . . . . .	42

	<i>Page</i>
Within my house of patterned horn.	
ELINOR WYLIE . . . . .	206
You must have shocked your father when you came.	
STIRLING BOWEN . . . . .	14
Your eyes drink of me.	
SARA TEASDALE . . . . .	180
You whom Death wrung.	
EMMY VERONICA SANDERS . . . . .	141











NOV 13 1939



